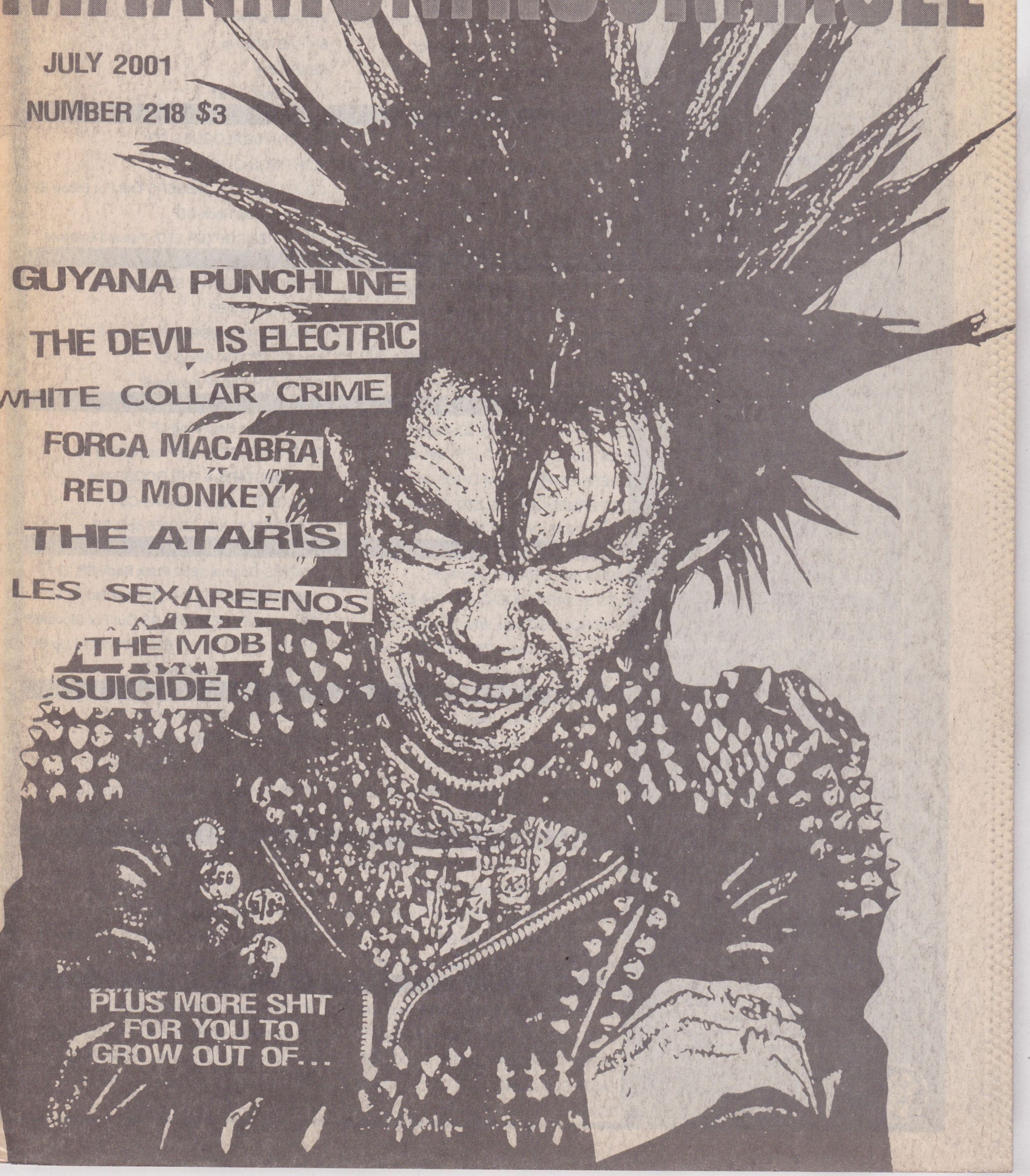
MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

JULY 2001

NUMBER 218 $3



GUYANA PUNCHLINE

THE DEVIL IS ELECTRIC

WHITE COLLAR CRIME

FORCA MACABRA

RED MONKEY

THE ATARIS

LES SEXAREENOS

THE MOB

SUICIDE

PLUS MORE SHIT FOR YOU TO GROW OUT OF...

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

SUBSCRIPTIONS: (postpaid prices)
- US: $3 each. 6 issue sub for $18. If you're in California, send $19.49 (tax).
- Canada: $4 each (air) or $3 (surface). 6 issue sub for $24 (air) or $18 (surface). (US dollars)
- Mexico: $4.50 each (air) or $5 (surface). 6 issue sub for $27 (air) or $30 (surface).
- Western Europe: $8 each (air) or $4 (surface). 6 issue sub for $48 (air) or $24 (surface).
- Japan, Australia, New Zealand: $9 each (air) or $4.50 (surface). 6 issue sub for $54 (air) or $27 (surface). (US dollars)
- Everywhere else: $8 each (air) or $5.50 (surface). 6 issue sub for $48 (air) or $33 (surface).

Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE: Back issues #146, 148, 150-163, 165-181, 184-217 are as stated above in subscription info. See page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE: Scene Reports: continuously, with photos! Interviews: continuously, with photos! Ad Reservations: call to make sure. Ad Copy In (with payment): by 15th of previous month–NO LATER!!! Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

★★ NEW **AD** SIZES!! ★★
1/6 page: (2 3/8" x 5") $25
1/3 page long: (2 3/8" x 10") $70
1/3 page square: (5" x 4 7/8") $80
1/2 page: (7 1/4" x 5") $125

AD CRITERIA: We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps or EPs that include major label bands. Send ads properly sized on paper.

CLASSIFIEDS: NEW PRICE! $2 for a maximum of 40 words. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible. Cash only!!! Expect a two month backlog!

COVER: Mike Thorn

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within the US, we'll sell them to you at $1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Contact us for non-US orders. Must order five or more of the same issue.

STORES: If you have problems getting MRR from your distributors, try contacting Mordam Records at tel (916) 641-8900 or fax (916) 641-8889. Also available from: Dutch East, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, See Hear, Cargo, Armadillo, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon, and Marginal.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760
Phone (415) 923-9814
maximumrnr@mindspring.com
(use this mainly for comments & letters. Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 (or so...) lists of stuff we review.

ROB COONS
- SCOTT BAIO'S ARMY-Join The Army-EP
- A DEATH BETWEEN SEASONS-Killing All-EP
- SIN ORDEN-Brutalidad Juvenil-EP
- DISKONTO-There Is No Tomorrow-LP
- V/A-Tribute To Rejestracja-LP
- DAS OATH-Körper Kulture-9"
- VITAMIN X-live
- SHIKABANE-live
- XBXRX-live
- I QUIT-That's It-EP

JEFF HEERMANN
- LES SEXAREENOS-Out To See-EP
- THEE MICHELLE GUN ELEPHANT-Get Up -EP
- FLESHIES/PHANTOM LIMBS-split-EP
- MONKS-Black Time-LP
- PEER PRESSURE-Excitement-EP
- LES THANATALOGUES-CD
- SIGHTINGS-Or What-EP
- GG ALLIN & THE JABBERS-Out For Blood-EP
- V/A-Drunk On Rock-CD
- SUPERHELICOPTER LTD.-Twisted Baby-45

TOM HOPKINS
- OIL-LP/ADDICTION-Punk Alien Razor-LP
- DIR YASSIN-Ink Stains-EP/HOLY FALLOUT-EP
- V/A-Killed By Hardcore-LP
- MISFITS-all boots/DOWN IN FLAMES-Start-EP
- ONE RIVER-A Breathing-EP/MONKS-LP
- REDRUM/NEGATIVE STEP-split-EP
- I QUIT-That's It-EP
- TOTALT JAVLA MORKER-Industri-EP
- SHARK ATTACK-Blood-EP
- DAS OATH-Körper Kulture-9"

CAROLYN KEDDY
- SUPERHELICOPTER LTD.-Rejected #6-EP
- LES SEXAREENOS-Out To See-EP
- FLESHIES/PHANTOM LIMBS-split-EP
- SUPERHELICOPTER LTD.-Twisted Baby-45
- SIGHTINGS-Or What-EP
- SLITS-In The Beginning-LP
- PHOTON TORPEDOS-Flesh Eating-EP
- STUPORSTARS & THE GOODS-live
- HOOKERS-Equinox Beyond-CD
- FEDERATION X/FLESHIES-split-EP

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH
- SPEEDBALL BABY-Uptight-LP
- LES SEXAREENOS-Out To See-EP
- MOONDOGS-That's What Friend Are For-LP
- MONKS-Black Time-LP/NERDS-Just Because-LP
- STILETTOS-Damn Baby Pussy Yeah-10"
- STATICS-Original 1980 Punk Rock-EP
- SUPERHELICOPTER LTD.-Rejected #6-EP
- GG ALLIN & THE JABBERS-Out For Blood-EP
- THEE MICHELLE GUN ELEPHANT-Get Up-EP
- RUTH'S HAT-Surf's Down-EP

RAY LUJAN
- LOVEJUNK-Tribulations-CD
- TRAVOLTAS-Teenbeat-CD
- J-CHURCH/DISCOUNT-split-LP
- RIVER CITY REBELS/SKATENDERS-split-CD
- NAVEL-1994-1999-CD/MERRICK-An Album-CD
- GENERATORS-Tyranny-CD
- APERS/TRAVOLTAS-split-EP
- EASTFIELD-EP/GIGANTOR-Back To-CD
- NOFX-Surfer-EP/DICKIES-All This-CD
- ODD NUMBERS-Trials And Tribulations-CD

TIMOJHEN MARK
- AUTHORITY ABUSE-March Of The Cobra-Kai-EP
- ONE RIVER-A Breathing Will-EP
- DOWN IN FLAMES-Start The Fuckin Fire-EP
- TOTUUS-...Lisaa Lauluja-EP
- DEAD END-Killing The Messenger-EP
- A DEATH BETWEEN SEASONS-Killing All-EP
- SLANG-Skilled-CD/EMPLOYER EMPLOYEE-CD
- KAOS-Product Of Sick Mind-EP
- OIL-LP/REAL ENEMY-Too Little Too Late-EP
- FUCKFACE-Stripped-CD

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON
- OIL-LP/REAL ENEMY-Too Little Too Late-EP
- SCOTT BAIO'S ARMY-Join The Army-EP
- SHOCK TREATMENT-10"/SIN ORDEN-EP
- EASTFIELD-Opening The Lid On Todd's-EP
- DOWN IN FLAMES-Start The Fuckin Fire-EP
- NOFX-Surfer-EP/DICKIES-Free Willy-45
- V/A-Chicago's On Fire-EP/V/A-Prevent This-EP
- IOWASKA-Vine Of Souls-LP/ONE RIVER-EP
- V/A-Perversos Desviados Invertidos-EP
- J-CHURCH/DISCOUNT-split-LP

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible–one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See records section for where to send tapes.

ARWEN CURRY

POST REGIMENT-LP	ONE RIVER-A Breathing Will-EP
NASUM/ASTERISK-split-EP	V/A-Perversos Desviados Invertidos-EP
V/A-Chicago's On Fire-EP	PARAGRAF 119-Musik Til Ulempe-EP
DIR YASSIN-Ink Stains-EP/I QUIT-EP	AVARACIOUS-Archi-10"
AUTHORITY ABUSE-March Of The Cobra-Kai-EP	WASTED-Suppress & Restrain-EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

HEADWOUND-Early Years-CD/SKINT-CD	V/A-Oi! United Nation-CD/SURVIVORS-CD
EASTSIDE BOYS-Der Letzte Im Lokøl-EP	VOID CONTROL-Voices From The Void-CD
DEADLINE-TV Dreams-EP/LOUSY-Bullet-EP	ROTTEN BOIS/TWINKIES-split-EP
INSUBORDINATES-CD/CHIATIKS-EP	V/A-Greasers, Punks and Skins #2-CD
RUHESTOHRUNK-Rhythmus Des Nordens-EP	BOILS/DISORDERLY CONDUCT-split-EP

ANDREW SCOTT

LES SEXAREENOS-Out To See-EP	V/A-Prevent This Tragedy: Skate-Core Comp-EP
LONG LIVE NOTHING-Genie Wizard-LP	V/A-Killed By Hardcore-LP
CRAMPS-all reissues	THEE MICHELLE GUN ELEPHANT-Get Up-EP
SPEEDBALL BABY-Uptight-LP	KAOS-Product Of A Sick Mind-EP
DAS OATH-Körper Kulture-9"	SCOTT BAIO'S ARMY-Join The Army-EP

MIKE THORN

SHARK ATTACK-Blood-EP/WASTED-LP	EASTFIELD-EP/V/A-Chicago's On Fire-EP
SIN ORDEN-EP/I QUIT-EP/TOTUUS-EP	V/A-Prevent This Tragedy: Skate-Core Comp-EP
POST REGIMENT-LP/HARUM SCARUM-live	V/A-Tribute To Rejestracja-LP
ONE RIVER-EP/OATH-9"/SISSIES-live	IOWASKA-Vine Of Souls-LP/ENSIGN-live
PARAGRAF 119 -EP/AUTHORITY ABUSE-EP	V/A-Perversos Desviados Invertidos-EP

MAX WARD

DOWN IN FLAMES-Start The Fuckin Fire-EP	TOTUUS-...Lisaa Lauluja-EP
DISKONTO-There Is No Tomorrow-LP	SHARK ATTACK-Blood In The Water-EP
ONE RIVER-A Breathing Will-EP	V/A-Prevent This Tragedy: Skate-Core Comp-EP
V/A-Chicago's On Fire-EP	REDRUM/NEGATIVE STEP-split-EP
SIN ORDEN-EP/Chicago Fest 2001-live	REAL SHIT/SHIKABANE/VULGAR PIGEONS-live

RYAN WELLS

LES SEXAREENOS-Out To See-EP	SIGHTINGS-Or What-EP
SUPERHELICOPTER LTD.-both EPs	FEDERATION X/FLESHIES-split-EP
HOLY FALLOUT-Heart Attack-45	PHOTON TORPEDOES-Flesh Eating-EP
V/A-Killed By Hardcore-LP	SLITS-In The Beginning-LP
PEER PRESSURE-1979/1980-EP	MONKS-Black Time-LP

KENNY KAOS

LES SEXAREENOS-Out To See-EP	CLEATS/WEDNESDAY NIGHT HEROES-EP
SUPERHELICOPTER LTD.-both EPs	RUTH'S HAT-Surf's Down-EP/DICKIES-45
FLESHIES/PHANTOM LIMBS-split-EP	PEER PRESSURE-1979/1980-EP
V/A-Killed By Hardcore-LP	CROSSTOPS-Yuppie Killaz-45
BUZZCOCKS-Another Razor-LP	PHOTON TORPEDOES-Flesh Eating-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

Anarchy #50	Hooligan House #2
On Display #3	Idiosyncrasy #3
Cryptic Slaughter #16	Inside Front #13
Dig It #21	Kiss Off #6
Fracture #16	Mindless Commodity #5

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Jerry Booth
Robert Collins
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Rafael DiDonato
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Brian Gathy
Doug Grime
Lance Hahn
Harald Hartmann
Missy Hennings
George Impulse
Carolyn Keddy
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C. Nellie Nelson
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Sandra Ramos
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Jason Valdez
Amy Watson
Ryan Wells
Jeff Yih
Henry Yu
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Karoline Collins
Catherine Cook
Andy Darling
Mikel Delgado
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Katja Gussmann
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#143/Apr '95. Vindictives, Stinkerbell, Jesus Christ Superfly, New Day, Registrators, Youth Brigade, Pit.

#146/July '95. Riverdales, Head, Bristles, Aut Aut, Schleprock, Spanakorzo, McRackins, YAPO, 10-96, Empress Of Fur, Underhand, Nailed Down.

#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Scared Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#152/Jan '96. Delilah Jacks, Battalion of Saints, Bottom Feeders, Turbonegro, Murder Junkies, Junior, Assfort, Retch Records, Com-Fract, Dead End Kids.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards.

#155/Apr '96. Hockey Teeth, Turnips, Pussy Crush, Cro-Mags, High Plains Drifters, Slight Slappers, Third Degree, Anti-Flag.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab.

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent.

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#165/Feb '96. Blanks '77, Emily's Sassy Lime, Real Mckenzies, Millionaires, Dropkick Murphys, Other People's Music, No-Talents, Hives, Sea Monster, He's Dead Jim, Defiance, Bou Sou Nezumi, Freeze.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#167/Apr '97. Grand Theft Audio, No Fraud, Gauze, Nobodys, Sloppy Seconds, Danko Jones, Viceroys, Forgotten.

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit.

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface.

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat.

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#176/Jan '97. Scared of Chaka, Voorhees, Stalingrad, Upstairs People, Squid Boy, Izgoy, Beltones, Sky Grain, 1,4,5s, Ducky Boys, JCCCamp.

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine.

#178/Mar '98. Economics issue. Forgotten Rebels, Dirtys, Josh Collins, American Steel, Letterbombs, Gyogun Rend's, Go-Devils, Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, Garage Rats

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, Pirate Radio issue.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan 2000. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR #100-200.

#201/Feb 2000. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March 2000. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April 2000. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May 2000. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June 2000. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July 2000. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug 2000. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept 2000. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion.

#209/Oct 2000. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone..

#210/Nov 2000. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, the Pre-Teens, the Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#211/Dec 2000. Fly & Seth Tobocman, Anti/Dogmatikss, Hissyfits, Aus Rotten, Media Blitz, Rocks, Hospital Food, Falsies, White Stripes, 9 Shocks Terror, Tijuana Bibles.

#212/Jan 2000. Avail, Born Dead Icons, From Ashes Rise, the Voids, the Guilty Pleasures, xLimpwristx, Chachi on Acid.

#213/Feb '01. Fun People, Onward to Mayhem, Ugly Pop, Midnight Evils, Atrocious Madness, Bread & Water, Josh Peach, Zodiac Killers.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Eric Drooker cover, Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June '01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Ace

You Want Back Issues?

...We've Got Yer Back Issues Right Here.

maximumrocknroll po box 460760 san francisco, ca 94146-0760

¡ACHTUNG!

INTERNATIONAL MRR READERS

¿THE POST OFFICE HAS DONE IT AGAIN?

YEP THAT'S RIGHT, THE PRICE OF INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE HAS NEARLY DOUBLED. PLEASE SPECIFY AIR OR SURFACE WHEN ORDERING!

Sorry this is so expensive, we're not happy about it either (however, zines shipped by surface should still arrive before it hits newstands). You can also save money by selling MRR at shows, bulk rate boxes of 20 are available. We are investigating cheaper methods of shipping so stay tuned!

NEW MAILORDER RATES

Location	one magazine (u.s. dollars) (3-5 days) Air/Surface (4-6 wks)	two zines Air	three zines Air	four zines Air	five zines Air	subscription rates (six months) (3-5 days) Air/Surface (4-6 wks)
Canada	4.00/3.00	8.00	12.00	14.00	15.00	24.00/18.00
Mexico	4.50/5.00	8.00	12.00	14.00	15.00	27.00/30.00
Western Europe	8.00/4.00	12.00	13.00	14.00	15.00	48.00/24.00
Japan Australia N. Zealand	9.00/4.50	12.00	13.00	14.00	15.00	54.00/27.00
Eastern Europe South America Asia Africa	8.00/5.50	12.00	13.00	14.00	15.00	48.00/33.00

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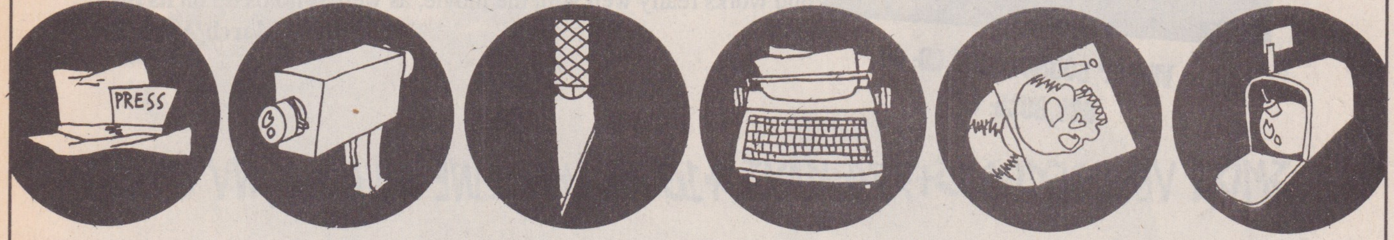

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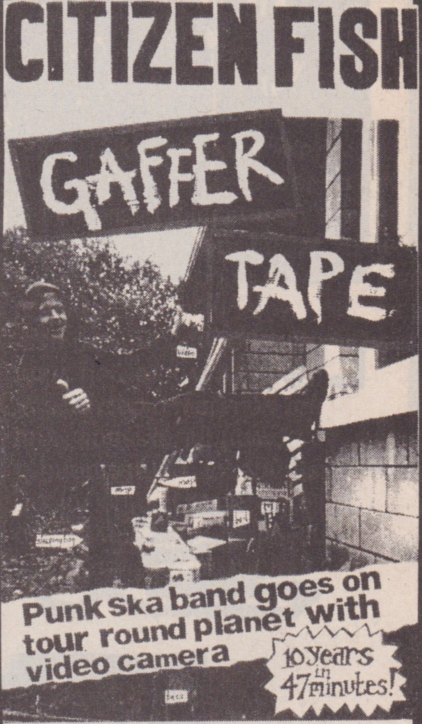

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LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to maximumrnr@mindspring.com. No response guaranteed.

Dear *MRR*,

Let me tell you motherfuckers something, whoever the hell "DP" and "MM" is, the two assholes that did the Strap-Ons reviews in the February 2001 issue. The Pimps/Strap-Ons are the best goddam punk band in this entire shithole that is Virginia. If you motherfuckers would leave your punk rock kingdom, and come down here to the ugly ass South to understand some real cultural oppression, you would appreciate a real goddam punk band. I grew up here, live here, and will probably die here. And the Pimps were the only band I knew when I was a young dumb kid (and now) in this area, that are real-deal raw and gritty punk rockers. Come and see these guys actually play, and inspire the crowd to totally run off the entire college jerk-off jocks and preps that are jammed up in the bar like a plague. Then they turn over tables and throw beer everywhere, like the Germs would do. Come down to Dixie and see one real punk rock band. As opposed to your liberal utopian Epitaph records and self-righteous "punks" with laptops and desks. I hope you all "sink with California when it falls into the sea" motherfuckers!

From, David Lloyd Delong

David,

I guess you didn't see the May issue of MRR in which we interviewed the "the best goddamn punk band in the entire shithole that is Virginia" - THE STRAP-ONS. Please insert your foot into your mouth now.

Thanks, Andrew

Hey, Guys and Gals (save your "sic," I've acknowledged the feminine presence at your 'zine),

I send you this letter in response to Andrew's note at the end of the letters section in the May issue. "I don't think I'm alone when I say that the punks look forward to living under a more new and improved era of oppression under the Bush administration...I say, bring on the 'new, undiscovered-as-of-yet' forms of real urgency!" he writes.

I've re-read this bit several times now, and I'm unable to discern if it was written ironically. Now, I know "irony" is tres-uncool in the *MRR* world, but, really, this has to be a joke. Look forward to a new era of oppression? Give me a fucking break. Could you people be more solipsistic and idiotic? "Gee, I'm about to be executed... I didn't get a fair trial at all, but hey—at least I'll be canonized in a snappy three-chord punk song!" or how about: "I really can't afford to have this baby that I'm pregnant with; I'm addicted to drugs... it'll never have a decent life. But, hey! Somebody can tell our story on a split 7" on white vinyl! Thanks, President Bush!" The possibilities are endless. Fucking think, people.

Yours, Ben Boyer

92 Wyckoff St. #4/ Brooklyn, NY 11201

bboyer@mtr.org/mashnotes@aol.com

Dear Ben,

Wah wah wah, boo-fucking-hoo. MRR hurt your feelings by making a joke about the President of this great nation. Yes, it was a joke—fucking lighten up. It was a bit of that "tres-uncool" ironic humor which you say is lacking in MRR and I guess in punk rock in general (please reference REAGAN YOUTH or BORN AGAINST). Maybe you should go read a zine that's more sensitve to your needs, like Hit List or Punk Planet.

—Andrew "fuck you in the nose" Scott

Arwen,

I was wanting to tell you before that I liked yr column in the April issue where you call a bunch of people on their feminist or anti-feminist or apetheti-feminist comments or opinions. I think that you write in a really intelligent way & this is an important thing, esp. for all these young girls (half of the punk 'scene'!!?) to be reading. No one was saying shit like this when I was that age.

I have a hard time reading what a lot of guys write about their ideas or opinions of sexism or "issues," etc. I get so pissed that I just want to go off on them but then I don't becuz I know I won't be able to stop & I just have too much other important work to do than to try to inform these morons, most of whom won't listen to me anyway. So I'm glad you are confronting them in an intelligent way.

The best perspective I've ever heard of in regards to the sexism in the "scene" (you know how much I hate that word) was from a woman I met from Italy who came to one of the Day of Depression shows I do every year to commemorate the death of my pal Franks Depression. Anyway this woman was in the audience & she stayed for the whole night & listened to everything & then after she came up to talk to me & she was saying she wished there had been more women performing. I told her that I had asked a lot of women to come & perform but they just hadn't showed up. She told me she got

so sick of the treatment of women in the punk "scene," especially since she had started out in punk as a boy in the late '70s & then she became a girl & she was totally appalled at the way that women were treated. She said its unbelievable, the difference. She really looked female too—I mean I never once assumed she had ever been male. It just really struck me when she told me that. I think all men should have to experience that—they should have to make themselves look completely & convincingly female & then go out & walk the streets alone at night, not once but several times—even in the fckn daytime—they would have to do it for a while because it's the relentless consistency of harassment & attitude & downright assault that starts to wear you down, destroys yr nerves to the point where you want to blow up if just one more fckn asshole says one more thing! Maybe if some guy were to do this for a while he might get an idea of the female experience. Then I might listen to his critique on feminism.

OK Arwen, keep up yr good work. That's all I have to say for now—I'm sure it's enough. I have to get up early tomorrow & skate up to Central Park so I can be back here in time to participate on a comics panel at the Socialist Scholars Convention —by the way, I will be the only woman on the panel.

OXO,
Fly

Dear MRR,

Wow. Wow wow wow. Totally great issue! (That being 213.) Fortunately, this is not some cynical, jaded letter whining and moaning, but rather a nice "hello." I am not even past the columns and I love it so far. Lefty as always makes you think (something people need to do more often, in my opinion) and, I know who that autocratic ruler is, but the last time I chimed in on Jeff Bale (oops) he threw a hissyfit in these very pages. (Issue 203 was my "anonymous" letter, and his response was in #205.)

Bill Florio's column was interesting, to say the least. I actually live about three minutes from Chappaqua in a yuppie fuckshit suburb called Mt. Kisco. I have had, fortunately, the pleasure of cursing out Bill Clinton. Seeing him, the press, about 50 "fans," and the staff outside of Starbucks (how appropriate) flabbergasted that this kid with dirty hair and dirtier pants would call our great president "a fascistic, lying, murderous fuckstick" was more than amusing.

It's a rather rich area, though I am a lower middle class sixteen year old with a single mother myself. It's a very classist environment, where if you don't have three sports cars, a SUV, and a helicopter you're below people (even the so-called punks).

A quick comment on Iggy Scam's letter. I think that the whole "vote Bush for better punk" in this case is a definite no-no. It would make for better punk, but at what cost? Is having a bunch of funny slogans and "same shit, different pile" a la *Profane Existence* (welcome back) going to stop the humyn rights violations? Will it take a thief out of office? Will it stop an uber-fundamentalist from denying womyn their right to choose? Unfortunately not. So, never mind the ballots! (Or vote for Nader, same difference.)

Oh, and the last thing. I love reading Mimi Nguyen's news section (which I think should be expanded). I just wanted to throw my comments in about the protests, and violence therein. I really walk the fence on this one, but tend to sway into CrimethInc./*PE* territory. Not only does fucking shit up bring financial incentive, it does, to an extent, bring about exposure. It also makes non-violents look more "reasonable," so to speak. There is, of course, a down side to this: "justified" (and I use justified *very* loosely) police presence, and a sort of "they're a bunch of crazy nobodies" attitude from the straight press. (I wrote a vehement letter to *Newspeak* about it. It won't get printed.) Then again, the police will protect the "vested" interests of those who pay them. So, I guess I am still walking the fence. Fuck.

Either way, *MRR* is just getting better and better, and I hope to see everyone that can make it in DC on June 10th through the 12th to protest the arms race (www.projectabolition.com). Let's stay positive and pro-active! May all your interventions be humynitarian,

Dustin Arson aka "Anonymous"
6 Circle Dr., Mt. Kisco, NY 10549
BlackArmyJacket@hotmail.com

PS Anyone can get in touch with me to talk, get my zine (*Black Army Jacket*: music, socio-political shit, activist news, personal, the works. The first issue almost ready for print has an interview with *MRR*'s own Mykel Board talking about porno puritanism and Mongolian throat singing) or, especially if you are a drummer from the Lower NY area, my band Burn Down McDonalds is still looking for a drummer...help me keep the beat!

MRR,

Are the lines slowly fading away as to what is DIY? If a band stays on an "independent" label while playing massive corporate sponsored festivals for frat boys and jocks and operating no different then every other watered down, mass produced, mass marketed piece of crap, can they still be respected and considered DIY? Fuck no. I find it offensive that these bands keep on creeping in and around the pages of *MRR*. All too often I find these worms using magazines I read to cry out for sympathy and feeble attempts at justifying the choices they have made. I really couldn't care less if bands are hollowing themselves out by getting rich and famous or sacrificing their ideals to reach a wider audience so they can save the world, but if so, I think they should get the fuck out and stay out.

There is nothing wrong with judging people based on their choices and actions, and maybe it's time

we became a bit more stern. If you mimic the bastards, you are the bastards. I was originally going to target specific bands, but I think I'd rather focus on the whole mindset and the infection of staleness rather than individuals.

What we need with DIY is to continue to build alternatives, strengthen the network, create more dialog, provoke thoughts, stimulate knowledge, find empowerment, etc. Create an environment that we can be proud of. It's about not giving in, knowing where you stand, putting your body on the line to protect what little we still have. These are our lives, not some fucking fantasy fairyland. Punk is a lifestyle, an attitude, a mindset, etc. It's not a means to monetary or social advancement. It's living, learning, teaching, inspiring, growing, struggling, etc. It's not floating around half assed and confused, under a spell, snatching up all the little treats the system offers up.

Although it's a great concept, we don't necessarily need to focus on saving the world. There is definitely room for people to fight for change, but there's also room for people to dodge society and simply build alternatives. There's room for social activism, but also social retardation. A lot of us are still fuck ups in one way or another. There is a place for all types in the scheme, and what really matters is DIY underground culture. We don't need to soften up so that everyone will accept us, and we shouldn't be willing to water down our ideas and creations just so more leeches can be comfortable enough to follow for a few years until something better comes along. The people who are real and searching will come. We don't need gratification or glory. We need strength and diversity and we need to rid ourselves of the floaters, leeches, slugs and half-asses.

What, if anything, separates us from masses? If nothing in society alienates you, what is the point in being involved in punk, or anything subversive or counter cultural, for that matter? If you hate society, stop mimicking it. If we're going to continue to reflect this society then we might as well join it. We need to be taking steps toward unconditioning and moving toward living up to our slogans and ideals. We need to stop trying to say all the right things and start worrying about what's inside. If you're real and true, it will reflect. Figure out where you stand, if anywhere, and what you believe in, and live it. Throw yourself into real life, real interaction, real emotion, or live in a passive, cozy unreality forever with the rest of the safe fakes.

DIY... In it for life, or in it for selfish, short term, personal gratification?

Erik/ Pdx/ erikbanished@hotmail.com

Dear *MRR* and readers,

Just wanted to let you know that the labels on the Dios Hastio/Autonomia split 7" are reversed. The Dios Hastio side says "Autonomia" and the Autonomia side has soldiers on it. That 7" was reviewed in issue #215. I'm friends with members of both bands and they are pleased with the positive review. Just in case people were looking for the Dios Hastio CD or the Autonomia/ Axiom/Church of Nihil LP and got the wrong thing. Thanks,

Andy Blakely/ septicbreath@hotmail.com

Hey punks -

Libertatia is June 13th-17th, Year of No Lord 2001. Libertatia is a diy camping/swimming "fiesta pirata" autonomous zone, five years strong and getting stronger. There'll be 70-80 bands, outdoor movies, foam sword carnage, puppet shows, fire performances, workshops, homemade boat race, treasure hunt, Food Not Bombs/Libertatia, etc.

Come be part of the Libertatian community. Do a workshop, help cook, need rides, help set-up/ break down/ cleaning, donate a buck or two, 'tis free (for you, not us—hint), or just bring up a keg for da crew!!! Etc.,etc. More info with map: http://www.danger-island.com/pyratepunx. Email to: libertatia@hotmail.com. Mail: Pyrate Punx/ PO Box 28137/ Oakland, CA 94604 —Capt'n Backdog

PS We're working on getting a hotline before Libertatia.

Revolutionaries of the World—

Organize and converge on Washington, DC! Between September 28th and October 4th 2001, people from all over the world will be coming together to oppose the bi-annual meetings of the International Monetary Fund and World Bank. These meetings will be occurring at the Wardman Park Marriot Hotel in Washington, DC. Both these institutions exemplify how capitalism promotes poverty, racism, sexism, environmental destruction, and social injustice in the name of so-called development.

Both the IMF and the World Bank are merely the outward faces of a brutal elite bent on imposing its destructive economic regime on the entire world. We will not be content with reforming, or even abolishing the IMF/World Bank. We will not rest until every last bank has been burned, till the last memory of banks has been erased from our world. For only from the ashes of these banks and of capitalism itself can arise a new world of liberation, community, and harmony. We cannot wait, compromise, or petition for a better tomorrow. We must act now to present an anti-authoritarian alternative.

We call for a large-scale mobilization to descend on Washington to disrupt the IMF/WB meetings in solidarity with revolutionary movements throughout the world. We envision a joyous festival of resistance in the spirit of Seattle and Prague that will bring these meetings to a halt.

Anarchists from the east coast are currently organizing a tight but diverse revolutionary anti-capitalist bloc to operate in conjunction with the creative action of autonomous cells to show our force at these meetings. We are calling for

a diversity of tactics and a mutual respect for all. We will succeed by any means necessary.

Cheerleaders of the revolution, artists, brigades of noise and marching bands, blocs of red and black (and clowns), communications scouts, bike mechanics and messengers, legal collectives, cooks, pirate radio operators, medics, DIY journalists, and puppetistas—whatever your passion is—we need you. Every victim of the police, every abused housewife, every bored teenager, every wage-slave waiting to break their chains, every last precious human being! Join us!

There is much to be done in the upcoming months. We need you to help organize meetings, begin caravans, gatherings, and other events to build connections and solidarity within the movement and beyond. Please get in touch!

Send all correspondence to: wordsarenotenough@hotmail.com/ http://infoshop.org/octo/abolishthebank.html

Hey kids -

We are producing a one-hour documentary on the do-it-yourself art ethic called *D.I.Y. or Die: How to Survive as an Independent Artist*. The project is 501(c)(3) fiscally sponsored through San Francisco's Intersection for the Arts. We are seeking in-kind donations of goods and services from local and national vendors to defer the cost of producing this worthwhile exploration of community and the triumph of the human spirit over adversity.

We have already begun shooting, but have a long way to go. As we are utilizing mini DV as well as 8 and 16mm formats, and 16-bit DAT sound, almost any imaginable donation useful in the filming arts (as well as supporting considerations, i.e. transportation, food, editing, lighting, duplication, equipment or studio time; rental cars, airplane tickets, etc., still digital and silver photo equipment and supplies) would be useful. Any donation will be tax deductible as well as acknowledged in the credits. Of course, cash is always welcome also and would receive the same status and thanks. Letter of 501(c)(3) IRS determination available upon request. Thank you.

Michael W. Dean, Project Director/ 415-395-9894/ md@diyod.org or catwebber@yahoo.com/ http://www.diyod.org

Dear *MRR*, readers, and especially labels,

Does anyone know what happened to DIY? Before some smartarse sends me a Homebase catalog, I don't mean putting up shelves, I mean DIY in the *pure punk rock spirit* of things.

Here's my story. I've produced a fanzine (*Have A Good Laugh*) since 1983, a newsletter (*Savage Amusement*) since 1997, compilation tapes since the mid-80s, and ran a distribution since fuck-knows-when. But because of lack of space and funds, I've never out out my own (record/ CD) release... Until now.

With the space/funds situation (temporarily) sorted out I threw a local band, Barse 77, into the studio. After many nail-biting moments regarding an appalling first mix (immediately rectified—at a cost!) and a pressing plant owner who could spin yarns for England, hey presto! As if by magic (a very slow magic), up popped a vanload of CDs!

Now let me remind you, I'm at an advantage here. Theoretically at least. Years of doing fanzines and a distribution = *contacts*. I'm also as organized as anyone *this* busy can be. So, although it pains me to part with owt for nowt, CD after CD was sent not only to the usual punk fanzines, but also to a local arts magazine, the local paper, *Kerrang*, *Metal Hammer*, *Viz*, and of course *MRR* and *Hit List*.

Some of these were too high and mighty to even mention it, and *MRR* gave it a bit of a slagging, but the rest? It couldn't have been better. *Anti Social Behavior* zine from Wales said "punk hasn't sounded this good since 1980." *Rant* zine from Leics said "a classic - miss it at your peril" and German punk label High Society International called them "the best band this century." Even mags we were warned not to send it to (the lyrics are a bit "naughty") came up trumps! It got 3Ks in *Kerrang*, and local arts mag *The Crack* commented "standouts are too numerous to mention." It was like dying and going to a heaven of scantily clad girlies and free beer. World domination was ours!

Er... maybe not. Those *contacts* I mentioned fell like as wall of dominoes. Nearly every label I approached for trades ignored me like some nutter on the bus. It turns out CDs are the *wrong currency*. They want *money*. Doesn't matter if it's a new label whose releases I'd read about in fanzines, *MRR*, or one that I've been giving custom to for years, *their* idea of *doing it for the kids* and *providing an alternative to Epitaph* only exists until you mention the word "*trade.*" Whatever happened to small labels *helping each other*? And where is the sense in hoarding hundreds of copies of the same release, when you could have ten copies of *loads* of releases?

If any small labels (preferably '77 punk, streetpunk, and oi—but I'll consider any type of punk except emo!) can see where I'm coming from, email details of your releases to trevhagl@hotmail.com or write to me at Trev/ Rosehill/ 20 Front St./ Tanfield Lea/ Stanley/ Co. Durham/ DH9 9LY/ England. I also have other things to trade so you won't be wasting your time on one release. Thanks for printing this letter,

Trev/ *Savage Amusement*

Dept. of Corrections

The Trailer Park Zorros were mentioned in #212 and #213. They can be reached at 8260 East Jacque Dr./ Prescott Valley, AZ 86314/ (520) 759-9347/ www.piersend.com

Recluse had an incomplete zip code listed in its review in #216. The address is PO Box 09558/ Columbus, OH 43209/ www.reclusezine.com

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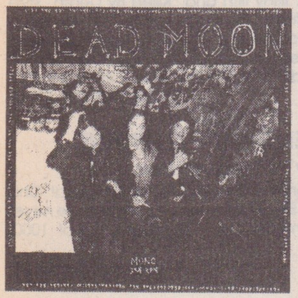
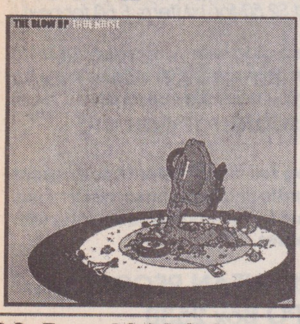


Dead Moon
Trash & Burn CD

Yes, finally a new DEAD MOON CD! After spending much of last year touring the US including a rousing show at The Vegas Shakedown, DEAD MOON went home and turned out this gem. DEAD MOON is fronted by Fred Cole, a living rock-n-roll legend (check out THE LOLLIPOP SHOPPE on the Pebbles comp from Rhino) who recorded his first song at the tender age of 15.

The Pinkos
Self Titled CD

The Pinkos, Vanessa (Bell) and Steve (Gits), are a snotty, punk duo who believe that just because the "personal is political," doesn't mean you can't take the political personally. Filled with songs about bad love, failure, disgrace and damaged democracy without the tears, sappiness, and sorrow. A touch of Violent Femmes, a little Billy Bragg, a little baader-meinhof.



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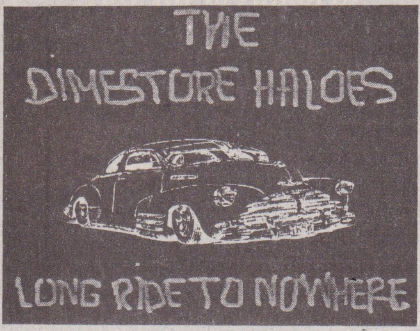

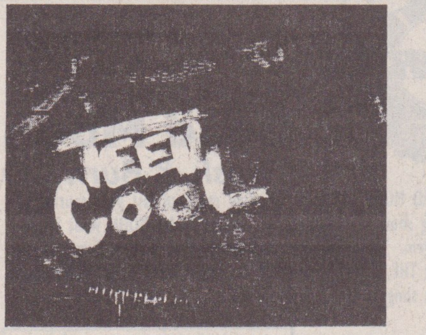

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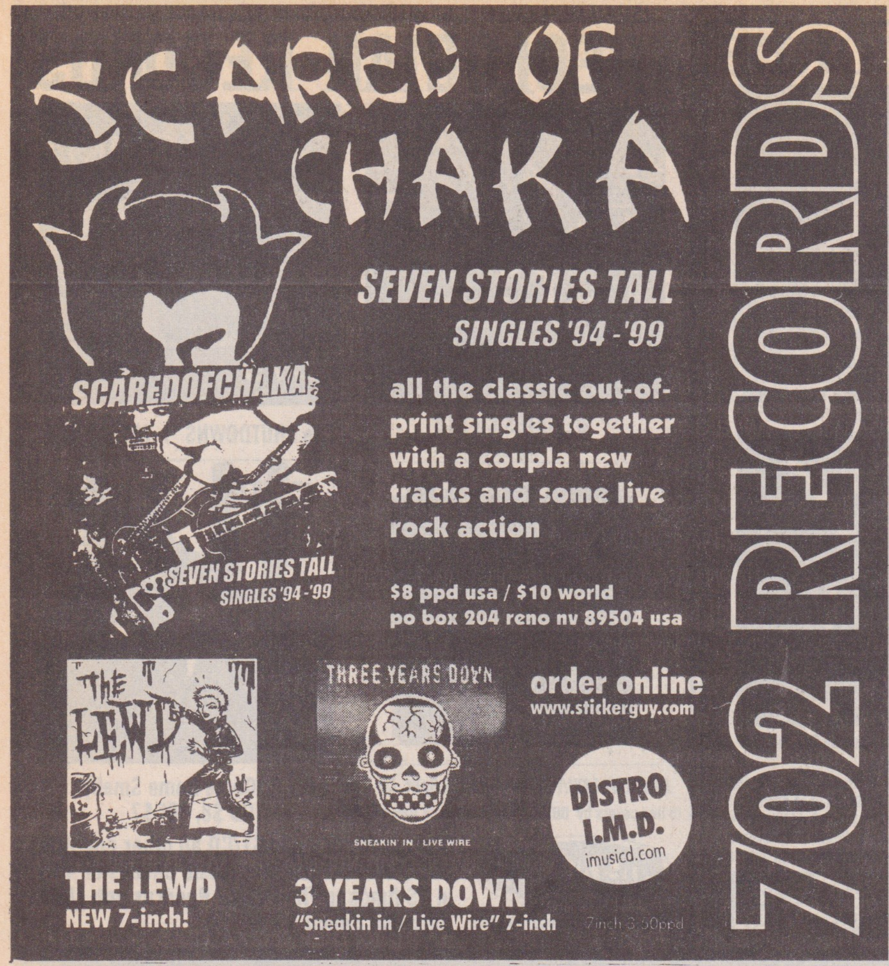
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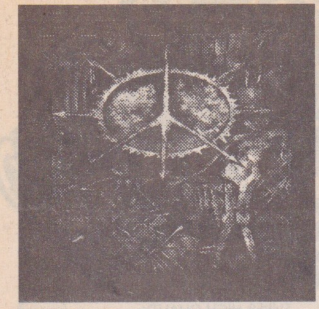

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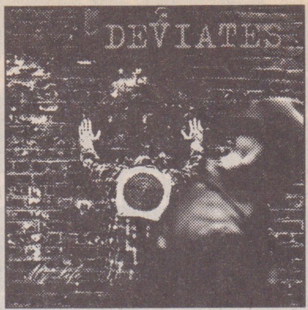

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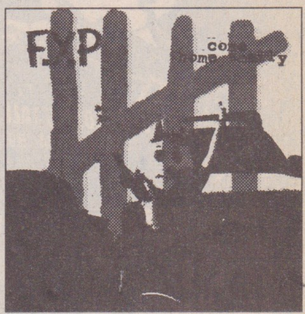

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COLUMNS

I could feel the puke make its way up the back of my throat and fill my entire mouth. Creole spaghetti, burnt toast and chocolate pudding is all I could taste as it began to leak out between my lips where my hands couldn't cover.

"What's wrong Tabb?" asked Jimmy Foster, as he continued to pull the dead squid apart, and lick the shell thing that was inside of it, which reaked of formaldehyde.

I felt the bile juices drip down my chin as I tried to swallow furiously.

"If you don't like sea-food, there's always the sheep's eyes," said Jimmy.

With that, he took one of the detached blue eyeballs that was lying on a metal plate before us and put it in his mouth.

Then he bit down.

Hard.

Sheep eye juice sprayed all over my face, and the next thing I knew, I was running as fast as I could toward the boys' bathroom at Parkway Elementary School in Greenwich, Connecticut.

"Are you okay?" asked Mrs. Cole, the kindly old librarian as I tore past her, chocolate pudding dripping off my neck and onto my red and white striped Izod shirt.

I said nothing and finally reached the restroom. There, I threw up my entire hot lunch, which had cost around seventy cents. A lot of money in those days.

Afterwards, I went to the mirror, and began the task of wiping the vomit off my face, neck, and shirt. And also the sheep eye juice, which smelled like vodka and raw hamburger meat.

As I'm cleaning up, I hear someone open the boys' room door and I look behind me in the mirror.

And then I froze.

It was him.

Bobby Kessler.

The kid who was making my fifth grade experience more of a nightmare than Jimmy Foster and his incredibly strange eating habits.

"Who's dat?" asked Bobby as he stared at me with his eyeless sockets.

I said nothing, and continued to wash myself off. I didn't want a conversation with this kid.

"I know someone is in here with me," said Bobby, as he ground one of his thumbs into his dark black empty right eye socket.

"It's me," I said to Bobby, perhaps feeling a bit sad for the blind kid.

But I knew I shouldn't have.

"Me who?" said Bobby, as he moved toward me and the sound of running water.

"Me," I repeated, not wanting to tell him who I was. It was bad enough my younger brothers, Lloyd and Seth, had trouble with this kid, but it was worse with me. Because I was older than him, and should have been able to defend myself.

"Tabb?" said Bobby, "Is that you?"

I said nothing.

"I think it is," explained Bobby, and with that, moved in and felt up my face. I don't mean just touching it. I mean, he felt it up. Like I later learned to do with boobies under those tight knit sweaters.

First he touches my curly brown hair, then he puts his smelly hand with empty eye gook on my forehead, eyes, nose, and finally mouth.

"Let's see," says Bobby, "curly hair and a big nose."

I know what's coming next.

"It must be a Tabb, because, I feel a Jew!"

I try to move away but Bobby backs me into a corner between the sink and a toilet stall.

"And I hate Jews!" yells Bobby.

The next thing I see is Bobby's left hand moving very quickly, then I feel that really sharp pain on the top of my head. I put my hand on the pain, and, of course, there is plenty of blood.

"You fucking asshole," I yell at the blind kid.

"Ha," is the only thing Bobby Kessler says as he leaves me alone in the boys' room with not only vomit on my shirt, but now, blood.

Later, in the nurses office, I have the same conversation I'd had a week earlier, and one that I was bound to have again.

"How did this happen?" asked the old nurse lady as she sponged up my blood with lots of cotton balls.

"The same as last time," I told her.

"You shouldn't make up stories," she said to me, meanly.

"I'm not!", I exclaimed, "It happened just like last time!"

"And I'm supposed to believe you?" she asked.

"Yes," I told her, even though I knew she wouldn't.

And I was right.

***

It wasn't like I had anything against Bobby Kessler. At all. In fact, I remember the first day I saw him at school. It was during recess, right after the first block of lunch, which, for some ungodly reason, was at 10:45 a.m.

I saw him walking around the playground and the monkey bars with his blind kid's cane.

"Hey Tabb," said my then friend/enemy, Scott Applegren, "look at that freak!"

I never knew if I liked Scott or not. One day he'd be my best pal, telling me all about how to kill small animals with safety pins, and what girls hid in their underwear. But the next day, he'd be like the other kids, calling me "Big Nose", and putting his leg out in front of me so when I fell he'd say, "have a nice trip, see ya next fall!"

Anyway, so I look at the kid Scott is pointing at and it's Bobby Kessler. At first, I must admit, he scared the shit out of me. The kid had black holes where his eyes should have been, and big brownish-black circles that extended over his eyebrows. He looked like a zombie.

"He's in fourth grade," explains Scott Applegren, "and I hear he's blind!"

I tell Scott that I could see that.

"But he can't!" yells Scott, then rolls around on the ground, laughing.

I tell Scott maybe we should make friends with him, and Scott, for some reason, thinks that's a good idea.

We both approach Bobby Kessler, and his blind kid's cane, and I clear my throat.

"Hi," I manage to squeak out in my prepubescent voice, "I'm George, and I'm here with my friend Scott."

"You sound like a girl," Bobby says to me.

Scott laughs.

"Anyway," I say, ignoring his last comment, "I would just like to welcome you to our school and maybe we could be friends!"

"Friends?" asks Bobby, "You want to be friends? I'm not being a friend to a gay fag with a girlie voice!"

"I think I like this kid," says Scott, and the next thing I know, he and Bobby Kessler are laughing it up together and making up names for me like "Georgina", "Georgette", and "Pussy", of course.

A couple of weeks later I'm called to the principal's office. For what, I have no clue. I hadn't done anything wrong that I

was aware of, besides being a punching bag for some of the bullies at recess.

I walk into the principal's office, and seated in the small and musty room is my brother, Seth.

"Hey Seth," I say to my youngest brother, "what's up?"

"I'll tell you what's up, says Dr. Perkins, the head of our school, "what's up is your brother has an attitude problem, and maybe you can help."

I ask what's going on, and Dr. Perkins explains that Seth was caught fighting with the new blind kid, Bobby Kessler.

"So?" I say, not liking that blind fuck very much, either.

"What the HELL is wrong with you Tabbs," yells Dr. Perkins, "the kid is BLIND!"

"He's a bully," says Seth, "and he started it."

I start to tell Dr. Perkins I agree, and that Bobby called me a girl, when he goes off the deep end.

"Bobby Kessler is the sweetest kid in this school. He would never pick on ANYBODY," yells the principal, "you Tabbs are bad news. Picking on handicapped children. What's next? Terresa Johnson? She's in a wheelchair! Perfect for you guys!"

Seth and I both start to say that this is unfair, but the principal cuts us off.

"If I hear anymore of this," he says, "you guys are gonna be suspended."

Seth and I shut-up. We knew that being suspended was bad. Not because we got to miss school, but because we'd have to stay home with our step-mother, Connie, who was likely to kick our asses because then she couldn't be alone with the carpenter.

That night Seth and I discuss Bobby Kessler, when Lloyd, the middle brother, walks into the room.

"You guys talking about that o'l thumbs in the eyes Bobby?" he asks.

We tell him we are and tell him what had happened that day.

"Bobby can be a real dick," Lloyd tells us, "a real cocksucker. A real whore-licking ball buster. A motherfucker and a cunt!"

Seth and I look at Lloyd like he's speaking another language, which, to us, he was. Lloyd always had a knack for learning "adult" stuff first. I guess that's why he got laid at fourteen, and it took me till I was almost nineteen.

"He started a fight with me in the library today," said Seth, the third grader, "he called me a faz and a homamexicall, then hit me!"

"That's FAG and HOMOSEXUAL," said Lloyd, "and was it with his right hand or left?"

Seth thinks for a minute then says it was the right hand.

"Good," says Lloyd, "what you really got to watch out for is his left!"

When we asked him what he was talking about, he told us he'd tell us later, that he had things to do. The next thing we knew, he was climbing out his second story bedroom window, and sneaking off to smoke cigarettes, read porno, and whatever else he did with his good friend, Norman Ferland.

About a week and a half later, I run into Seth in the hallways between fifth and sixth block. He's limping.

"What happened?" I ask him.

"Bobby Kessler," he replies.

"Did he kick you?" I ask, feeling my anger well up inside of me, and wanting to kick some black-holed ass.

"No," says Seth.

Then he tells me what happened.

About the left hand.

And I must admit I almost didn't believe him.

Almost.

***

But I became a true believer two days later.

It happened in the computer room. When I was alone with him. Mr. Oppenheimer, our teacher, who, at the time, was teaching us "basic", had left the room because of an urgent phone call. There were supposed to be two other students in the class that day, but they were brother and sister, and as it turns out, had the chicken pox.

So it was me and Bobby. Alone.

"Your brother Seth is dickless," Bobby tells me.

I ignore him hoping he'll vanish like his eye sight.

"All you Tabbs are fags. In fact," Bobby Kessler says, "You're Jewish Fags. Matzo eating cocksuckers."

I tell Bobby to shut his mouth, and that Mr. Oppenheimer will be back any minute.

"That's enough time to kick your ass," he replies, and hits me in the face with his right hand. Closed fist.

At first I'm in shock. A blind kid just hit me.

Next, I'm not sure what to do. If I hit him back and hurt him, I'll be the total creep of Parkway Elementary School.

"What's the matter Tabb," yells Bobby, as I dodge my way around the room, trying to hide behind him so he can't feel me with his out reached hands, "scared of a blind boy?"

I tell Bobby I'm not, and to not hit me again, or I'll tell Mr. Oppenheimer.

"Well then tell him about this," says Bobby Kessler, and then he used his left hand.

Well, I guess it wasn't really JUST his left hand. It was also what he carried around in it.

Suddenly Bobby picked up his heavy-as-hell Braille typewriter, and hit me in the fucking head with it! The next thing I know I'm sitting on the floor with blood leaking out of the top of my head.

"Ow," I say, then start crying.

"Baby," says Bobby, as Mr. Oppenheimer walks back into the classroom.

"What happened to you George?" asks Mr. O, as he looks at my bleeding head.

I tell him.

"Don't make up lies," yells my teacher at me, "you were probably doing some stupid stunt like balancing on a chair or something. Go to the nurses office, and never lie to me again!"

I protest, saying I wasn't lying.

But suddenly Bobby starts crying.

"George was scaring me," Bobby says, now trembling, with no tears falling from his eyeless sockets.

"Get out of here, now!" exclaimed Mr. Oppenheimer, and with that he pushed me out into the hall and I made my way to the nurses office.

"His Braille machine?" asked the nurse in disbelief, a few minutes later.

"That thing is really heavy," I tell her, tears drying up on my face.

"You know George," says the old lady nurse, "you really shouldn't make up stories about people. Especially SPECIAL people like Bobby. It's not very nice."

I try and tell the nurse that I'm telling the truth, but the more I tell her, the more she hates me. So I give up, get my head cleaned with alcohol and cotton balls, then make my way to my next class.

My next go-around with Bobby is that day Jimmy Foster ate the squid shell and sheep eye in biology.

After I puked, and after he hit me with his damn Braille machine in the boys bathroom, I again ended up in the nurses office telling the same story.

"You really shouldn't lie," explained the nurse, "you can end up in Hades forever for that."

"What's Hades?" I asked her.

"Hell," she told me in a mean voice, "a place where you'll probably end up. Bobby is great kid. I can't believe you are jealous of him and make up stories."

I told her I wasn't, and then she poured alcohol on my open wound.

I yelped in pain.

"Did that hurt?" asked the nurse.

I told her it did.

"Good," she said, then roughly cleaned up all the blood with a jar of cotton balls.

***

I told my dad what had happened with Bobby one night at the dinner table. Seth told him almost the same story.

"My God," said my father, "my sons are such pussies that a blind kid beats them up! Go upstairs! No dessert for either of you!"

So Seth and I did, realizing that life just wasn't fair, and we were fucked.

Or so we thought.

But a week later I became hell bent on revenge. Not only did no one believe me that Bobby Kessler was a bully, but now

he was telling everyone that I bullied him. Then he'd cry. He told lots of my friends that when we were alone, I'd tease him, and call him awful names. It got to the point where I'd be walking down the hall in the new wing of the school, and girls like Amy Hudson and Jennifer Sirrot would walk up to me and slap me in the face, calling me "a bully to the blind".

So I had enough.

One day, after recess, and being hit once again with Bobby's Braille machine, I went to Dr. Perkins office. I told the principal that I'd had enough of Bobby, and I'd prove to him that the kid was a bully. And that I had a plan. Dr. Perkins, for some reason, went along with me on it. Why? I'll never know. Maybe he just wanted to see me stumble and fall, or maybe, down deep in his doctoral heart, he believed me. But most likely, he was probably just bored. There weren't too many "bad" kids like The Tabbs in Greenwich Connecticut.

So I set it up that Bobby and I are called to the principal's office at the same time. When we arrive, Dr. Perkins is sitting behind his desk. As quiet as a mouse.

"He's not here," I tell Bobby, "I guess we should just sit down and wait."

"That cocksucker will be back soon," says Bobby, "but in the meantime, maybe I'll just kick your Jewboy ass!"

I look over at Dr. Perkins and he has a look of total shock on his face.

"Well," I say to the blind kid, "If you are gonna kick my ass, you gotta catch me first!"

I then run quickly around the room and stand behind the principal.

"Over here," I say to Bobby, as he extends both hands forward, grasping the air for my blood.

Suddenly he grabs onto Dr. Perkins. First he feels his jacket and tie, then reaches up and feels up his face. His forehead, eyes, nose, and mouth. With his smelly empty-eyesocket stained fingers.

"Uh-oh", says Bobby.

***

And that was about the end of that. Except of course for the time I re-arranged the desks in second period, so when Bobby Kessler went to sit down, he fell on his ass. Hard.

Or the time I put super-glue on the handle of his Braille machine and it took two nurses to cut his skin away.

Or when I replaced his pint of milk at lunch with a pint of my piss.

Or when I told him the school bunny he was petting was actually a rat I brought to school.

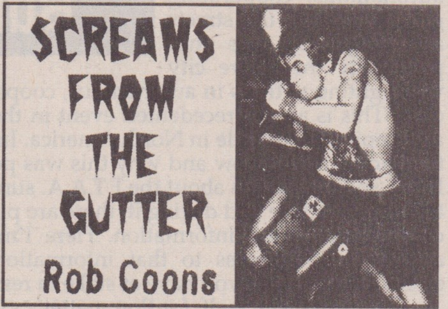
Funny.

I never seemed to get in trouble for any of it.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. pussy@georgetabb.com
2. The new 2 Man Advantage Record is so amazing you must go out and buy it, now!



Well it has been one hell of a month. As with almost every person I know, my job sucks ass. The combination of not getting my expected raise, being overworked and not being able to stand most of my coworkers has been cause for a stressful month. Nevertheless I have always got good ole' punk rock to fall back on. Unfortunately since I have been worked like a slave over the last few weeks this column will be a bit shorter than usual.

I don't really want this to turn into another website column, but there is so much damn good shit out there I feel propelled to clue the readers in. I recently heard of a band called GOATSBLOOD that have a full-length out on Rage Of Achilles. I check out some of their tunes at http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/62/goatsblood.html. Super slow meatgrinder tunes that obviously take influence from bands like GRIEF and EYEHATEGOD. It is a little raw and simplistic at times but it definitely worth a listen. Another band that you should check out and that ranks super high on my rage meter is Southern California's THE NEIGHBORS. I actually already own their first two full-lengths, but I was recently lead to some new tracks from their upcoming release on Six Weeks, which can be found at http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/67/the_neighbors_san_diego_hc.html . If you like your punk fast as fuck and angry as hell then they may be just what you are looking for. It fucking smokes! And last but not least I was also clued in to a band call OXBAKER. They crank out some ballistic fast thrash as well. Apparently they have a couple of 7"s lined up including a split with HAYMAKER. They have a website at http://www.envy.nu/oxbaker, which doesn't offer much. But you should be on the lookout for their stuff, cause it kicks it hard.

You know it is strange, but I have been thinking about Tim Yohannan a lot lately. I am not sure why. Maybe it was being with all of the people that gathered recently to watch VH1's "*25 Years of Punk*" special at the MRR headquarters. As we all watched and ridiculed the show I could not help but to think of him being there with us grabbing our attention with his unbelievable laugh and providing us all with opinionated insight from somebody who had actually been around for all 25 years of punk. Or maybe it is just the simple fact that he is directly and indirectly responsible for so much that goes on in this world of punk rock. From friendships to bands in the far reaches of the planet, he has influenced so many things. If I start thinking of how influential this magazine is that you are holding in your hands, as well as Epicenter Zone (RIP), Blacklist (RIP) and Gilman Street, it is all rather overwhelming. I truly miss you Tim.

ODBELOW – "Painted Images With The Blood Of" CD – You know I keep hearing about how this Syracuse band contains an ex-member of BLOOD RUNS BLACK and an ex-member of EARTH CRISIS so I had fairly high expectations. I guess I was hoping for a progression in the styles of this combination. Instead they follow the tried and true path of mid-tempo metalcore coupled with fiercely screamed vocals. The apparently have three guitarist, though it is difficult to tell because the music is not very complex. All the songs kind of go down the same path with not much variation. And at times this actually reminded me a lot of BLOODLET. I really think that the talent is there for a much stronger release, but I found this to be rather boring. (Alone Records, PO Box 3019, Oswego, NY 13126, alonerecords@hotmail.com)

DARKER DAY TOMORROW – "Angel Screams With The Weight Of Whispers" CD – DARKER DAY TOMORROW from Syracuse kick down three songs of thick and meaty hardcore that falls into the vein of bands like BURIED ALIVE. There are two problems with this release. Three song CD's are just plain weak. If you are going to put out a CD try to make an effort to fill the damn thing up with some music. And on the second song they went for the mixed vocal style of singing and screaming. Please leave the pretty singing for your time alone in the shower. It would be nice if they had kicked in a few more tempo changes, but with that said the fact remains that this is a solid release. Keep your eyes peeled for further action from them. (Alone Records, PO Box 3019, Oswego, NY 13126, alonerecords@hotmail.com)

TOTAL FUCKING DESTRUCTION – "Demo2000" CDR – You know two things are true about TOTAL FUCKING DESTRUCTION. First of all, Rich from BRUTAL TRUTH is the drummer for the band. Secondly, the band is a media machine. I see their name everywhere. Even though they don't really have much out in the way of releases. Well, this is not the first time I have heard TFD and I am sure it will not be the last. But in all honesty I have never been that impressed. TFD drill out your basic run of the mill speed infested grindcore. They sure do create a lot of raw noise and even throw some jazzy stuff in. Why hell they even have a song that reminds me of SEPTIC DEATH. But is it impressive? Not really. Everytime I have heard them, I just think to myself that it sounds OK, but it could be so much better. Especially since I am such a big fan of BRUTAL TRUTH. (Sorry to drag that dead horse into the equation, but I just had to say it). With that said maybe they are trying really hard to be a generic grindcore band and the joke is on us. (Deaf American,

c/o Rich Hoak, #3 Bethel Church Road, Dillsburg, PA 17019, http://www.voicenet.com/~rich666/total_fucking_destruction.htm)

MINE – "In Vacuo" EP – Do you remember MINE from Germany? They were on a split EP with DAWNBREED and also put out an awesome full-length back in like early 1997. Well apparently they recorded two additional songs that they were never able to put out until now, due to financial constraints. MINE took a great influence from bands like RORSCHACH, as did most of the hardcore bands from Germany at that time. Aggressive, angry hardcore with fierce growling vocals that tries to overwhelm the listener with sheer power. These songs have definitely stood the test of time, but when you listen to them it is hard to grasp how far hardcore has progressed in just a few years. This is limited to 500 copies so jump on it while you can. ($5ppd: XKiKiX, c/o Christian Unsinn, Sierenmoosstr. 10 (Nebeneingang), 78464 Konstanz, GERMANY)

DUSSANDER – "Like A Raven In The Sky" EP – Damn, it looks like screamo/metallic hardcore is now making the rounds in the Czech Republic! DUSSANDER crank out some technically proficient metalcore that is chock full of creative time changes. It has a nice flow that goes from slower more mellow moments to a full throttle barrage of riffs. The vocals are totally harsh and the overall production values are great. It seems like a lot of passion and energy went into this record. And it all comes in nice packaging with good layout. This is a record worth tracking down for your collection. (Hopewell Records, Ondrej Benes, U Hraze 1.100.00 Praha 10, CZECH REPUBLIC, rescator@postcz)

"Maybe you're the fucking cop that ate my doughnut. Maybe you're the nazi fuck that kicked my ass. Maybe you're the priest that touched my penis. Maybe you're the fat fuck boss who fucked me over. The pain of never reaching my dreams, a pain I've suffered all my fucking life. Diseased I am not of mankind, I die and I'll take you at the same time."

DYSTOPIA – "Anger Brought By Disease"

Thanks for reading. Rob Coons, PO Box 13085, Berkeley, CA 94712, xgoatcorex@hotmail.com

Ten easy steps I took to help insure that my babe will have some punk rockin' tendencies:

1. I found out I was pregnant while on a two-month hitchhiking and train hopping free-for-all. I actually got pregnant only four days into the trip and took a pregnancy test four weeks later. Gawking at its positive result, I decided to keep on with the trip since it would be my last one of the sort for quite a while. Oh yeah, the only tape I had with me for the two months was a Subhumans tape. Aawww, baby's first lullabies.

2. Four months pregnant, I jumped aboard an opportunity to play on a three-week tour. My little fetus & I played a show every night, helped carry only light loads, slept fairly comfortably on floors and an occasional bed, ate healthy groceries instead of greasy fast food crap, drank pregnancy tea instead of the usual free beer at the gigs and stayed out of the way of cigarette smoke relatively well.

3. Happy Halloween! Five months pregnant, some girlfriends and I played as Bikini Kill at a party where Minor Threat, Black Sabbath and X also made Halloween cover appearances. At this stage of development, the nerve endings in the baby's ears that enable her to hear sounds are not connected, so all she really heard of the night were vibrations... but they were punk rockin' vibes!

4. At six months pregnant, I continued going to shows. I absolutely swear that at the Born Dead Icons show, the baby started kicking as the band started playing. I'm talking about a wild thump in my gut with their very first note!

5. Not feeling like going out so much, I began sewing some little baby pillows out of purple and green polka dot and cow print faux fur with sheets of uncut patch printed canvas. You've never seen how cuddly a Subhumans or Hot Water Music patch can look when it's on a fluffy baby pillow! Next came the same material sewn into a shoulder diaper bag.

6. At seven months pregnant, I added a few zines to my bedside pile of zines to read before the baby comes: *Hip Mama* and *The Radical Mother's Voice*.

7. During my eighth month of pregnancy, a bandmate and fellow mom helped out with instilling some DIY punkness in utero when she dyed up a batch of black newborn sized onesies, complete with "circle A" and "Reina Aveja" designs batiked on their fronts. You know these were a hit at the baby shower! My poor mom just rolled her eyes. Previously that day, she had commented that the red & black "circle A" flag hung above the baby's awaiting bassinet didn't really "go" with the soft green and pure white of the bassinet. After the baby shower, I waddled my +32 pounds pregnant self down to the Fugazi show. At this stage of development, the baby can hear music now, although it has to be played pretty loud since her ears are plugged by water and vernix, a white coating like cream cheese that protects the baby's skin from the increasing concentration of its urine in the amniotic fluid.

8. I gave into the "nesting" urges that I had read about in my pregnancy books. I taped up old show flyers I had been saving and framed and hung some pictures I had taken of some of my favorite bands. Babies do a whole lot of lying around before they can roll over or crawl and need a lot of "stimulating" things to look at, right?

9. I rode my bike every day, including on my due date and worked my weekly volunteer shift at the local punk rock record store that day too.

10. Days past my due date and still no baby, I decided I had better go to a few shows. I hoped that the baby would be rocked out of me. Really. When Hot Water Music didn't do it one night, I went to see Strike Anywhere a few days later. Unfortunately, they didn't do it either, even though they tried. Over two weeks past my due date, I finally pushed my baby out while listening to Reina Aveja and Immaculate Rejection.

I think my hard work to pass along the genetics of punk rock has paid off. Before she could even crawl, she started bouncing on her well padded, cloth diapered bottom to The Butchies. She really gets going to Cavity, too. Just yesterday, at a thirteen -year-old friend's birthday party, she immediately started dancing when a Ramones song came on.
Really.

Punkparents, contribute to this column with your own experiences and information to share. Thanks. P.O. Box 12839 / Gainesville, FL 32604 or yardwideyarns@hotmail.com

CrimethInc. Workers' Collective Bullet-in

CrimethInc. Eyewitness Analysis:

Free Trade Area of the Americas Summit, Quebec City, April 19-22

What happened in Quebec?

In short, a handful of autonomous, cooperating groups took to the streets and fought the pigs until practically the entire city was fighting with us in autonomous, cooperating groups of their own. This is an unprecedented event in the recent history of the anti-capitalist struggle in North America. In this report, I'm going to concentrate on how and why this was possible. If you want to know specific details about the F.T.A.A. summit or the events that transpired before and during it, there are plenty of other sites that can give you that information. Here I'm assuming you have already found access to that information, and also that you already know what you have at stake in resisting global free trade . . . and capitalism itself, for that matter.

The conditions that made this possible

Quebec, the French-speaking region of an otherwise English-speaking nation, has a long-standing independence movement, and natives harbor some resentment against both their government and the cultural standardization imposed by the nearby United States. This proved to be really decisive in the events of the weekend, though few if any demonstrators saw in advance how important this would turn out to be.

The Canadian government, fearful of another demonstration like the one that took place in Seattle during the W.T.O. meeting, had a concrete wall with a chain-link fence atop it built entirely around the center of Quebec City, and closed off the space within it entirely to everyone not possessed of a residence card. The wall was built at great expense to Canadian taxpayers, and trained riot police were sent in from other regions of Canada, armed with water cannons, new stun guns*, tear gas, etc. All this infuriated the locals: not only were a group of foreign leaders invading their city to discuss matters of free trade (which, it's an open secret, is sought by the rich so they can become richer at everyone elses expense) in a working class region of Canada, but their own city was being taken away from them for this purpose, and they were being treated like illegal aliens in it.

In addition to local outrage, another important ingredient was the presence of a great number of protesters from a wide variety of backgrounds. Because thousands of the protesters in attendance were seen as coming from a center-left position (i.e. being mainstream, according to the old myth), and the media in attendance had not already stigmatized them as marginalized extremists, the police forces had a stake in being seen as restrained. The protests at the presidential inauguration last January took place in similar conditions. Then, as now, this made it possible for the small minority who were prepared from the outset to use confrontational tactics to do so without being immediately subdued by police violence and arrested—and this time, thanks to local outrage and the fact that no one else was offering an approach that actually contested the source of everyones frustration, these tactics were soon appropriated by practically everybody there, even locals who hadn't thought of themselves as protesters at all.

*Its interesting to note that while Canadian police have been required until now to test their stun weapons upon themselves, so as to personally know their capabilities and effects, this requirement was waived for the new weapons they received for this event explicitly on account of the weapons being too dangerous!

The organizing

To my knowledge, this was the first major demonstration on this continent in which a large part of the organizing was done according to anarchist procedures, including a sympathy for what was referred to as a diversity of tactics. To provide a thorough discussion of this subject, the CrimethInc. report from the demonstration last year in Sao Paulo, Brazil appears to the right. In Quebec, diversity of tactics basically proved to be an euphemism for property destruction, provocation and aggressive self-defense. The two French Canadian groups organizing for the protest, C.L.A.C. and C.A.S.A., that accepted this approach, took a lot of heat from the more traditional, cuddlier and cuter, more authoritarian organization, S.a.L.A.M.I., which predictably reserved the right to tell protesters exactly what to do and how to do it. We'll discuss in a couple paragraphs what the results of this kind of organization were for those who permitted themselves to be so controlled.

C.L.A.C. and C.A.S.A. took the wise approach of separating the demonstration into different levels: green for no danger of arrest, yellow for some danger of arrest for nonviolent civil disobedience action, and red for tactics of deliberate provocation (such as attacking the police fence). The green and yellow areas were charted on a map of Quebec, affinity groups at the spokescouncil meetings identified themselves as taking green or yellow approaches (no one spoke about red groups or actions, for obvious reasons, until the action was taking place), and this helped to reassure everyone involved that they knew exactly what risk they were incurring. As it turned out, most people were ready to go a lot farther than they'd expected once the possibilities of the situation were clear, and the police violated their own commitment to respecting the green zone, so the color-level categories were pretty much meaningless by the time the demonstration got going; but they served their purpose ahead of time by making everyone comfortable with setting their own level of involvement and risk.

Because the organizers declared in advance that they were ready for, and supportive of, diversity of tactics, most everyone in attendance came prepared to accept this, too: first, those who came knew what to expect, and second, the fact that the organizers were comfortable with this helped others not to be uptight about it. It only happened a couple times at the spokescouncil meetings before and during the demonstration that some stub-born loyalist to left-wing authoritarian tradition brought up the issue of whether it was wise to allow people to use their own judgment about what tactics to apply; and both times, thanks to the fact that C.L.A.C. and C.A.S.A. had already established that they saw this as a non-issue, everyone was able to simply ignore the interruption and concentrate on practical matters.

Planning for earlier demonstrations has often been characterized by endless, pointless, symbolic debates about whether or not organizing committees should give permission to protesters to use direct action tactics like property destruction. This time, a lot of time and trouble was saved by acknowledging from the beginning that demonstrators were going to do whatever they believed was right, sanctioned or not by self-appointed authorities, and that the role of organizers should be simply to help coordinate cooperation between different groups. That the demonstration proceeded without any of the tens of thousands of demonstrators present doing anything really stupid to hurt the interests of the others there, despite the fact that there was no official organization issuing rules and mandates, is important—it simply proves that anarchy works. And if there are still some who believe that anything less than obedience to rules (their rules!) imposed by a centralized power constitutes ineffective demonstrating (let alone violation of their rights!!), this just shows that some have yet to understand that democracy means giving up your right to command others.

C.L.A.C. and C.A.S.A. deserve accolades for the hard work they did to make everything possible—they did speaking tours across the continent to raise awareness, helped U.S. citizens work out schemes to cross the Canadian border (a few even got married just to give wedding-invitation-clutching U.S. activists a legitimate reason for entry), arranged for food and housing for the tens of thousands of people converging upon their city. The housing was especially important: at many earlier protests, like the I.M.F./World Bank protest in Washington, D.C. a year ago, traveling activists who had no place to sleep were arrested before the action began for sleeping in their cars or on the street. One indispensable center of activity was the university campus, which hosted thousands of demonstrators in the gym (the sight of so many bodies stretched out across its vast floor in the half light was surreal and beautiful), and lots of important organizational meetings as well in other buildings. Hecate only knows how those kids persuaded the university to receive all these travelers who had already been branded enemies of the state before they arrived. Individuals from C.L.A.C. and C.A.S.A. were also not afraid to openly embrace illegal tactics (as they did on Friday night at the spokescouncil meeting after the first day of action, when they supported the idea that the next days actions should concentrate on attacking the fence) some of them may be in serious legal trouble at this point for this, and they deserve our support for the risks they have taken.

Finally—the remaining crucial contribution of the C.L.A.C. and C.A.S.A. organizing was that the march and day of action they organized fell the day before the march organized by the more mainstream, well-behaved S.A.L.A.M.I. Last summer, at the protests around the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia, the day of direct action came after all the other events had ended—so the only activists left in the city were the ones already perceived by the police as terrorists (even if they were only armed with puppets!), and the mass arrests and police violence that followed came as no surprise. This time, holding the [first] day for direct action before the main event meant that the events of that day set the atmosphere for the next.

Black Bloc preparation and action: provocation, or self-defense?

This was the most organized, best armed and equipped, and, as I've explained above, most broadly supported Black Bloc I have ever witnessed. Considering that many of those in its ranks were in a foreign country, some of them illegally and even with outstanding arrest warrants, I was amazed at how confrontational they had prepared to be: people had brought bolt cutters (for the hated fence) and other tools, projectiles such as hockey pucks, slingshots,and marbles, helmets and homemade body armor, larger shields and similar equipment. It turned out to be the right decision.

Friday's march began at the university, neither accompanied by nor—strangely enough—harassed by the police, who remained concentrated around the fence both Friday and Saturday (this was fortuitous, for it meant we could move around the rest of the city

without serious fear of arrest—which has not been the case at many earlier demonstrations). The Black Bloc was dispersed among the crowd, already disguised but not clearly identified as a group.

Shortly before the march arrived at the fence around central Quebec, those (few, as it turned out) who wished to remain in the green sector split off from it. The others proceeded on, and as soon as they arrived at the broad square which bordered on the fence, the Bloc came together and moved immediately to attack the barrier. Within seconds, a wide section of it was torn down—something not thought possible by most of the protesters in attendance—and a few passed through it. The police quickly appeared in greater numbers from within, firing tear gas; the rest of the day and following night was given over to back-and-forth struggles between the police, who sought more to hold a line than to advance, and the confrontational activists who threw projectiles at them and were reinforced by the numbers of less aggressive activists.

A few might describe the Black Bloc tactics as deliberate provocation, and blame them for embroiling the others at the protest in more violent conflict than they were prepared for, but I would describe what happened differently. First of all, had the wall itself not been challenged, the protest would not have been given any attention by the police, the media, or the locals—furthermore, it would have been unclear what there was to do instead: the experience of wandering around all day holding signs in a designated protest zone, ignored by the rest of the world, would have been demoralizing to everyone. Some of those who did attempt pacifist actions such as lockdowns in other zones of downtown Quebec that day related that evening at the spokescouncil that their actions had seemed pointless—the delegates to the summit were already inside the perimeter fence, and had they not been, they could have been delivered with helicopters even if all the roads had been blocked. This was the reasoning of a number of participants in the Black Bloc, too: since it was not possible to stop the summit by keeping the delegates out, they undertook instead to make the whole experience as inconvenient as possible, if not terrifying. The next day, in fact, the summit had to be cut short until Sunday, because there was so much tear gas in the air around downtown Quebec that it entered the duct system of the building in which the meetings were taking place. So as it turned out, the somewhat antiquated tactics of street fighting turned out to be the most effective for this situation.

But back to the provocation question: clearly the Black Bloc were not the only ones interested in attacking the wall after the first day of action, at the spokescouncil meeting Friday night, when there were few if any participants present from the Bloc, it was decided that the next days actions should concentrate on again attacking the wall (by people who had earlier seemed much more timid about doing this). Thus the Bloc helped protesters to feel more confident about doing what they already wanted to do, by showing that it was possible. The chief functions the Bloc served, thus, proved to be not provocation, but rather defense and demonstration: Defense, because they formed the front lines that protected everyone else from the police. The police, if my experience is correct, had not just assembled tear gas, water cannons, concussion grenades, plastic bullets, and such devices for show—they intended to use them to break up whatever demonstration took place. They were prevented from doing so precisely because the Black Bloc was so organized and ready to fight: every one of hundreds of tear gas canisters shot at the crowds was immediately thrown back in their faces by a small number of courageous gas-masked Blocers, to such an extent that sometimes one could only tell where the police lines were by the cloud of poison surrounding them; the police feared to close in for arrests, because of the constant shower of rocks, glass bottles, broken concrete, and even molotov cocktails that the streetfighters maintained. I suggest that the other role of the Bloc was demonstration, because the tactics they used were available to everyone who recognized how effective they were. As I'll discuss in a couple paragraphs, the Black Bloc began as a couple hundred people, and ended up being thousands only a day and a half later.

Mainstream media always praise the pigs for their restraint at demonstrations like this, which seems to me like sheer stupidity: the pigs are fucking employees, they do what they're told (especially in front of the cameras!), they don't deserve credit for anything they do—that's what is so disgusting about them. In a situation where everyone else present was taking responsibility for themselves, acknowledging that their part of what goes on in this world was up to them and they were ready to act accordingly, the pigs were the only ones present who were still using the Nuremberg defense to do whatever their masters ordered, even when it meant shooting searing tear gas canisters at the heads of unarmed, non-violent middle-aged mothers (I know one hit by such an attack). If anyone should get credit for restraint, its us—we always show good sportsmanship, work willingly with vastly inferior technology (seriously, marbles versus plastic bullets?), give everyone a David against Goliath show just to demonstrate how much more courageous and intelligent we are. I'm sure of the thousands of people at the demonstration, at least a couple hundred were gun owners—we could have killed dozens of pigs, scores of them, but we didn't, even though they were attacking us with unprovoked violence that would have given anyone cause for armed self defense in a court of law. That's because we're nice people, responsible to each other, and they're lower than worms. Watch the way they move their bodies in those Halloween costumes and you'll see the murderous machismo of power-addict slaves. Anyway, back to the subject.

Saturday was the official protest day for the more mainstream organizers, principally the Canadian unions (the other government, I've been calling them since that day), who demonstrated just how absurd it is to organize anti-authoritarian protests in authoritarian ways. They arranged a giant union march, departing from a place in Quebec city away from all the action and moving through the empty industrial areas, where there was no one to even see them marching, to a dead end in a park where a small band was playing. The tens of thousands who participated in this march couldn't have felt more like they were wasting their time—even the mainstream newspapers reported that it was all the union marshalls could do to keep the workers marching in line away from the real action, let alone chanting along with the monosyllables blaring from megaphones attached to the cars in which their leaders rode, resting their precious feet. Anyone could see the difference between their approach to politics and ours by comparing the amount of freedom available to their marchers to the open relationships between autonomous demonstrators on our side of the city.

Meanwhile, we kept up our street war in central Quebec, strengthened by new numbers now surrounding and attacking the wall from all sides. Those who had thought they only wanted to hold signs now backed up masked kids tearing up the sidewalk to make projectiles. Now, I've always been critical of violence, because its something that you can turn on but you can't turn off; more than any other tool, it tends to control and manipulate those who apply it. But this somehow didn't feel like violence: everyone who was involved, everyone who was participating, valued the various contributions of the others present, whether they were setting police on fire, providing medical attention to the injured, or simply watching from a distance—everyone felt united and safe with each other. The violence directed from all the human beings present at the only ones there who still refused to be human didn't contaminate us.

Pivotal Moment

Then, in the middle of Saturday afternoon, something happened that was of pivotal importance, which probably went unnoticed by almost everyone else there. During a lull in the street-fighting, a segment of the Black Bloc proceeded to a multinational bank and smashed all its windows in. At this point a large number of local street kids had congregated, not as protesters, but simply to watch the unfolding events; these locals were sympathetic to the foreigners fighting the police, simply because they were fighting the natural enemy of street kids everywhere, while still being suspicious of them on the grounds that, like the delegates and the pigs, they were foreign invaders. Nothing the protesters had done until this moment raised their wrath—but, having no prior experience with the rationale of property destruction, the sight of a bunch of foreigners smashing up windows in their city enraged them. They followed the Bloc all the way around, uh, the block, picking up weapons and threatening them. A couple Bloc members tried to reason with them—the language barrier proved insurmountable, as did the machismo barrier, and both of them got punched in the face.

These two kids are the ones most responsible for the success of the demonstration, though nobody knows it. They had the

humility and focus to simply turn and walk away when this happened, which is fucking amazing, especially considering the reputation the Black Bloc itself has for machismo. If they had not done this, the whole weekend would have been ruined, and direct action activism would have been set back a decade—for the visiting activists would have ended up in a riot with the locals, and every possibility of something positive happening would have been lost.

Given some time to cool off, the locals sent a couple of their number to speak to kids from the Bloc. It turned out they really wanted to fight the pigs together with these foreigners, and they respected what they [we] were doing, but needed an assurance that these kids weren't just here to trash their city. This given, on the conditional terms which any anarchist has to speak in when representing a larger group, the episode was over and everyone could focus again on the real enemy.

I'm not opposed to property destruction, of course if it were up to me, every corporate store, office, and factory would be burned to the ground by tomorrow morning—but it was critical that the Bloc kids recognize that, under these circumstances, it was an ineffective tactic, because the locals did not understand what it was intended to do. Had they insisted on sticking to Bloc dogma, catastrophe would have resulted. Instead, everyone returned to the front lines, and the action reached its heart-quickening climax.

Escalation

As the sun set over Quebec, the police slowly pushed forward to the north, until they reached a standoff at the foot of a freeway overpass. At this point, practically everyone had their faces covered, for protection from the tear gas that filled the air; at the same time, people who had been timid before had lost their fear, from two days of watching police hit in the head with bottles, of seeing supposedly impregnable walls torn down with ropes, of breathing tear gas until it lost its power to scare them. It was impossible to tell now who had been from the Bloc and who had newly joined the struggle: Quebec youths and streetkids manned the front lines, throwing back tear gas canisters and rocks as they had seen the activists doing, thrilling in the feeling of reclaiming their city from the powers of police and capital. They hid behind makeshift barricades, running up close to the police line to throw molotov cocktails into it, showing superhuman courage in the face of the once intimidating riot troops. Behind them, over three thousand people, of all ages and class backgrounds, stood on the freeway, beating out a deafening rhythm on every surface available in support of the street warriors. The street signs, which only two days before had told them where to go and how fast, became sounding boards for their frustration and their conviction that this was worth acting on, worth fighting for; the concrete, which had cut them off from the soil beneath their feet and reinforced the corporate propaganda on every street corner proclaiming that this was the only possible world, capitalism, competition and cultural standardization and mind-numbing work—the very concrete was torn up to become hammers to play that music of revolt, or else be thrown, carried on the echoes of that percussion, into the faces of the insect-like riot pigs across the road. A piece of North America had been transformed into Palestine, a white man's Intifada now raging such as only the most idealistic punks and radicals had dared dream of—and immediately comprehensible and desirable to all present.

Below the freeway, in the activist camp that had once been part of the green zone, free food was shared, hundreds danced joyously in circles, spirits were higher than they've ever been for parades or holidays. People who had not been exposed to the d.i.y. values of sharing and self-determination immediately apprehended what was going on. It seemed the entirety of the old world was about to puncture and collapse . . .

The value of what happened

It didn't, that's true. It almost did, though, and anyone who tells you different wasn't there like we were there. For a world revolution to take place, there would have to be events going on in every city at once, twice as intense as those taking place in Quebec City around nightfall on April 21st. That probably won't happen for another few decades. So—lets talk about what was valuable about what did happen.

Well, first of all, it got the F.T.A.A. in the news—duh. Not that the corporate-controlled newspapers are ever going to tell the truth about it or free trade, for that matter, but at least now those who read the newspapers have the concept in their vocabulary, and we have a starting place from which to raise the questions we need to. Second, we got some great experience to employ in future demonstrations, which may succeed in actually preventing such noxious meetings from taking place at all (did you know that the next W.T.O. meeting will be held in fucking Qatar?). Third, we didn't suffer quite as crushing a tally of arrests as we have at some demonstrations, thanks to the defense on the part of the Black Bloc—this means we have less to recover from, less hassles to drain our energy and attention when it's so crucial we be facing forward.

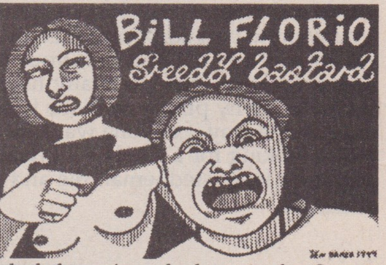
All those obvious things out of the way—the important thing is that everyone there, the local non-activists especially, got a demonstration of what anarchy is, how it works, how individuals can work together in large enough numbers to overpower the forces of control marshalled against them. The revolution isn't some far-off single moment, anyway, its not the crux of history Marx talked about—it's a process going on all the time, everywhere, wherever there is a struggle between hierarchical power and human freedom. In Quebec, I was part of the largest scale manifestation of mass cooperation and struggle against control I've ever experienced; I've seen this before, hundreds of times, I've chosen a life of pursuing it, so this particular weekend may not have been as absolutely transforming for me as it was for those who hadn't recognized such a thing going on before—but it was still something amazing, which I will remember clearly until I go to my grave, even if I live through the revolution itself first.

In moments like this, living becomes something like music is for the musicians who improvise together: everyone contributes their own theme, but rather than a conflict, a cacaphony, the different elements combine to form something much greater and more compelling than the sum of the individual parts. In this sense, the weekend in Quebec was important to me above all because it was a sort of pilgrimage, to a moment of anarchy as irreplaceable as all such moments are.

What's next?

There is a World Bank/I.M.F. meeting October 2-4 in Washington, D.C. Several CrimethInc. cells are organizing to attend, along with thousands of other people. This will be a chance for us to apply the lessons we learned in Quebec, to learn new lessons, to create new possibilities for free action. It's not the only chance—every day between now and then will be one, as well, for each of us, and it's important that we don't neglect that. But these large scale demonstrations provide unique opportunities to try things that just can't happen otherwise. Not that we should enter future situations trying to repeat our past successes—rather, when something we try works, we should remember to apply the same cunning and creativity the next time, so that something else will work.

See you on the streets. *CrimethInc. Rioters Bloc*



There are some things I just don't understand when it comes to making music. You have to make recordings available to people that want to hear them. So it makes sense for someone to have a record label of some sort. Even if it's only a PO box so your mom doesn't throw out your money orders or your dad doesn't cash them in for Super Bowl tailgate parties.

Then of course you have to record the music somehow. Not everyone is satisfied with listening to tapes made on a boombox, so I don't see anything wrong with plunking down some change for someone to make your band sound good, maybe even better than you'd be able to pull off live. I mean, it may be fake in some respects but a record or a cd isn't supposed to sound like a band in a club.

So looking from the viewpoint of a DIY/MRR or insert other inane 3 letter abbreviation for stickinthemud, you have to make records somehow: someone pays to record them, someone pays to press them, and somehow someone finds out about them and buys them.

By the way I may have mentioned this before but FYI, DIY

is a stupid 3 letter abbreviation. Whenever anyone mentions that term it makes me cringe and think of that lame Epitaph records logo that looks like it was made with a wheelydealy label maker, either that or it reminds me of people pulling rotting blueberry bagels out of a dumpster and giving them to homeless people so they can throw up blue and yellow bile all over my car tires.

Ok., so no matter what your idea of putting out music is, you do need to make records so people can listen to you when they're not watching you playing for 30 seconds and then tune your guitars for 2 minutes in between. You need to sell them because it costs money to make records and even though you will never make any money on the records, there's some principle that you'll lose about $20 less if you put a price tag on them. You have to advertise somehow, even if it's in the form of telling people in the mic that you have records for sale. Now, here is the hard part. What do you need public relations for? I have run into a bunch of people who tell me "I do public relations for (insert rich kids record label here)." Now if your band needs someone doing PR, Professional Rumpsmoocher, it means one of several things.

1. Your band is a bunch of assholes that constantly get into fights and need someone to say, no (Insert bad NYC Hardcore band here) are the sweetest guys, I've met their moms! That must have been some other band that threatened you in 1989.
2. You're in a band that nobody likes but have some money to throw around in hopes that with enough ass-licking you'll get some college radio airplay and stupid kids at NYU will buy your T-shirts.
3. You have a lot of friends that would rather make $35 a day working for your subsidiary of a major label calling fanzines than make $40 a day in the back of a warehouse sorting baseball cards.

There, I got that off my chest, the worst thing about PR is there are bands of rich kids who start PR firms. I mean there are probably a couple of smart people starting this to just leech off record labels that are dumb enough to pay them, but there are some people (more fuckin rich kids) who think it's cool, and they get to hang out with bands and they put it all on their resume when they try to get a job at MTV or whatever.

In any case public relations is something big business uses to cover their tracks when your little sister gets strangled by the car seat or when a thousand people die in a fire while working in a sweatshop in Thailand. Why should we have this in punk rock? Its really not that big of a community, when someone likes a band and a buzz gets started its not because of the neon paper that get shoved in with the CD's that every fanzine kid sells for 2 quarters to a used record store. It's time to make fun of these dipshits that try to use punk as a stepping stone to their mainstream media executive job. A lot of these companies hire ex band and zine people to gain credibility. Well I don't buy it. If you want to be a corporate exec with a ponytail, at least be honest about it and tell everyone your dad is Mike Nichols or Chuck Barris and you never actually have to work a day in your life and that's why public relations is perfect for you.

By the way if anyone wants to put out the SHEMPS single, we're looking for a label and my Public Relations skills suck. If anyone's interested, email me and I'll send ya a tape. bill@candids.com

If you've been dying to visit a Third World country but had neither the money nor the free time to make the trip, your worries are over. Thanks to five men sitting on the United States Supreme Court, the Third World has come to you.

The groundwork was laid years ago, when the businessmen who run the country and their politician-employees make a conscious decision to deny Americans the basics of life in a modern industrialized society. Kids smart enough to gain admission to college in Germany, a country we supposedly defeated in World War II, worried only about passing exams and cranking out essays; we Americans ran up student loans and worked late nights to pay ever-skyrocketing tuition to for-profit universities. When Frenchman and Mexicans and Chinese people became ill, they received free medical care; Americans routinely died because they couldn't afford medicine. Somehow the businessmen and the politicians pulled off the greatest scam of recorded history: They convinced citizens of the wealthiest, most productive nation on earth to sign the same exact social contract as those of the poorest backwater dumps.

Nevertheless, we Americans continued to take pride in our political system. As long as you were 18 years of age, had never been convicted of a felony and could convince your boss to let you out of work before 8 p.m., you could choose between two closely-aligned political parties at your local voting booth. We might have the fewest vacation days and the worst retirement system in the world, but we had a voice in determining our future.

That ended, of course, in December 2000. A rogue Supreme Court majority overthrew the Constitution—which gives control of elections to the states—and ordered the state of Florida to ignore uncounted votes. For the first time since the British defeat at Yorktown, Americans are led by an unelected, self-appointed strongman. The U.S. now possesses the same exact political system as such Third World countries as Somalia, Congo, Afghanistan and Cuba.

With a minor switch in the players, another rogue Supreme Court 5-4 majority closed the deal on April 24: "The question is whether the Fourth Amendment forbids a warrantless arrest for a minor criminal offense, such as a misdemeanor seat-belt violation punishable only by a fine," formerly liberal Justice David Souter wrote for the majority. "We hold that it does not." The dissent noted that the decision "has potentially serious consequences for the everyday lives of Americans." Well, duh. The Constitutional protection against unreasonable search and seizure is now dead. The police can arrest and jail an American citizen for any crime whatsoever—even a minor traffic offense. "The practical effect of the ruling is that police officers can exercise 'extremely poor judgment' and harass citizens for pointless reasons—and those citizens are without legal redress," said Timothy Lynch, director of the Project on Criminal Justice at the Cato Institute.

Even more than last December's subversion of republican democracy, this revolutionary decision has created a de facto police state; the most frequent impact of the power of the state on the life of an individual occurs when flashing lights appear in a rear-view mirror.

With the exception of a few outposts in the West and South, it's unlikely that cops will begin applying their new sweeping powers right away. But even the most liberal police departments will be sorely tempted to act as roadside judges and juries. It's a funny thing about power: Intimidation is just as effective as handcuffs and nightsticks.

Unless the Supremes reverse their decision—highly unlikely—or a Constitutional amendment is passed to reverse it—even more unlikely—the United States may now have officially left the community of modern democracies. Don't be surprised if, not too long from now, you find yourself being shaken down for bribes at police checkpoints or summarily arrested for espousing the wrong political opinion. These are very scary times, and things usually get worse before they get better. (Actually, they rarely get better.)

On the other hand, America's new Third World status isn't all bad. For one thing, we'll get all those tourist euros from free-spending German backpackers. And admit it—you probably never voted anyway.

BOOK INFO:

I have two books out now, available both at your local comic shop, better cool regular bookstores and on the Internet:

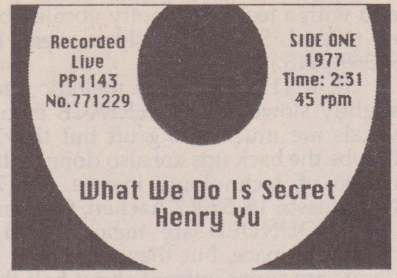
"2024", a hardback 96-page graphic novel (NBM Publishing), updates George Orwell's "1984" to the present in a similar format to 1998's "My War With Brian." You can check out samples pages of "2024" at www.nbmpub.com.

"Search and Destroy" (Andrews & McMeel Publishing), a paperback 160-page collection of my cartoons from 1995 to 2000. These are the same cartoons that run in MRR.

If you want signed copies of one or both books, send $16.95 per copy of "2024" and/or $12.95 per copy of "Search and Destroy" plus $3.95 priority mail shipping FOR EACH BOOK to: Ted Rall, PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York NY 10108.

I'll also be doing a book tour this summer; please check here and rall.com for dates and cities.

The Year Dick Broke



Cancer's been taking our brothers, Joey Ramone the latest. It's the shits. I know it cause I battled the fucker myself a year ago. Had my chemo (thru a picc line, a tube that runs from your forearm thru your artery up your arm and into your heart, with a little pump that you wear on your belt) and radiation (triple zap daily, 6 weeks), and some of my guts (14 inches of glorious colon) ripped out and puked bile (green) and blood (red) and clots (dark red), with tubes up my nose, down my throat, in my arms, and procedures like endoscopies, sigmoidoscopies, colonoscopies, ultrasounds, epidurals (but oh god, the morphine!), and then another 5 more months of chemo (weekly, thru an IV).

But worst of all, THEY BROKE MY FUCKIN' DICK. Jostled the nerves when they went in to hack out my innards. As a result, it don't get hard no more. Here are some excerpts from my heretofore unpublished **Strange Urology Tales** that chronicle "The Year That Dick Broke".

Strange Urology Tales, vol 1, number 1: "Tie A Yellow Ribbon..."

My first urologist was Dr. Tamagho. He asked me about my dick so I laid it on him. Current dick status, in order of severity:

1. Can't get it up
2. I can't hold in my pee for very long. It starts to dribble out.
3. I wet my bed occasionally (only the size of a silver dollar or two, tho.)
4. It hurts when i pee.

To my horror, Dr T stuck a needle in my cock and injected some drugs. He then told me to pleasure myself for 5 minutes. Amazingly, I engorged like a sack of spuds. Hurt tho. However, Dr T was very pleased. He grabbed it and nodded. "You're dick is in good shape". I asked him when the erection would go away. He replied "Is your girlfriend available right now?". I said, "No, she's working today. (it was 3 pm on a weekday)."

He said too bad. It may take awhile then. (It took 2 hours).

He then gave me a prescription for Viagra (100 mg) and told me to see him in 3 months.

Strange Urology Tales, vol 2, number 1: "Don't Do Me Like That"

Dr. T was hoping that Viagra would be the answer. It didn't work. Not that I had much of a chance to use it. In fact I only had one chance and it didn't work. I mean I got the side effects (profuse blushing, and it screws with your vision - all light looks blue), but that's about it. When I reported this to Dr. T, he was extremely disappointed. He peppered me with questions about my gal. "Was she hot? Did she try to blow you first? Was she good?". After answering in the affirmative to all, he then attacked me. "Were you in the mood? Did you drink too much before trying to do it? Did you relax when she blew you?".

Dr T was so upset that the Viagra did not work that he referred me to another urologist who specializes in male impotence. His name was Dr Lue. Dr Lue thought I looked too serious so he kept telling me penis jokes. Given what Dr. T did to me on the last visit, I could hardly be blamed for the stoneface.

Sure enough after the jokes subsided, Lue said he was going to bring out the needle. Not only that, he said I was going to do it to myself! Holy shit.

After some explanation, he assured me that the spongy part of my dick (the left and right side of the shaft, not the top or bottom or the head) was impervious to pain and bleeding (as long as you steer clear of the veins), and only the skin has a few pain receptors (as long as the needle achieves a certain escape velocity.)

I was to do it by myself, with his hand guiding my spearchucking hand. Oddly enough, it wasn't THAT bad. I mean it did hurt a little, but getting the subsequent boner was worth it. I signed a disclaimer saying it might turn purple or spurt blood or stay erect till it fell off (3 hours is the worry point). Lue asked me if I wanted to practice one more time. Uh, I'll wait. Oh by the way, he said, please do this to yourself at least once a week.

Yesterday, the pharmacy called me and said they would send enough for 100 injections. I nearly fainted.

Strange Urology Tales, vol 2, number 2: "I Am A Rock"

I had recieved this box of 100 syringes in the mail awhile ago. I stuck it on top of my stereo speaker. My doctor told me to inject myself once a week but two weeks went by and I happily remained my limp, celibate self.

One saturday night, I don't really have any plans. I decide to have my first dance with the needle. It's an insulin microtip. It looks a little longer than it did at the doctor's office. I compare it to the radius of my shaft. You're supposed to shove it in up to the hilt, which leads me to believe that it's going to pierce my urethra.

There's not much prep other than a liberal swathing of everything in alcohol. I take another swig of beer.

So after filling up with 0.1cc of the stuff, only the final showdown remains: scared dick in one hand, needle in the other.

After muttering my new mantra, "I can't fucking do this" a few times, the thought of getting a nice juicy erection pushes me to finally do it. First step is to pierce the skin. Next is to push it into the spongy tissue up to the hilt. I press in the plunger, then pull out the needle. It bleeds a little. Two minutes of pressure with another alcohol pad should stem that.

As I hold my bleeding dick, i think about what porn to check out. I think I will go to my favorite, the cute east europeans at http://www.alsscan.com.

It's 9:03, and I can feel myself unfurl. By 9:05 I'm a full on rock. Holy mackerel. However, it curves to the left and appears more swollen on the right hand side, which is where I injected it. There's a bit of pain. That's supposed to be normal for me, indicative of damaged nerves.

Jana at alsscan.com is mine tonight. We mess around for a bit, but pretty soon I realize that the dull ache emanating from rod is putting a damper on my self serving activities.

So I decide to do other things, like eat dinner. I microwave a Marie Callenders chicken dinner. And read Forbes.

Two hours later, I am still full on. I get a little nervous because at the 3 hour mark you're supposed to call a 24 hotline. Priapism is a condition in which the blood stays in and doesnt come out, then dies from lack of oxygen, dragging your dick down with it.

At the 2:50 mark, my sister comes home. Since I'm pretty sure I'll have to go to the emergency room, I tell her everything.

She laughs.

I call the 24 hour hotline. There is no answer. It doesn't seem to work. More nervousness. Priapism is supposed to be solved by sticking a needle in and draining some of the blood out, or shooting in some adrenalin. neither sounds very good. After awhile, I give up and call the hospital. get me any urologist on call.

It's 12:30 am now, 3 1/2 hours after I got my hard on. It's still rock hard, but at least it no longer sticks straight up. I'm flying at half mast now. The doctor on call suggests that I stick it in some ice, which constricts the vessels. He also said 8 hours is really the worry point. 12 hours is the drop dead point. ie, your penis will have to be surgically removed.

Our ice maker was turned off. my sister suggests I stick it in a carton of Haagen Dazs ice cream. I finally fall asleep with an ice pack I found under the ravioli. I set my alarm for 5:30 am.

The urologist calls me back around 4 am. Luckily the ice worked. I'm back to the land of the limp. I estimate my erection lasted about 5 1/2 hours. He told me to call my doctor on monday to decide on a lower dose.

Strange Urology Tales, vol 2, number 3: "The One Hour Boner"

I had been avoiding the needle ever since the last escapade when my dick was a rock for

5 1/2 hours. Somehow the nurse practicioner telling me to halve my dose next time was not incentive to trying it again.

Two months passed without any erections. Even a night with a girl didn't do it. Every day
I made up an excuse not to. It was easy.

Finally, I had a monday with not much to do. My only plan to go to Amoeba Records to buy the Twinkeyz and Debris CD's from Karl, the guy behind Anopholes Records. Since I moved to a sublet only 3 1/2 blocks away, I had agreed to stop in while he was working. I saw him at the Russ Tolman show the night before at the Makeout Room. To say Russ hit his peak with True West is not saying much, but at least they looked like they were having fun on stage. Russ now looks exactly like Stephen King by the way.

In the morning, I turned on the television. Apparently there was a break in the Jon Benet Ramsay case and there she was, or at least stills of her on the swingset in some skimpy outfit completely unbefitting of a 5 year old.

I thought to myself, "needle time".

This second time was bizarrely easy. I loaded up with .05 cc and just stuck the damn thing in. Sure it hurt a bit, but it didn't bleed this time. I think I got this thing down now.

It took longer for it to blossom this time; In fact it didn't really go up on its own. I
had to massage it a bit. Finally, I got a reasonable erection, not nearly the barnburner
I had previously. I made way to the computer. After logging on, I noted the time: 9:21 am.

This time I would try www.sublimethumbs.com. A pretty oddly named site, but a best kept secret among those too cheap to pay for internet porn. Here you can find literally hundreds of fingernails that blossom into a euphoric explosion of fleshtoned pixels.

After searching a bit, I happened upon a picture of Jana in there. Wow, she gets around. She was wearing nearly the same outfit as Jon Benet did earlier on the tv, and probably nearly the same size.

With her in mind, I was able to overcome the minor pain and thrill myself. The time: 10:16 am.

About 12 minutes later, the hard-on went away on its own. I sighed. The one hour erection had been perfected.

"The South's Gonna Rise Again"

Dr Lue is convinced that eventually my dick will work properly on its own. However, it has now been 13 months with no sign of improvement. Well wishers may pass their condolences to specialcharge@yahoo.com. Girls wishing to take the challenge of breaking me in can call my toll-free hotline: 1-800-RIDE-MY-PONY.

I spent a week down there havin fun in the warm California sun, so the column suffers. Have no fear, I'll catch up soon...

ATROX are great! Tough hardcore that's still rockin, and has stops and starts and is totally solid, a la TRAGEDY, although they don't really bust out into the super thrash parts. The vocals are split between two guys, one a screamer and one more of a singer, and they sound great together. The cover is also beautiful. (6 song CD, lyric sheet. Verbindungsstr. 9, 52080 Aachen-Germany.)

THE BUILDING PRESS is moody instrumental sparse music, mostly slow. Then some of the songs hit a groove, and it sounds like the emo screaming vocals are about to come in, but they never do. And an aside to the boys...please save the defensive notes until after the review. (4 song CD, no lyric sheet - no lyrics! 1130 N. 82ond Street, Seattle WA 98103.)

COUNCIL are really good, partial DC style hardcore and partial SACCRINE TRUST fluctuation from the norm while rocking, and there's kind of a pleading tone to the vocals that are half sung and half spoken, and up front in a good way. (7 song cassette, lyric sheet. P.O. Box 220691, Chicago IL 60622.)

THE DEAD KINGS are solid rock a roll, dirty lowdown, midtempo with sonic guitar sounds. The vocals are shouty, and it sounds like (5 song CD, no lyric sheet. P.O. Box 9680, Charlotte, NC 28299.)

THE FERKS play catchy pop based punk which has a similar sound to THE QUEERS before their slick production years, and with a teenaged snotty vocaled boy singing. It's also slower. ($5ppd. 5 song CD, lyric sheet. P.O. Box 413, Patton, CA 92369-0413.)

FOR THE DAY play melodic midtempo punk rock, like a slightly slower LEATHERFACE before they polished up. The vocals are much less gruff but they're strident and heartfelt. Maybe the back ups are also done by the singer guy, through the magic of technology, maybe not.(7 song CD, lyric sheet. Noppiusstr. 18, 52062 Aachen, Germany.)

GROUNDED are melodic and have a pretty slow to midtempo pace, but they do pick it up for the last song. The vocals are super upfront about half the time, and the other half the guitar solo seems to take the forefront. I guess it's like a watered down and slower SUPERCHUNK. ($6 ppd. 8 song CD, no lyric sheet. 2107 Cherry Laurel Drive, Newberry SC 29108.)

HANGING ROTTEN has veiled catchiness under their thick crusty rhythm section. The music is thrashy, and the mid tempo songs are about one for one with the fast paced ones. They have some of the best wind storm style vocals I've ever heard - as in he gets his voice to sound like the wind when a tornado is approaching...menacing and cool- although mostly they're fast and from the deep throat school. ($2 ppd. 11 song cassette, lyric sheet. 153 Duke Street, Granite Falls, NC 28630.)

THE KNOCKDOWNS are midtempo and poppy with the super gruff vocals and street punk backups. They compare themselves to the SWINGING UTTERS, among others, and I think it's quite appropriate...they have the basic TKO sound. (9 song CD, no lyric sheet. 10304 NE Fargo, Portland, OR 97220.)

LOOKIN FOR TROUBLE has two singers, sometimes doing a rap thing, and sometimes the hardcore spitting out vocals over music that is basic punk rock, kind of fast in general, and some moments of the funky bass or chuga guitars. It seems this band is mostly about the singers, though, cause sometimes it's hard to hear the band when the singer guys are going full bore...Comes with a patch! (7 song CD, lyric sheet. 1308 Quincy Drive, Wilmington, DE 19803.)

NOVA EXPRESS play a basic New York style early punk, with some of their guitar solos sounding like sirens. Solid and straight forward musically. The vocals are moany and tough, equal parts Danzig, and Lemmy, with some "ywoowwww...." screams thrown in at all the right times. (4 song CD, no lyric sheet. 206 Rivington Street #A, New York NY 10002.)

SHERIDAN are a straight forward thrash attack, with the complimentary mosh parts to mix it up. The screaming vocalist and the group shouted, easy to sing along wtih back up vocals just add the perfect touch. This would make almost anyone stage dive, well, contimplate one, at least. (9 song CD,lyric sheet plus stories on inspiration of the lyrics. I love that. Peterstr. 6, 52062 Aachen, Germany.)

UNION OF THE DEAD are midtempo and straightforward rocker style, sometimes sounding like a slower AMERICAN STEEL and sometimes like a low fi love song band, but with clean produciton. The vocals sound a lot like BAD RELIGION except with more crooning in the "wo-wo-wo" sections and without the 4 syllable words. (13 song CD, lyric sheet. 161 E. 5th Street, Chico, CA 95928.

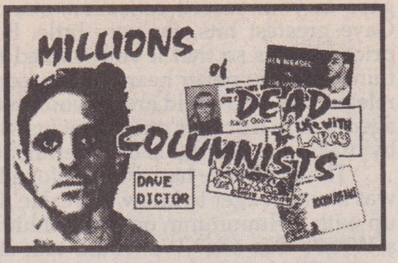
THE WENDERLYNNS have a genuinely slow love song and a few midtempo pop songs on this tape, with RAMONES style vocals and great backup sing along vocal parts. ($3ppd. 4 song cassette, no lyric sheet. 32 Edgeworth Street, Worcester MA 01605.)

THE WRISTROCKETS play great catchy sloppy punk that's spastic like THE BANANAS. Vocally the singer guy is snotty and mean, but still singing, instead of spitting out the words. Lots of pop culture references, including a Tonya Harding love song...awww. Secret bonus track song not listed, but I'll let you be surprised. (13 song CD, lyric sheet. P.O. Box 40353, Eugene, OR 97404.)

YOUTH AT RISK play pretty fast, no surprises hardcore

The vocals are surprisingly melodic, but the backups are sort of tepid. (3 song CD, no lyric sheet. 5404 27th Ave., Seattle WA 98105-3139.)

That's it. P.O. Box 1113 Portland, OR 97207.



Mr. Fucko

If you follow my column you know I teach at a school here in New York in a fairly high functioning class of developmentally delayed or mentally retarded kids. I'd wanted to work in a regular class with special needs kids, mainstreaming them as its called but somehow I got pushed to where the need was greatest as they say. What I have really learned to appreciate is that, where I am, I don't get put under a microscope like I have in the past. Here nobody gets in your face. I teach my kids reading, weather, math skills mostly telling time and making money change. We talk recycling, map reading, and we do a little history and geography. I've worked it with my kids so when the principal comes into the room we go through a drill. I'll ask,"Who freed the slaves?" They know to collectively answer in their own big eyed, sad little way, "Abraham Lincoln". "Daiquan what happened to him?" (the names have been changed to protect the innocent). Daiquan answers, "He got shot by a bad man". "Steven, who was Martin Luther King Jr.?" "He was a great man who fought for justice". The principal smiles and wonders how I'm doing this and leaves the class and we won't see him for a week or two. Perfect.

All my kids are ghetto kids. All year not one parent has come to a parent-teacher conference. I'll call every now and then to say generic nice things after I send home a progress report on how they are doing with their goals. They are friendly and nervous. I am relaxed and nonintrusive. We get on fine, some of them cry in happiness that their kids like school. I've never had a parent cry, to me, til this year. These kids are eleven, twelve and thirteen years old. The birds and the bees are starting to kick in with the early summer's heat. I've got six boys and three girls. After pushing the kids with sign reading, phonics, the math stuff, botany, social studies and art we break for lunch and free time. We eat and then listen to a lot of hip hop. I'm down with Snoop Doggie Dog, " got your mind on your money and your money on my mind". We do a lot of Shaggy's reggae rap, DMX, Destiny's Child and more. In the afternoon, I keep it light, I play guitar and we do sing along, we plant flowers and trees in and outside. We do the playground, we watch videos, do cooking class and work on vocational skills.

The real goal for these kids is to get them the skills to be hireable. If they can earn money, they'll have a certain amount of freedom. A few of them might even be able to live on their own. That's what I want for all of them.

Being mentally retarded (M.R.) is only part of the problem for most of my kids. They also have a mixed bag of emotional, processing, and physical disabilities going on. Steven and BJ also have autism. They are indifferent much of the time and have compulsive behaviors constantly going on that we try to redirect. Steven has the highest I.Q. in the class. It reads 66 on his psych report but he can monologue whole episodes of South Park or Tom Green's, " Freddy Got Fingered" and sings whole sides of rap albums. That takes a lot of intelligence. He can't tell you the difference between will run, now runs or ran(past, present and future tenses that is) but he can recite to you the names of Saturn's 22 moons or the weekend schedule of departing trains at Grand Central Station. That's the failure of I.Q. tests. If you don't test well or relate to the questions, than you don't score well. In fact one of my student's Denise is so heads up, so confident, thinks on her feet and is so street smart I don't know what to make of the whole deal about intelligence. She can't do math or read so well but she takes a subway by herself from Brooklyn to her aunt's in the Bronx. Hell, you try that one.

I have two behavioral M.R. kids, Marty and Daiquan. Marty is the lone caucasian other than myself in the room. He is very likable, good looking, no telltale signs of delays. He on the other hand can't name you the state he lives in, nevertheless name off any planets and their moons. He sometimes gets lost in the school. He's our little Slim Shady. He's down with everybody in the class but drives many adults crazy cause he can act so oppositional. Not in an angry way, but if he's not in the mood to do something, its tough to get him motivated. Some teachers seem to think you got to punish students who don't want to do their work. I tell them to sit there til they get in the mood and generally they come around to doing it in a little while. Marty is one of the two alpha males in the classroom. Daiquan is the other. They both vie for the attention of Denise our fem fatale.

Daiquan was born 2.2 lbs., a crack alcohol baby. His emotions are always high strung. He freaks out all the time at a drop of a hat. He hears voices, talks to himself and always feels persecuted. Teaching him to deal with everyday exchanges, how to share, how not always expect to be the first one on line, to not call out without raising your hand or not get mad if his answer is wrong. How to handle his emotions. He is the greatest challenge. About once a week, in the beginning of the year it was once a day, he freaks out, throws a tantrum and then I got to get the rest of the kids out of the room because he'll eventually attack one of the other kids. I then have to restrain him while he kicks, scrapes, scratches, screams on and on. Sometimes for 20 minutes, sometimes for 2 hours. He'll yell Œ shut up, you stupid Fucko, shut up". He'll scream "fucko" over and over again. It's tricky cause some times he calms down and sometimes he doesn't. So your never sure where your going with it. When he's absent, its like being at the beach. It's almost a holiday. He's got so much vinegar, he questions everything and is never passive. He's cool on some levels. He's my little African-American Sid Vicious. He loves the Power Puff Girls. He loves Scooby Doo. He's an individual. He has scratched me and spit on me about ten times. He always says he's sorry afterwards. He'll hug me and say " he didn't know what came over hisself". He asked me in front of the class and the African-American teacher assistant, Gertrude, who works in my classroom, "how come your not brown like us". Gertrude and the whole class looked at me and I calmly replied, "I am brown, but just a lighter shade of brown. Life started in Africa, my people left a little earlier but I feel we are all brown here". Gertrude smiled and the kids all felt satisfied. Month in month out, my class and I get tighter and tighter.

Year in year out, this has always happened. Though this year it seems that an even more incredible bond has been built. The few days I've called in sick all hell broke loose. Daiquan freaked out. No one would do any work. Now I gotta plan out my missed days very well. I tell them in advance, write on the calendar, remind them , assure them, I'll be back. My school has trouble getting subs and they keep bringing back this terrible power tripped out, hard of hearing, older man Mr. Buck. He gets into power struggles with my kids, starts losing, then fights dirty. The last time he subbed for me he had a very rough day. I tried to coach him how to stay calm, redirect the tension, stay above the fray and all the classic teacher mantra stuff. Of course he didn't, lost it and had a terrible day with the kids. In his letter to me he stated Daiquan started, then got all the kids involved calling him Mr. Bucko not Mr. Buck and he didn't like it. I'm reading this today in the morning before class, the day after his debacle. He described blow by blow the day. I'm shaking my head, imagining the sights and sounds and then I chuckle as I realize the kids weren't calling him Mr. Bucko, they were calling him Mr. Fucko........well on that note, you take care all you Fuckos.

<mailto:mdcops@hotmail.com>mdcops@hotmail.com

Do your remember where you were when you heard Joey Ramone died? Me? Ummmm...I don't know. Pittsburgh, I think, but I'd have to check around.

Granted, the guy was in a great band, and, for better or worse, one of the most influential rock'n roll bands of all

time. However, the direct impact that he had on my life is slim. To me, Joey Ramone was just another dude in another band.

I do know where I was when I heard Bruce Carlson died. It was Monday, May 8, 2001. I had just got back from a trip and was at work sorting records. It was afternoon. It was as hot as the Sacramento Valley can get in May. Three friends from Seattle were in the store, as well as my coworker and another friend named Giovanni. It was Gio who told me that "the guy from Diamond Springs died."

I can remember my conversation with Gio word for word. I can recall exactly how I felt when I heard of Bruce's death. I know where in the store my friends were and what my coworker was doing. All of this stuff comes to mind because Bruce Carlson had an impact on my life. I wasn't good buddies with him. I didn't know about his past or what he did in his spare time. But he still touched my life. You see, Bruce Carlson owned a record store.

Bruce's store was in a rinky-dink semi-rural strip mall in Diamond Springs, California, a small town outside of Placerville, on Interstate 50 midway between Sacramento and Lake Tahoe, in the Sierra foothills. The Ye Olde Record Shoppe was, in Bruce's words, "the only real record store for 3 counties." It was also a remarkable shop.

My introduction to Bruce and his store came through much hard work. Though Bruce had been dealing records since 1984, it wasn't until '92 that a couple of friends stumbled into the Record Shoppe on the way home from a camping trip. Word traveled that someone had found a goldmine. However, the finders wouldn't reveal the location. We tried prodding them when they were drunk, stoned, and we got nothing. So like explorers of yore, a couple of us set out to find this Shangra-La.

One spring day, Dave Smith and I hopped into one of his hotrods and headed east. We had no idea where we were going but we knew that we would find the store. Before we left, we tried once again to pry the location of the store out of the finders. We leaned on one of their girlfriends but she wouldn't spill. "I can't remember the name of the town," was all we got. Placerville? "No." Shingle Springs? "No." Whiskeytown? "I don't remember." Fuck it, let's go.

Slamming a Boys tape in the tape player, we took off down Highway 16 toward Jackson. There was once a record store in Jackson, I remembered. Maybe that was the one. A couple hours, a few thrift stores and a yard sale later, we were in Jackson. However the record store wasn't. The shop I had remembered was history. We drove back scoreless, except for a 1950s handbill for some drag show that Dave found at a rummage sale.

The next weekend we set out again. And again we worked on the finders and their gals. Truckee? "No." Soda Springs? "No." Auburn? "I don't think so." Arrrggghh!!! We ruled out Grass Valley and Nevada City. I was familiar with what was up there. So that left us the I-50 corridor.

Off we went, hitting all the towns and suburbs east of Sacramento - El Dorado Hills, Cameron Park, Rescue...until, finally, Diamond Springs. Off the freeway and onto the main road into town, we saw a music store and a bit off from the music store, in a old strip of storefronts, in a dusty lot, was a record store.

We parked the car and went into the place. There were records everywhere. Bin after bin of LPs and along the walls boxes and boxes of 45s. Though the place looked chaotic and had a peculiar smell of rat piss, it was meticulously organized. Every 45 and LP was either filled alphabetically or each band had a box of its own. We found what we'd been seeking, the Ye Olde Record Shoppe.

That day Dave and I dug and dug. We pulled out records and laughed. Hey, Dave which one of these Devo records you want? The picture disc with the promo flexi or the Brit pressing with the promo poster? "How much is the picture disc?" Five bucks. "I'll take that then." Hey, look a Japanese pressing of the first Clash LP with an insert...I think I spent about $75 that day. Dave dropped about $50. Between us, we took home about 40 records.

That score wasn't just a one time event. In the nine years I went up to Bruce's, I left only once without a record. And very few times did I leave without Bruce tapping me for $20. Even as the store's existence became widely known, our fishing hole was still well stocked. As Bruce said, he was the only used record dealer in 3 counties, at least the only one who looked at records not as a way to make a fortune but to make a living.

Bruce priced his stuff to sell. Rarely was a record more than $4.50. And every 45 went for $1, no matter the condition. So you could not only find real rarities for cheap, but you could fill in gaps in your record collection, standard things like a Marvin Gaye greatest hits, for very little. But, most important, Bruce priced things so that if you wanted to take a chance on something that you never heard before, some obscure, no-name, self-released 45, you could and it wouldn't be a waste. Bruce encouraged you to discover music, not just through dropping hints but by making it affordable to experiment.

Though Bruce had an encyclopedic knowledge of music, he was always eager to know more. He'd look at the records I'd dig up with a Hmmmmm or an Ohhhhhh or a That's a good one or a What's this one? We would talk about the record biz about music. He'd curse his failing health, about how he hated to be wheelchair bound, or grumble about the last helper who filled all the Rolling Stones under "S" because he thought that was their last name. A few years after my first visit, Bruce stopped totaling my records. He'd trust me to do it myself and then knock off about 20%. I never ripped him off. Why would I?

I could go on and on about my experiences at Bruce's, about how I'd spend hours pouring though his 45s, the joy in finding real gems or coming home, dropping a needle in the groove and, oh my god, this is amazing...I would take out of town visitors up to show them what a real treasure hunt was. Friends knew that all they had to say was "Hey, Scott, wanna go to Diamond Springs?" and I'd fire up the Toyota and we'd be on our way. We'd talk music all the way up and compare scores on the way home. Like I wrote, I could go on and on; but a proper tribute to the man would be a short list of my most prized scores.

Fore Thoughts: Four Folk Tunes of Pakistan 7". This is one of my most treasured records. On blue vinyl in a picture sleeve, this four song "folk" record is really a Pakistani garage band from the mid-60s that meshes "Eastern melodies with western musical instruments." The results are four hot Pakistani surf tunes. I know I'll never see another one of these. This is truly one of a kind!

Exploding Seagulls: Johnny runs for paregoric 45. A fantastic "art-punk" 45 on the Fried Egg label. How this obscure Brit release found its way to Diamond Spring is a mystery, but it did and I found the damn thing. Think of Spizz Energi if the punk would have won out.

Maxine Brown: You Upset My Soul 45. Though I pulled at least 500 R&B, soul and funk 45s out of Bruce's boxes, this is one of the best. Raw R&B with Sue-era Tina Turner-style vocals over a ? & the Mysterians organ driving the tuff beat.

Black Randy & His Elite Metro Squad: Idi Amin 7". Boy oh boy did I burble with excitement when I came across this. A Dangerhouse original for a buck? But who cares how much this would fetch on eBay, the fact is it ain't going there. Hell, this is one of THEEEEE best records to come out of LA ever. It's catchy. It's dumb. It's brilliant. It's funny. It's raw. It's the perfect punk record.

Brian Ingland: The World of Gorillas & Monkeys 45. This was the prize of my last visit to Bruce's. I bought it on a whim, only because it is on Mala and has the word "monkey" in it. I got home, put it on the turntable and, WOW! The world's first Planet of the Apes exploitation song! And as funny as this 45 is, nowhere in it can you find tongue in cheek. This is as serious as Charlton Heston. "All human beings will be flunkies/In a world of gorillas and monkeys!" And the flip is the instrumental version, total Vegas funk. What more do you want?

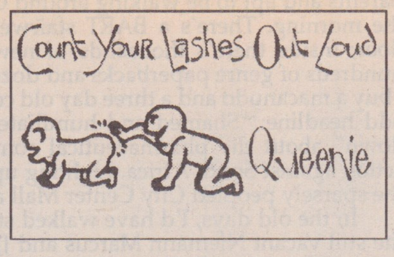
Bruce Carlson died in late March 2001. He was 65 years old. Because Bruce left no next of kin, the Ye Olde Record Shoppe was closed and auctioned off by the county for a mere $5,500. Though Bruce didn't have any flesh & blood family, he did have a ton of friends and a fair number of fans. The Ye Olde Record Shoppe was one of the best and Bruce Carlson, a stand-up guy, a very pleasant person, and great music fan. How many record dealers can you say that about?

Thanks, Bruce!

+++

If you want to give up your record hole, write, or send me stuff, the address is Scott Soriano, 1114-21st Street, Sacramento CA 95814, USA or scotts@sl.net Please DO NOT send me

playlists, tour schedules, advertisements and other garbage.



Anyone who has ever said that homosexuality is unnatural has obviously not spent much time in nature. Cuz in reality, the animal kingdom is a lot wilder than you think. Homosexuality in its myriad forms, bisexuality, transgendered and transvestite behavior, polygamy, promiscuity and countless other so called "abnormal" sexualities can be found in over 450 species of mammals, birds, reptiles, insects, and other animals worldwide. There are scientifically documented reports of fellatio between male orangutans and Bonobos (my ideal lover, if you remember), mountain sheep who lick and nuzzle their partners genitals, cunnilingus among long-eared hedgehogs, and sodomy between big-horned sheep. *I guess that's why they're called rams...* Sexual and gender expression in the animal world displays an exuberant variety of non-reproductive and/or non-heterosexual behavior: genital stimulation, oral sex, foreplay, rape, divorce, infidelity, monogamy, non-monogamy, same sex courtship including instances of lifelong homosexual bonding in species that do not have lifelong heterosexual bonding, same sex parenting, and even gay adoption. In fact, pretty much any sexual or courtship behavior found in humans can be found in the animal world.

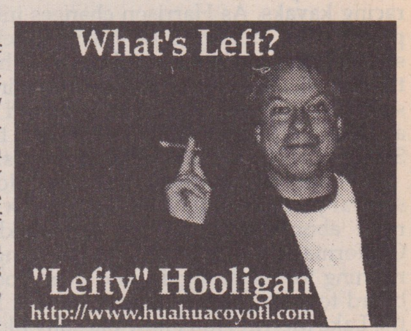
And vise versa. Two percent of male ostriches completely ignore females and court other males with a lively dance that involves running towards their chosen one at 30 mph, skidding to a stop in front of him, pirouetting madly, then "kantling" which includes crouching, rocking, fluffing of the feathers, puffing the throat in and out and twisting their necks like a corkscrew. Male ostriches that court females omit the speedy approach, shorten the display, add a little song and may or may not include symbolic feeding displays. Kind of explains why gay men all know how to dance and are such great dressers, while straight men think that buying a woman dinner automatically obligates her to sleep with him...

Greylag Geese, Common Gulls, and Oystercatchers are three bird species that may form bisexual parenting trios, mating with opposite-sexed partner(s) while maintaining homosexual and heterosexual bonds simultaneously, with all three birds then raising the resulting offspring together. Male black swans court and form stable pairs. Because of their combined strength, they are able to defend huge territories from other swan couples (Which sounds like a double-income-no-kids situation except that they often manage to wrangle some eggs from somewhere. OK, so they steal them, but you know how difficult it is for two gay men to adopt a child.) and are more successful at raising offspring than most heterosexual pairs.

Mating and courtship patterns are as much a part of the complexity of an ecosystem as the number of species it contains and same-sex activity is an integral part of those mating and courtship systems in many animals. Like their human counterparts, the expression of sexuality involves both nature and nurture; environment and biology. Social, environmental, cultural, geographic, and individual factors all come into play. Some homosexual animals have one-night stands; others have lifelong partnerships. Gay and lesbian geese stay together year after year. Bottlenose dolphins don't form male-female couples, but males often form lifelong pairs with other males. Some are interested only in males, others are bisexual, happily indulging in beak-genital propulsion with male and female dolphins alike. Male flamingo pairs, mate, build nests and sometimes rear foster chicks. While the aptly named black-rumped flameback has been observed in male-male mating, but never male-female mating.

All of this disputes the idea that the sole purpose of having sex is to facilitate reproduction. Celibate animals, animals that exhibit shocking indifference to reproduction and species where sex is rare and difficult, as well as animals that engage in other non-reproductive sexual acts such as masturbation, oral sex, and foreplay substantiate the apparent purposelessness of sexuality. And if having sex solely for the sake of sexual pleasure is normal, than it's more than normal to engage in any kind of sex that gives you sexual pleasure... it's advised. (For more info: Bruce Bagemihl, *Biological Exuberance: Animal Homosexuality and Natural Diversity*. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1999. 784 pages; $40)

Til next time, play often, play safe and play hard.



There is no there there.
Gertrude Stein, of Oakland, California; *Everybody's Autobiography*

I walk out my apartment's front door in Oakland on a sunny Sunday morning, the weekend of the Summit of the Americas meeting in Quebec City. The air is crisp and cool, the sharp blue sky is lightly flecked with high, thin clouds. It's spring in the East Bay.

I've been in LA on business for the past three days, and hearing about the anti-FTAA protests and their successes at disrupting the summit has been heartening. I'm glad to see this revival in generally leftist, anti-capitalist movements since Seattle, 1999, and I'm betting George W. doesn't have the votes in the Senate for Fast Track authority on the trade agreement. As usual, the black-clad anarchists got the best photo ops, with masked black bloc street fighters tossing back smoking tear gas cannisters at the cops. I ramble down Oakland Avenue along a route I traveled often after my parents died over seven years ago, and during my more recent months of unemployment when I rewrote my second book.

I live between Piedmont and Lake Merritt by one axis, and between Adams Point and Pill Hill by another. Solid working to lower middle class neighborhood. Suburban compared to San Francisco, like Brooklyn is suburban compared to Manhattan. And no relation to southern California tract home suburban, or even Daly City ticky-tacky suburban. The architectural variety is stunning, and always a treat for the eyes. It's all multiple unit; from the obvious apartment complexes old and new to the large, elegant houses of a more affluent past now subdivided into separate flats. Oakland Avenue subsumes into Harrison Avenue in a tangle of streets. Sunlight filters through pungent eucalyptus trees. Families going to church and guys working on their cars block the sidewalks.

I visited Midnight Special bookstore in Santa Monica the Friday before, where I picked up the Spring 2001 issue of *Turning The Tide*. An article with the cumbersome title "Resist the Earth Liberation Front Frame-Up in Bloomington!" suggests that what I said about the ELF last issue might be wrong, at least with respect to avoiding capture. The FBI has indeed made its first arrest of a suspected ELF member, Frank Ambrose, for tree spiking. I remind myself to write an appropriate correction in my column as I navigate the intersection at Harrison, Bay, 27th and 24th in the rump of Oakland's auto row off Broadway. On my way to a sudden blue Lake Merritt in the distance.

The lake is my reference point after a decade of walking around Oakland, embodying a set of choices distilled from personal experience. Continue along Harrison until it becomes Lakeside, with access to downtown Oakland, Chinatown, and the Laney College art park. Or take Grand Avenue to the Lake Merritt colonnade and Grand Lake/Lakeshore commercial district. Or follow the path around the headlands of the wooded Lakeside Park to the boating and nature centers. I would often walk the entire lake, day or night, after my parents died, in dealing with my grief. At night, a necklace of lights around the lake gave the surface a serene, icy procession of reflected white streaks. Ducks sailed peacefully over the black waters into this light. I pick the route that will eventually take me downtown.

I'm not sure whether Oakland still keeps the lights on all night around the lake, now that California is mired in a faux energy crisis. The main reason there's a shortage of energy in the state is corporate manipulation and greed, and I'm particularly

peeved with Governor Davis. What a fucking wimp. The least he could do is push to reregulate the industry. If I had the bully power of the state government behind me I'd be seizing power plants, confiscating energy grids and expropriating utility company assets without hesitation. Not that I'm thinking of rolling blackouts or jailing utility CEO's as I walk along the lake's constructed shoreline, amid joggers, strollers, playing kids, and homeless folks camped out on benches or the lawn on such a bright spring day. The nearby lake is textured by a light breeze, the activity of various water birds, and several red and yellow racing kayaks. As Harrison changes into Lakeside alongside the paved path, modern downtown skyscrapers give way to older, stylish brick and stone buildings. The hilly, tree thick park across the sun wrinkled water reveals a dancing fountain, child friendly sculpture and a recently restored band gazebo, presided over by a striking brick red and pink art deco tower called the Bellevue-Staten building just above the tree tops.

I stand for a moment near a boat dock that's a wooden island several yards into the lake, spackled with bird shit and seagulls; right about where I once saw Oakland mayor and former California governor Jerry Brown jogging. I think I mentioned he's running for mayor again, and everybody expects him to springboard to a senate race sooner or later. New construction next to the Lake Merritt Hotel now partially blocks the view ahead of the lake's main body filled with paddle boats, canoes, sailboats, kayaks and powerboats. East Oakland is a pastel city on the other shore. A youngish couple pushing twins and an elderly couple, the man with a cane, momentarily slows my progress up the walkway to the road for the city owned boat house. I can see the downtown public library from this vantage point, on 14th where Lakeside becomes Oak. I made a certain desk in the library's newspaper and magazine room my ad hoc office during the work week two years ago, when I rewrote my second book on unemployment and an ancient Apple PowerBook 1400cs I still use to crank out these columns.

I've had the book back from the editor for over a year now, and I'm bogged down in an endless ninth rewrite. My writing drastically decreases when I have to keep up a full time job to pay the rent, so much so that I've stopped doing book reviews for *MRR*. I don't have the time to simultaneously rewrite my book and read someone else's book, let alone write a review of it. A shame, especially considering how much I accomplished during my free time on unemployment. Of course I get pissed thinking about it. I'm not content to say "that's life under capitalism" and squeeze out my books on my paltry free time. I regularly steal time for my writing from work. And I work for the overthrow of capitalism at every opportunity.

The library opens for Sunday hours as I stride past. A waiting crowd surges up the stairs and into the public facility. The walk down 14th Street is a transition into the *no there there*. The sidewalks are empty except for the occasional street person, and the loud conga drumming from the Oakland Ensemble Theatre on Alice echoes eerily down the street. The Holmes Used Books building is still vacant, even five years after the store closed, and the Tribune tower on top of a building that no longer houses the *Oakland Tribune* newspaper guides me to the abandoned heart of downtown Oakland. There's virtually no activity in downtown on weekends, or past 6 pm on weekdays. Oakland is a city without a living city center. I'm not sure this is what Gertrude Stein meant by her comment, but it certainly describes Oakland's problem.

Fourteenth and Broadway is a major bus stop, BART access and transfer point, just two blocks from City Hall. Now, every time I've mentioned people along my walk so far, I failed to note that much of the time I've been describing black people. This is Oakland, after all. A lot of the black folks at 14th and Broadway are the kind that most white folks immediately notice and fear; namely black youngsters in general and young black males in particular. They're waiting for buses, hanging out in small groups, talking, joking, horsing around. An attractive black girl is practicing her dance moves in front of Walgreen's plate glass windows so that she can watch herself and the guys watching her. A band of black kids on low-to-the-ground bicycles races past. Larry Livermore and Jeff Bale would be shitting bricks by now.

I weave through the crowd to DeLauer's News Stand. The news stand is a downtown Oakland landmark, open 24 hours every day and claiming to carry "your home town paper." About as close as DeLauer's gets to what I consider my home town of Ventura, California is the *Santa Barbara News Press*, but I do remember appreciating its 7/24 schedule when I was grieving my parents and apt to be walking around Oakland at two or three in the morning. There's a BART stairwell right outside the front door; inside there's thousands of newspapers and magazines, hundreds of genre paperbacks and dozens of cigars to peruse. So I buy a macanudo and a three day old copy of *The Guardian* on the odd headline: "Shamed and humiliated - the drugs firms back down" about the pharmaceutical companies backing off legal action against South Africa. Lighting up outside, I glance over to the sparsely peopled City Center Mall across the street.

In the old days, I'd have walked straight up Broadway, past the still vacant Niemann Marcus and JJ Newbury stores and the beautifully restored Paramount Theatre, to the Hof-Brau at Grand. I don't drink much anymore, and I'm trying to avoid the meat and potatoes working-class heart attack fare the Hof-Brau specializes in with carved animal carcasses, three kinds of gravy, heavily steamed vegetables, you get the picture. Instead, I find a bench for the 11 bus, where I smoke my cigar and read my lefty British newspaper waiting on my ride home. The bus stop is across from the triangular Wilson Building, and down from another striking piece of old Oakland architecture. The ornate twelve story wedge called the Cathedral building dates from 1913, its geometry echoed in the triangular Lathem fountain plaza that is the root of Telegraph Avenue. The same Telegraph Avenue that terminates to the north at UC Berkeley's Sproul Plaza.

The heart of the downtown dead zone.

I've lived in Oakland a decade now, and downtown hasn't changed in all that time. Not even with Jerry Brown's efforts to bring upper middle class yuppie and bobo types back to the city's core. There are a few gated condo and secure loft complexes now strewn about downtown and near Jack London Square like fearful enclaves; their residents afraid to step out their front doors not because of roving gangs of criminal thugs, but of a terrifying emptiness and inactivity that characterizes the area. Contrary to the alt.reactionaries mentioned above, it's not black people that's the problem with downtown Oakland. *There is no there there.*

The sad thing is, it doesn't have to be this way. Just three or four blocks south and east from 14th and Broadway is the city's Asian district; with bustling shops, restaurants and stores, downtown residences that don't resemble fortresses, and boisterous activity day or night. Instead of contriving an upscale paradise complete with corporate sponsorship, designer businesses and yuppie denizens that is bound to leave a revitalized downtown stillborn, the City of Oakland would do well to encourage local patronage, mom-and-pop enterprise and working-to-middle-class residency to reinvigorate the urban core. Now, it may seem strange that "Lefty" Hooligan would be extoling the virtues of petty *bourgeois* commercial development. San Francisco however has demonstrated time and again how appalling gentrification is socially and culturally, and the wasteland of downtown Oakland that I've experienced for the past ten years is equally intolerable. I could throw in a gratuitous call for social revolution, knowing full well that it's not likely to happen in my lifetime. Barring the revolutionary overthrow of capital any time soon then, I'll settle for a vigorous, small-scale capitalism to bring some life to Oakland's derelict downtown, knowing full well that gentrification and yuppification will invariably follow if such commercial enterprise is successful. My proposal simply delays the inevitable.

I'll delve further into my take on reformism versus revolution next issue. I promised last column to describe the various kinds of Marxism that have developed historically. This can't be done without a benchmark however, so I'll first briefly sketch out Marx's basic thinking.

BASIC MARX

Marx did not tolerate converting his multi-dimensional social theory into an ossified "ism" during his lifetime, preferring to emphasize its flexible character and evolving nature. It was Engels who, after Marx's death, converted Marx's lively thought into a political doctrine called Marxism, at the same time stressing that Marxism was a science. These interpretations of Marx's ideas tended to reduce their dynamic complexity to simplistic formulas that made vulgarization virtually inevitable. Therefore, I will summarize Marx's social theory with the understanding that Marx himself considered none of it carved in stone, and I will pay

particular attention to the ambiguities in his thinking that would eventually produce different versions of Marxism.

I will cover five basic aspects to Marx's thinking, beginning with his philosophical methodology of dialectical materialism. Marx turned Hegel on his head and insisted that everything is material. Human beings create social life in response to material conditions in general, and economic forces in particular. All aspects of society reflect the economic base to form a social, cultural and political superstructure. Social classes are determined by their relationship to the means of production. Social change is the natural product of the struggle between opposites that eventually produces a synthesis, a progressive process of growth and development that transcends the individual. Marx's application of these principles to the study of history and sociology he called historical materialism. His assertion that people create history, but not under conditions of their own choosing leaves vague just how deterministic such conditions are, just as it is uncertain how much autonomy the social superstructure has to react back onto and change the economic base.

Marx's study of social systems throughout human history is the second aspect of his thought. In order to categorize the variety of societies that have existed, Marx put forward the concept of the mode of production. Although Marx never precisely defined what he meant by the mode of production, it is roughly the result of the interaction between the means of production (the available techniques and technology) and the relations of production (the way in which production is organized, and the relationships between the owners of the means of the production and those who labor to produce society's goods and services). Even though the city-states of ancient Greece were quite different from the ancient Roman republic and empire, Marx considered both to be part of the slave or ancient mode of production because both were at about the same level of productive technology and organization, and both utilized slave labor to produce society's wealth.

The rise of the division of labor, private property and the state, which put an end to the primitive communist mode of production, led to a succession of modes of production based on class societies. But in laying out Europe's development from primitive communism to slavery, then to feudalism, and finally to capitalism as a progressive succession of historical stages, Marx was being descriptive, not necessarily prescriptive. There are indications that he envisioned modes of production other than these (Asiatic mode of production) and it is not at all clear that humanity was deterministically bound to pass through this precise sequence of stages. In the change to a socialist mode of production in particular, it is unclear as to whether societies necessarily had to pass completely through capitalism first, as Marx's own analysis of the potential for revolution in Russia indicates.

The third aspect of Marx's thinking is his exhaustive examination of the capitalist mode of production. Capitalism may or may not be a necessary stage of historical development, but once reached, it is necessarily the last stage because capitalist society produces its own grave-diggers in the form of the working class which has the capacity to put an end to all class society by realizing socialism. A capitalist class owns the means of production, and the working class own only their labor which they sell to the capitalists for wages in order to survive. The capitalist doesn't pay full value for the worker's labor, and the difference is called surplus value, which is the essence of capitalist profit. Further, the capitalist controls and sells the product of the worker's labor, a process of commodification that pervades capitalist society so that food, housing, medicine, transportation, religion, child rearing and sex are all marketed for profit. Commodification alienates workers from their labor and humans from their humanity, fragmenting social bonds and destroying community. And profit exists to reproduce itself, invested to return principle plus profit over and over in a cycle of continuous, cancerous growth.

Capitalist growth is by no means linear, subject rather to economic stages (mercantile, industrial, financial, monopoly, etc.) propelled by a boom-and-bust business cycle itself fueled either by the falling rate of profit or by growing underconsumption. Marx argued that capitalism's periodic crises would escalate as society is polarized into the two warring classes of affluent *bourgeoisie* and impoverished *proletariat*, the economy is socialized by the development of cartels, trusts and monopolies, and more and more of the planet is incorporated into a globalizing market economy. Toward the end of his life, Marx came to realize the flexibility and tenacity of the capitalist mode of production in studying the increasing stratification of the working class, the growth of the middle class, and state intervention in the economy among other subjects, yet he never doubted that intensifying economic crises would eventually trigger the overthrow of capitalism and the beginnings of socialism.

The transition from capitalist to socialist modes of production in particular, and between historical modes of production in general is the fourth aspect of Marx's thinking. The changeover from one to another mode of production is due on the one hand to the very progress of technology; for instance to the developing capitalist forces of production outstripping the capitalist relations of production to precipitate a crisis that, on top of an ever worsening business cycle, would lead to capitalism's inevitable collapse. On the other hand, the social transformation from one to another mode of production is the outcome of conscious class struggles and the purposeful organization of the laboring classes; in capitalism's case of the struggle between capitalist and working classes and of the organization of the working class as a class. And while these two factors are intimately related, the development of productive forces being tied to the rise of a new social class and the existing dominant class becoming increasingly an obstacle to further development, Marx never spelled out the exact mechanism between them.

Marx lived at a time when trade unions were beginning to flower. Nor was there a lack of various and sundry politically conscious, even revolutionary organizations, as Marx himself belonged to the Communist League. But the mass political party was in its infancy by Marx's death, so the relationship of any Marxist-inspired party to the working class it represented, as well as the connection between mass and revolutionary class organization, was left undefined. Marx devoted his own organizing energies to the First International Workingman's Association, an umbrella organization encompassing trade unions, nascent political parties, and political groupings of every stripe. The merits or lack thereof of particular working class organizations aside, clearly the emphasis was given to internationalizing the class struggle. This is because, according to Marx, the working class under capitalism is the only class capable of self-emancipation through the self-organization of itself as a class.

The fifth, and final aspect of Marx's thinking has to do with this working class capacity for self-emancipation in the realization of socialism. For Marx, this necessarily entailed a revolutionary upheaval that would first usher in a transitional period called the dictatorship of the proletariat, by which he simply meant the political rule of society's working class majority. The dictatorship of the proletariat roughly corresponds to what Marx considered a lower stage of communism in which the state would still exist to fully socialize the economy and defend against capitalist counter revolution, and during which workers would be fully remunerated according to their work. This would quickly give way to a higher stage of communism; a stateless, classless, nationless global human community in which the division between manual and intellectual would disappear, the distinction between town and country would be transcended, and the guiding principle would be from each according to ability, to each according to need. Marx was extremely nebulous when it came to describing socialism and the future communist society. Likewise, whether the working class could simply seize state power by revolutionary means or needed to smash the existing state apparatus altogether and build its own is not at all clear. Toward the end of his life, Marx even thought it would be possible for the working class to achieve political power through peaceful, parliamentary means in places like England.

Remember these five aspects to Marx's thought. I'll refer back to them when I discuss the differences between social democratic, Leninist, and left communist forms of Marxism next issue.

"FREEDOM OF THE PRESS BELONGS TO THOSE WHO OWN ONE."
A.J. Liebling

Tommy Strange is a recognizable name on the punk scene. Previously, he fronted the band *Strawman*, and he now sings and plays guitar for *Songs for Emma*. He and I worked together at the same punk rock record distributor for seven years. I didn't get along with Tommy when he was the warehouse manager, a situation that only worsened when he became the general manager. I

don't think Tommy would dispute my assertion that he was a lousy manager. He didn't have the people skills to pull it off, nor did he want to boss people around. Our boss forced him to do things as general manager that were against his personality and his political principles. When I was fired from the job, I started criticizing not just our boss, but Tommy as well, culminating in a rather scathing attack on him in my "lost" column on my website.

I apologize for this.

This doesn't mean I now consider Tommy a friend. Rather, I now realize that I merely became disillusioned with the company and its owner three or four years earlier than Tommy did. I started understanding that this particular punk rock record distributor was no more radical than a mom-and-pop capitalist business almost four years before I was fired, and I began a personal campaign of class warfare against the owner soon after that. Tommy voluntarily gave up being general manager after I was fired, and he quit without notice when it became apparent that the company's owner intended to decimate the work force by moving to Sacramento, where she can hire workers for cheaper wages. I got hip to the *bourgeois* character of our boss a little earlier than Tommy did is all.

Tommy knows a number of the important figures in punk rock. He wrote two brilliant letters shortly after he quit; one on Larry Livermore's political move from left to right, and the other on Jeff Bale's not so covert racism. He submitted these letters to *Punk Planet* and *Hit List* respectively and surprise, surprise, neither of these punk publications printed them. And you thought that only the corporate media censored. So Tommy started his own 'zine, called *The Rattlesnake,* and issue #1 has the excellent piece on Larry now as an article.

Subtitled an *anarchist syndicalist journal, The Rattlesnake* is 144 pages of nearly solid text and mostly reprints of anarchist and anarcho-syndicalist classics. It's very difficult to read such a text intensive 'zine, plus I think the politics mostly suck. Nevertheless, issue #1 is worth purchasing for the article on Larry Livermore alone. Tommy's letter to Jeff Bale and *Hit List* has been circulating around the punk scene in samizdat form for a while, and in it Tommy briefly mentions Jeff allegedly using the word nigger when Tommy and I still worked at our old job. Jeff threatened to sue Tommy if he ever published the letter in a public forum, so it may be edited if it appears in *The Rattlesnake.* Tommy might send you a copy of the original letter, if you ask him real nice. (*The Rattlesnake* #1; $3 sub per issue; 5 more issues planned; 1811 Folsom St., SF, CA 94110)

...ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS...

TURNING THE TIDE, is $15 for a one year/four issue subscription from PART, POB 1055, Culver City, CA 90232-1055. The issue I mentioned above is v. 14, no. 1.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... You can find the "lost" Hooligan column at http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time,* from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. I can be contacted at hooligan@sirius.com.

She's as ugly as a Mexican haircut. Her too-long body's built like a diving board with twin peas stuck on it. Her head's way too big for her torso. Her mouth's way to big for her head. Her hair's a nappy head of untamed rasta curls woven with too-bright shades of yarn. Pink green, orange. She turns me on.

When I see her, I can't stand up. Pain. From tip to prostate. Pain. Every individual feature is wrong. Put together: my fuckin' G-d! You can just die!

That body has a suppleness, a fluid movement. There's an energy, a passion. The tilt of her head. The purse of her lips. The way she brings the back of her hand to her forehead brushing off a stray strand. The way she crosses her arm caressing each shoulders with the opposite hand.

It's not that the whole is greater than its parts. Instead, she's a mixing board with her sexuality at the controls. In the raw tapes, every instrument plays out of tune. Every drum beats off-rhythm. It's a great tune, though, and even greater because of the mix.

This knob up ever-so-slightly. This much high-end boost. That much bass. A bit here. A bit there. The unpleasant individual instruments make a sexual masterpiece. And it gives me a hard-on. The tuning itself is arousing. The joy of taking it all and getting it just right.

Those infinite knob possibilities. Those smooth transitions carry me with the power of a hurling meteor or an agonal erection.

Here's the literary trick. *Agonal* is an anagram of *analog.* Analog is the theme of this column. That, and its evil twin, digital. And here we are. This oriental rasta beauty is analog. If I judged her only on the digital, I'd be... well... wrong.

All humans, at least their appearance and personality are analog. There is infinite variety. Height, noselength, mouthwidth, breastsize, differ from person to person with infinite variety.

Stop. This is where we need to define our terms.

Analog, in my American Heritage dictionary is *of, relating to, or being a device in which data are represented by variable measurable physical quantities.*

I hate dictionaries. They're the second-to-last refuge of a scoundrel. Right after patriotism. Pedantics pretend "look it up," answers all arguments. Instead of working it out, discussing, and agreeing on a word, dictionary cowards let Noah Webster or one of his cronies decide for them. A dictionary is just a record of how people use words. It's a moment frozen in time, always out of date, and never complete.

Let me explain analog as I use it. That is, "having infinite variations between point A and point B or no point at all."

As for digital, the dictionary says, *Expressed in digits, a key played with the finger, as on a piano.*

I like that a bit more. It fits with what I'm going to talk about. Right now, can we agree that the piano and the (fretted) electric guitar are digital? The violin and the voice are not. Sometimes, a musician like Jimi Hendrix can stretch an electric guitar into analogland. But those musicians are rare, and not very punk.

So what is digital? For me, it's "something that varies in measured degrees. Something that's countable, number-based, with nothing between the numbers."

You can tell analog from digital with your stereo. If you have one of those with a smooth knob that goes from one to ten, it's analog. If you have one that clicks up, notch after notch, with no in-between, it's digital.

Mostly, however, digital is not a series of 1 to ten clicks. Computers, CDs, modern cable TV, new phone lines, electric lights (not on dimmers), these are digital in the extreme. They've got two digits: one and zero. On and off.

Laurie Anderson talks about the digital age. How things increasingly are becoming a choice between one and zero. How if you don't look out for number one, you end up a zero. People are winners or losers. Number ones or zeros.

Americans especially see the world as a choice between being "number one" and being "a zero."

"We're number one," shout everyone from baseball fans to those celebrating the latest bombing mission. And what do those bombs do to their targets? Why they zero in on them, of course. Who do they hit? Just a bunch of losers.

In the 21st century, the digital is squeezing out the analog. Somehow, people think that because there are A LOT of ones and zeros, digital can be as good as analog. Better, in fact. Just ask those who say that CDs are more "life-like" than vinyl.

Let's look at some analog things, and their digital counterparts. Time is analog. Between every second lies an infinity of smaller time, each of which can be further divided.

Clocks, however are digital. They tick tick tick away our lives as if that infinity between seconds didn't exist. We lose an infinity every time the second hand moves from one second mark to the next. Clocks fool us into believing the instrument of measurement is the thing measured.

Speech, at first seems digital. Each word is one digit. One unit. I can say "John has hairy testicles." I can further refine that by saying "John has very hairy testicles." I can be more precise, "John has very hairy testicles. Especially the right one that has ten hairs per cubic centimeter, each 3/4 of an inch long." But no mat-

ter how fine I get, no matter how many times I use *very*, no matter how precise I am, I'm still adding one digit with no way to get between them.

But speech is not digital, because speech is not just words. We use our voice. We raise the pitch and lower it. We use a creaky voice, a loud voice, a reticent voice, an enthusiastic voice. We can say the same words an infinite number of ways, with an infinite number of meanings.

The voice, like most bodily functions, is analog. Every breath is different from the previous one. A different amount of oxygen enters our lungs. A different combination of chemicals receives them. Our body has changed in imperceptible ways in the meantime.

Every shit is different. We don't have either a mouse-pellet-I'm-gonna-scream shit or a turd-as-big-as-my-head beer shit. But we have an infinite variety in texture, amount, length and shape. There are brrrrrrrrrrrrt loose shits. Ping! Turd rockets. Dribble shits. Floaters. Sinkers. I can add enough words to hang Noah Webster, but I can't describe all possible shits.

At first, I thought that sex was the only digital bodily function. We either come or we don't. We get a blowjob or we don't. We rim or we don't. But that's not the case. There are orgasms and ORGASMS and a lot in between.

Sex is analog. There is infinite variety. Body placement. Organ relationship. Amount of fluids spilled. How long. How hard. Where. When. These change with each fuck, suck, or jerk-off. Every skinfold, every genital taste, every pubic hair stuck in a different position, different depth, between different teeth. The prologue. The foreplay. The whole four inches. Each is infinitely different from any other.

It is the *thinking* about sex, that makes it digital. Our view of the act. The way we examine it, turns the analog into the digital.

Sexual politics are digital. You're for porn or against it. You're a feminist or you're not. You're a homo or a hetero. Monogamous or a slut. A pitcher or a catcher. Our culture has taken infinite subtlety and digitalized it.

Here we have the crux. Culture is digital. There are rice cultures and bread cultures. Guilt cultures and shame cultures. Take-your-shoes-off-in-the-room-cultures, and switch-your-fork-to-the-other-hand-when-you-set-down-your-knife-cultures. Most science too, is digital. Something causes cancer or it doesn't. Pi equal 3.14159. However far they stretch out that decimal they only add another digit. There is nothing in between.

I don't really understand this quantum stuff, but I've heard of Schroedinger's cat. A poor cat in a box. Also in the box is a vial of cyanide gas. A decaying radioactive atom caps the vial. Once the atom decays, it releases the poison. Under quantum theory, the atom could be in both states: decayed or not decayed. This means the cat could be both dead and alive simultaneously.

But Schroedinger fucked up. Death and life are not digital. "Living" folks wash off the dead cells that flake on our skin and scalp like so many holocaust victims. Morticians trim corpses still-growing hair and nails. What is death or life? I don't know. But sure as Karen Quinlin, it ain't digital.

Along with the science that produced it, modern technology is digital. Microchips, processors and modems, all of it is just a bunch of ones and zeros. Car odometers used to turn gradually from one mile to the next. Now an LED readout jumps digitally from mile to miles with no sign of how it got there.

Let's see. Where does that leave us? Analog: drums, film, records, videotape. Cars are analog, though they may have digital components. You go from one place to another with the ability to stop in between and stop again. Walking is even more analog, with an infinite distance between infinite points.

On the other hand, CDs, DVDs are digital. Subways are digital. You are at a station or you're not. There is nothing in between. Busses are digital, but in an analog way. You can see what's between stopping places, even if you can't get off there.

Day by day we lose the infinite subtleties of analogworld to the quantifiable numbers of digitalworld. In a digital world, you can't cut down on drinking booze. You have to quit. Want to know how? There are 12 digital steps.

I'm not a luddite. I'm not John Zerzan. I don't want to live without my computer or my coffee grinder. But I don't want to become them either. I don't want to loose the ability to think or judge the same way I shit or breathe.

Yet digital thinking is the way of the world. All sides do it. What else is ideology? Why not a spectrum of various individual thinkers, each different from the other? The answer is digital.

Digital thinking says, "George W Bush is an idiot badguy rightwing stooge. His brother and the Supreme Court made him president. He wasn't elected."

Taken as a premise, this way of thinking says that anything Bush does is bad, even if it's not. He could save a cat from a cyanide chamber and ideologues would find something wrong with it. (Was it a Christian cat?)

Bush appoints a homo to head the AIDS commission, the FIRST in this spot. Somehow, the digitals say, it's bad. Bush forces corporations to reveal how much lead they're pumping into the atmosphere. The digitals say it's a trick. Digital period.

Yeah, I'm happy to see the riots in Quebec. Yeah, I think globalism (not internationalism!) is evil. Still, I don't want to turn my analog brain into a digital one. I don't want to destroy the subtleties because I'm "radical" or "liberal" or any other pigeon in a digital pigeonhole.

If Bush does something right, I won't miss it because of digital vision. If the ACLU fucks up or if Nazis make good music, I don't want to deny these things because my brain can't see between the cracks.

Excuse me while I stoke Schroedinger's pussy. I don't know if it's dead or alive, but it sure feels good to me.

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: www.MykelBoard.com or subscribers (email to: god@MykelBoard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

—> *Beat on the dead brat dept:* Joey Ramone died last week. There are a couple candles still stuck in front of CBGBs, three blocks from my apartment. The irony is that the same disease that killed Timmy Y, killed Joey Ramone. Is that punk, or what? Oh yeah, Timmy didn't like The Ramones very much.

I didn't know Joey well. I did see him hanging out, never being a snob, and wanting nothing more to be a part of something he started.

Brian Eno once said, "Not many people saw *The Velvet Underground*, but everyone who did started a band."

With the Ramones: a lot of people saw them, but more saw the bands who they inspired. And *those* people started their own bands.

One of the saddest, but most telling, stories is how after Green Day's enormous success, The Ramones asked if they could open for the youngsters on tour. It would have been like Ken Griffy Sr. playing with Jr. in the old days. Except Green Day turned them down. Maybe during the next punk revival (2020?), Green Day'll be asking for the opening spot from the new generation of Green Day imitators. I hope I'm alive to hear the answer.

—>*Speaking of digital dept:* Now that Napster has caved in to the nasty guys of the record industry, has someone else moved in to fill the gap? This needs checking out. I don't have a connection fast enough to make downloading and playing MP3s worthwhile. So, someone, please test pcdiphat. Let me know what's up with it.

You can contact me at: god@mykelboard.com. Don't forget to send the usual porno pix (self portraits, aroused, preferably... did I ever thank you Murray?), and other stuff as well.

—> By the time you read this I'll be on my way back from a trip to the Baltic Republics. No, that is NOT where Yugoslavia used to be. Get an education, okay?

It's roots, ya know? My grandmother came from Riga, the capital of Latvia. I'll let you know what I turn up.

—>*Just what the world needs dept:* I got the following spam with a subject line of: Motivation - Uplifting - Positive Thoughts

The Motivational Mailer blends Encouraging Stories, with a portion of Uplifting Quotes and tops it off with a sprinkle of Humor. Combined these make the PERFECT morning Treat. What a GREAT way to start each Weekday! To subscribe send email to: motivational_mailer-subscribe@topica.com Or Visit http://www.self-worth.com

Now that's a thought for our times, isn't it? Self-worth.com.

—>*Told you so dept.* I write this just after Al Greenspan cuts a few digits from the interest rates and props up a dying stock market. It won't last. As I predicted when Bush took office, the market crashed. Next, Bush will get blamed. He'll try to fix it and make things worse. The Republicans will get killed next election cycle. So far, things have started just as predicted. Let's watch and see just how right I am.

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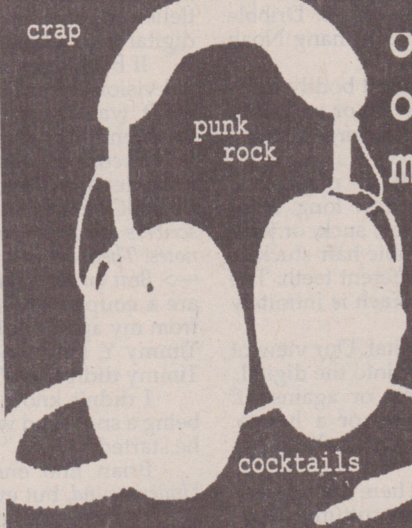

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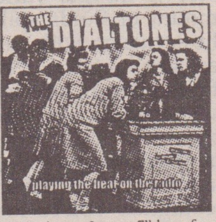

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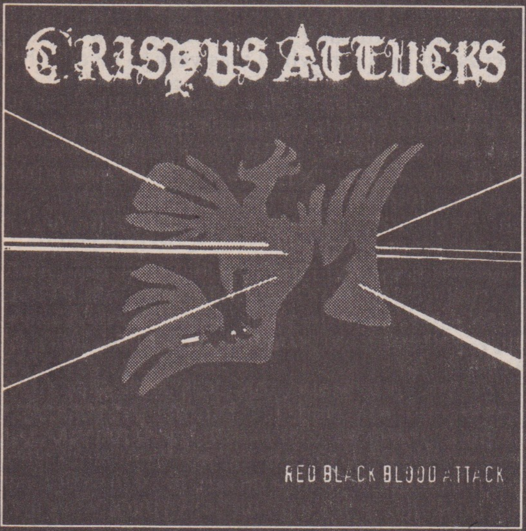

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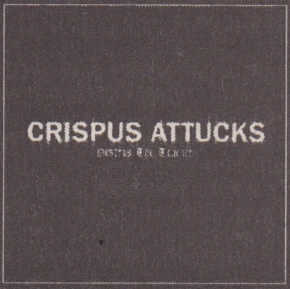

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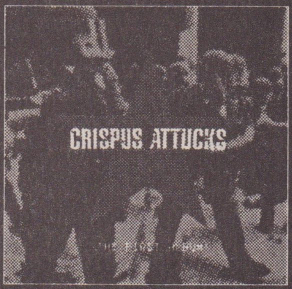

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At the end of my four months in Europe, I have come to some conclusions. While still miles ahead of the USA in so many ways, I've realized that it's following the USA more closely than I'd previously thought. I've been here every year for the past five years now (for 1-2 months at a time), and I can see the changes. I can see the pattern it's following which inevitably leads to monotony & injustice. Globalization is global – and with the USA being the strongest country in the world, it's influence is the strongest and it's ways are spreading.

I can't help but think that in ten years, this continent will have a monoculture not unlike that of the USA. I've seen Wal-Mart in Germany. And soon they'll be all over the UK as well. My friend from Slovenia, who has dreamed for a couple of years of opening his own record store, has been working hard for a company that has opened record stores all over the country. (By helping to create this chain, he's only going to make it harder for himself once he has the money to start his own store!) English is becoming **the** language of Europe. Friends from Germany are moving to Italy, and before too long it won't be necessary to bother to learn the Italian language – so long as you speak English, you'll get by.

Here in Italy, it's very likely that tomorrow a man possibly scarier than Bush will be elected. Berlusconi, a very rich man and owner of several TV stations, newspapers, and sports teams, is favored to win. Everyone I know here is downright scared of what will happen should this guy win. It's really even worse of a Big Brother 1984 situation than we have in the USA. Because here will be a man who controls the government **and** the mass media.

What's almost scarier to me is the fact that the Italian people are willing to vote for this guy. Could they be stupider than Americans? I definitely thought otherwise before I came here. But this Berlusconi, who is allied with LegaNord, a coalition that wants to split the rich North of Italy from the poor South, is favored by a large margin in fucking Sicily!! Unfortunately it's pretty clear to me why he is winning – because he has control of the media and a shitload of money behind him. And because he comes off as 'stronger' than the other candidates. Even if he doesn't know what the fuck he's talking about, he's all smug & confident, just like GW Bush, and this is what wins the masses over. Forget about the fact that too much power will rest in one man's hands – they're about to elect themselves a dictator!

Even the political party system in Italy has Americanized – while there are plenty of candidates and parties, you only really hear about two of them. Because the bigger parties have united to form two large coalitions, not unlike the Democrats & the Republicans! So we have greens, communists, moderates, etc under the left wing, and the fascists, conservatives, corporate-backed parties under the other. Sounds like a nice idea to have all of these different ideas working together but in the end I'm afraid it will only lead to the shit we have in the USA!

There are far more cars on the roads these days than when I came here five years ago. In Holland there are traffic jams 250km long every day. Like in the USA, in Amsterdam today, most new buildings must have parking facilities. Meaning for every household, there must be 1-2 parking spaces, and parking garages are built under apartment blocks.

Clubs and squats are closing. Five years ago in Amsterdam there was a certain street next to the water (Oosterlijke Handelskade) which was formerly an industrial freight area. Almost all of the giant old buildings were squatted by artists, musicians, and other delinquents. Today all that remains is the one building my friends live in – all the others have been evicted & their buildings torn down to make way for upscale apartment housing. And within a year or so, my friends' building will be demolished as well. Last night we were in Catania, Sicily – there's a squat called Auro that has been there for 10 years. Really cool place, with a concert hall, cinema, art space, computer room – all created by young people – but next month they will be evicted to make way for a fucking bingo hall!!

I'm surprised to find myself now complaining about Europe, after so many columns in which I complained about how fucked the USA is in comparison. But even if it might make me crazy, to see things go to shit, I must say that I still like life here much more than in the USA. The deciding factor is the people. The mentality and the lifestyle, at least in Naples, is so much more healthy, stimulating, and… similar to mine. Or at least the mentality I want to have. Yah, I've actually seen some sides of myself that I wouldn't normally see. I've been lucky enough to have a friend who was completely unafraid to tell me when I was being an idiot. For all of those times that I was thinking of the future and ignoring the present moment, or thinking of what I could have done instead of what I was doing, this girl was there to say "ma che cazzo fai??" (what the fuck are you doing??). I've realized that these in fact very normal things for someone who's grown up in the USA to do. In the land of opportunities, our heads are constantly in the clouds, trying to decide which opportunity to take, and regretting when it appears that we've chosen the wrong one.

***

I've grown really fucking tired of being called and introduced as an American. First of all, I'm not proud at all of 'my' country. I hate the example it sets for the rest of the world, who seem to see it as the promised land and blindly follow. Secondly, it's a huge error it is to call people from the USA Americans. To me the only real Americans are the natives. And America, to me, is two continents, not just fifty states. So I don't feel so "American," even though I was born in New York.

This is one advantage (unfortunately, maybe the only one) to being "colored" (in the sense of "not white" – black, Asian, etc). A child born to Mexican parents in the USA is still a Mexican. A child born to Chinese parents in England is still Chinese. But those of us who happen to have pale skin, who are born to parents who have immigrated from Europe or Australia become simply 'white'. When you enroll yourself in school, and fill out the forms, you're either black, white, asian, native American, or Pacific Islander.

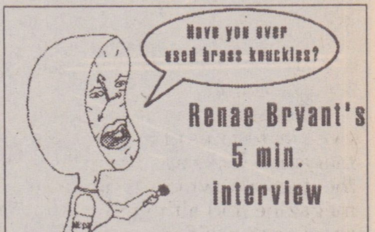
So I wonder, what the fuck happened to the USA? The great melting pot it was and is supposed to be has actually turned into Top fucking Ramen. Instead of a vibrant mix of many distinct flavors, our country repackages every immigrant into either chicken, shrimp, or oriental flavors. This is why the USA pisses me off so bad – because it has had the potential to be such a great place but always seems to go the other direction.

Of course the funniest thing is that many immigrants **want** to become "Americans." This is what my mother wanted when she came from Italy. This is what the Chinese girl who, when asked whether she's Japanese or Chinese, defiantly replies, "American!" wants. But what can you do – except complain?

***

Speaking of complaining, if you ready my column in MRR 214 and found it "inane," apparently you didn't get the sarcasm. I thought it was pretty fucking obvious. Anyways I had just been fucking crushed by a girl who I was very in love with and I hated the entire female race. But just for a couple of hours…

Pete Menchetti / pete@stickerguy.com / Po Box 204, Reno NV 89504 USA



I've worked with child C. for eight months now. He came into my class at a second grade reading level, special education designated (Individualized Education Program in reading and math). C. is a foster child, ten years old and full of anger. I would be too if I had been beat and sexually abused for three-fourths of my living days. In the past eight months I have been full of joy and excitement over the realization of public educations full potential. C. is now at a fourth grade level in reading and excelling in math. Although he occasionally makes poor decisions, he has achieved so much in such a short time. So, I was a complete shock when C.'s foster mother informed me, during an IEP meeting, that she will soon

be sending C. back into the foster care system to find new foster parents. You see, the foster mother decided to bring another foster child into her home, another younger child that had been physically and sexually abused also. This younger child had already tried to "touch" another student at school. The foster mother referred to the two children, sarcastically, as her two little future "pedophiles"/"sexual predators." C. was recently apprehended shoplifting at the local Rite Aide. That seemed to be the final straw for the foster mother. According to her it was time for C. to go.

I sat frozen, ill-prepared for the decision she was making. Having just visited their home and his social worker, I had assumed that the family was working through all the hard issues. I felt sick. The tears started welling up, I had to swallow them down. I couldn't understand. When I finally spoke all I could think of to say was, "Please call me if there is anything I can do..." To this she replied sarcastically, "You can adopt him." I didn't know what to say, but luckily for me the psychologist that was there did, "We all know that C. doesn't want to be adopted."

"Yes, that's right," continues the foster mother, "we asked him to let us adopt him and he said "no."

With that it all seemed a little more clear. I just expected that a foster parent would be better prepared for a child's rejection, based on the history of that child. In the end, for once in my life I was speechless. When we all exited the room I shook the foster mother's hand and told her that she was very courageous and loving for taking these children into her home and trying so hard with them. Then she walked away.

I'm off-track right now. I don't know if C. will be there when my track goes back on. I have to stop and put myself in the child's mind. How fucked is this shitty world for a child when you are violated by your own parents, left on a train for strangers to find you, brought into Child Protective Services, put into the foster care system, shuffled from home to home until you finally bond, show progress, start making attachments, maybe even start to feel normal. Then you do some stupid shit that many risk-taking, drama addicted kids do and for that you may be rejected again. It kills me. How can this little boy not shut down? So far he hasn't shut down completely and for that I am inspired and amazed. I am hoping for a Hollywood ending despite the odds.

Anyway. I share the anecdote not to depress you but to make you aware. This is not, unfortunately, an isolated case. The children in my fifth-grade class are plagued by neglect and poverty. Some of them have been the victims of abuse. Two of them have already experienced the deaths of their mothers to disease. Society likes to insult teachers and the youth of today. In my humble opinion it's a daily fucking miracle, a testament to the strength of the human spirit. I am proud of both.

On a lighter note...my band, All Or Nothing HC just recorded a four song demo and should be heading back into the studio by the time this column is out. We played our first three shows in the last week and I am as pleased as pie. We are extremely fortunate to be sharing/borrowing the drummer from Weaksauce (Victorville). Weaksauce is a three-piece hardcore band that slay me. Portrait of Poverty is releasing the Weaksauce cd on their label so look for it and a tour to follow. One of our first shows was with a band from Canada called Trademark. They have that Boy Sets Fire sound and show much potential. Diseptikons will be So. Cal. in late July, playing shows with All Or Nothing HC, Weaksauce, and the Atomic Bombs.

Recently I renewed my subscription to Mother Jones after a five year hiatus of buying the magazine. I forgot how much this magazine kicks ass. I highly recommend it and wanted to share the website which is www.motherjones.com. I still buy Ms. magazine and although it is not as trendy as bitch or bust, it is consistent, political, and important.

My highlighted activist for this column (a new column monthly feature :) is the Reverend Bookburn out of New Jersey. He is an old school punk rocker and activist out there on the front lines fighting for clinic access and abortion rights among other issues. He also does a weekly internet radio show every Sunday at <http://www.radiovolta.org>www.radiovolta.org 9-11 Eastern time/6-8 Western time. His shows are themed and present "awesome music, commentary, humor and limit pushing." Show your support by listening to him, contacting him and sending him your thoughts, music, art, etc. I feel fortunate to call him my friend and generous enough to share him with the rest of MRR (that means you). Anyway. I'm done, time to go. I have to substitute teach sixth grade in order to make money during my vacation to try to finance some new On The Rag projects, that means going to bed early. As always you should write me at <mailto:webmistress@ontherag.net>webmistress@ontherag.net or po box 251 norco ca 92860-0251 and <http://www.ontherag.net>www.ontherag.net.

A day doesn't pass that I don't nearly blow a fuckin' gasket. I pick up the newspaper or turn on the radio and something else, something new everyday sends me into a frenzy. It's not so much that George W. Bush is inept; it's that the people behind him are so smart and more, so unashamedly greedy.

I listen to the news stories, I read the newspaper, I check online news sites and I think, "Who buys Dick Cheney's line of crap about energy policy? Do people not understand that prior to being Vice President he was in charge of a large oil company, that he (and Bush and probably most of the cabinet) has stock in the energy industry and thus stands to profit handsomely from his policy decisions?"

I think thoughts like that as I ride the train to work, grabbing discarded newspapers, knowing full well that I'm going to be sent into a bubbling fit of frustration. As I walk down 16th, I wonder why more people are yelling louder (or at all). There seems to be a general bubbling of discontentment, disquiet and distrust. But nobody's really doing anything. Maybe I'm indicative of the reason Republicans can so easily steamroll over decades of environmental, defense and social programs. Not that any of those programs were perfect, but they sure look pretty great considering where we're heading. I don't really do anything. I'm not yelling. I grumble about the latest antics of Bush and Cheney with Mimi or with people at work. I write about being upset and frustrated in my column. But I'm not really doing anything. Are you? Do you even care?

You should.

This column was going to be an indictment against Dick Cheney, detailing the policies he's proposed and what he stands to gain personally from those policies. It didn't happen. Really, I don't have much practice in writing about politics. That doesn't mean I don't care. It doesn't mean I don't get pissed off and that I don't think the people running this country are, at their very core, self-centered, greedy motherfuckers who aren't even good at pretending they have the people's interest in mind. I'm just not good at detailing why I'm so pissed and why you should be pissed too.

As if all that weren't enough, I've been trying to wrap my brain around the increase in shitty porn and rape themes running through parts of the rock 'n' roll scene. Are the NERDS trying to be shocking by calling their new album *Because She Didn't Want to Fuck* and then featuring a naked woman drenched in blood on the cover? Or do they really advocate people to beat up or kill women who won't fuck them. Seriously, who thinks that's cool or good or even okay? Write and let me know. Because just like I can't comprehend who would think the energy policies (for example) of the Bush administration are in the people's interest, I'm having a hard time grasping why a band (a number of bands) would resort to writing songs about beating up and killing women.

The best I can come up with is they can't get laid and can't write good rock 'n' roll songs. They're frustrated 'cause no one wants to fuck 'em (maybe it's your attitude toward girls...or maybe you're upset because you're actually gay and you're afraid to let your friends know because then they won't think you're cool anymore...which opens a whole other set of issues) and they're frustrated because they can't write a worthwhile song, so they resort to sex and violence rolled into one. In the

end, it shows they're fucking morons who could probably stand a good assfucking.

Then there's the disappointment that is *Horizontal Action*. Here's a zine that covers all the music I like, but has fucking overdosed on porn. What, are you guys 14? Seriously, who wants to look at pictures of girls with giant plastic tits showing off their manicured pussy, right next to an interview of the DIRTBOMBS? Or who the fuck wants to open a magazine, looking for an interview with LES SEXAREENOS and see a girl who looks like she's 15, drenched in cum?

More than just choking you with Internet porn pictures, *Horizontal Action* does a marvelous job of bringing out the worst in bands, focusing more on their sexual fantasies and experiences than their music. It's really too bad, because without all the third-rate cut out porn, it would be a really great rock 'n' roll magazine.

You put all this together: the miserable records that people say, "if you can get passed the fucked up lyrics, this rocks..." and all the spread-legged, bubble-boobed blondes in *Horizontal Action* and then the fucking Bush administration. It makes me want to retreat, drown myself in music.

And that's exactly why this bullshit will continue. Too many people (like me) are retreating rather than doing anything about it.

With that said, let's call the second part of this column, **"Music To Retreat To."**

Most of the good new stuff I've been picking up has been in 7" form. I finally got a copy of the awesome A-FRAMES 7" on SS Records (1114 21st St/Sacramento, CA 95814). If you love trash-can drums, chomping guitars and distorted raygun-like keyboards, you'll flip your beret over this. It's blown-out, full of feedback and just generally obnoxious in a great way.

The ZOMBIE IV have an obvious MUMMIES fixation, from playing in horror-themed costumes, to their organ, down to the look and sound of their debut 7" e.p. (Boom-Boom Records/20720 S.E. 192nd St./Renton, WA 98058). They've got it all down pat...except with unbridled energy and recklessness, which is a big part of what *really* made the Mummies so great. The songs on this single are stiff, not bad, but it sounds like these zombies just crawled outta the ground. I can imagine they'd be a good live band, and that their later records will probably be looser (and thus better). Not a shabby first effort, but if you're gonna ramble on about teenage girls flinging themselves around, about being a crazed rock 'n' roll band, you gotta put up the goods—live and on record.

Pat Smick sent me a copy of the CONMEN's one and only single. He fucking raved and raved about it on the phone. So when it came, I wasted no time in putting on. First listen, I thought Pat must've been drunk when he listened to it. It sounded pretty standard with snarling vocals, some songs fast, others at a slower tempo, with a solid, crunchy guitar. Then I listened to it again. And over the past few weeks, I've found myself reaching for this record more and more. Like a lot of records, it's best when played really loud, so you can hear the pick hit the strings. And I've come to really like it. The vocals are breathless, screaming in that great VALENTINE KILLERS/STATICS way with a few great riffs thrown in to break up the standard three chord chomp. And hell, they do a great cover of the REAL KIDS' "All Night Boppin'." I guess this came out last year...and I don't have an address, but it's worth tracking down.

Two of the Bay Area's better live bands share a new split 7" on S.P.A.M. Records (PO Box 21588/El Sobrante, CA 94820). Yup, the FLESHIES and the PHANTOM LIMBS (both of whom have LPs coming out on Alternative Tentacles) offer an original and then cover one of each other's songs. On record, the Fleshies come off a lot heavier than they do live. John's vocals sounds as much like a buzzsaw as do the giant guitars. They have a lot going on in their songs—multiple vocals, dense guitars, drums all over the place...listening to their records is a lot like being at one of their shows, with John flying through the audience in his tighty-whiteys. The Phantom Limbss also pack a lot into their songs. There's a lot vying for your attention, with the guitars and keyboards running circles around each other while the drums do more than just offer a simple rhythm.

From Japan, FIRST ALERT have a new four-song 12" e.p. on Time Bomb. It's a lot better than their last 12", with a more traditional, cohesive Mod-influence coming through. I'm not saying they sound like the JAM; the four super-polished songs sound more like melodic UK punk, along the lines of the DRONES at their poppiest.

Have you checked out Billy Childish's new band, the BUFF MEDWAYS? They've got a new single out on Damaged Goods (PO Box 671/London E17 9GH/UK/www.damagedgoods.co.uk) that's really fucking great. If you're one of the jaded who got tired of trying to keep up with Mr. Childish's output, let me recommend this single as a storming introduction to his new band. The two songs, "Don't Hold Me Back," and "Demolition Girl" are breathless and stark, but full of distortion and that special Childish garage grit.

By the time you read this, both the DIRTBOMBS and the SCREWS will have new albums out on In the Red. I'll provide a full report next time around.

This month, we're treated to not one, but TWO new singles from the sexiest band from Montreal, LES SEXAREENOS!!! Goddamn, I love this band. If these are any indication of what's to come from their soon-to-be-released new album, you and I are in for a magnificent treat.

The first 7", a four song e.p. on Sympathy steps more into a wild '60s sound. This is quality stuff. High-class fun. They've pegged a sound that's kind of like a cross between the sweatier moments of MITCH RYDER & THE DETROIT WHEELS with the most feverish moments of the PRETTY THINGS with a solid injection of raw Specialty Records-style workout. Recorded at Ghetto Studios by Mr. Jim Diamond for that special touch of rock 'n' roll magic.

The second 7", *Can You Do the Nose Mustache* (Telstar/PO Box 1123/Hoboken, NJ 07030), gives you another four songs packed with stompin', clappin', steal the air outta your lungs fun. This one's more in line with their earlier songs, with a rabid JERRY LEE LEWIS frustration being pounded out in a way you'd expect from the finest bands from the U.S. Northwest, circa 1965. Les Sexareenos are easily one of the best bands of 2000 (the decade, not the year, you idiot). Hail! Hail Canada!

Now, for something a little different, here's a run-through of new and upcoming reissues and bootlegs.

More reissue LPs and live records, as well as classic Hardcore reissues have been hitting the distro lists. With many of the reissues, the originals can still be found with little effort or money. For example DMZ's classic debut LP on Sire, the 101'ers' *Elgin Ave. Breakdown* (pre-CLASH Joe Strummer band) and TOXIC REASONS' *Dedication* LP are all due to be reissued within a month or so. While all three are above average records, the originals can all still be found for around (or less than) $20.

Speaking of Toxic Reasons, why doesn't someone reissue *Bullets For You* and *Independence*? Or how about the early EFFIGIES records? Until somebody picks up the ball on those, you can tide yourself over with the second album by the (Canadian) SUBHUMANS, *No Wishes No Prayers*, which is also being reissued. If that doesn't do it for you, how about the SCIENTISTS first LP? Yes, it too is being, uh, "reissued."

On the "better live than dead" front, this month you can feast on live LPs by the CLASH, GENERATION X, the RUTS, the MISFITS and CHANNEL 3.

The Clash LP, *Take It Or Leave It* was recorded in '77 at the Electric Circus in Manchester. It's supposedly very limited, but I haven't heard it, so I can't attest to the sound quality. The GenX LP, *Shakin' All Over Osaka* promises to be at least decent sound quality, given that it's taken from a live radio broadcast performed in Osaka, Japan in 1979. Then we have the Ruts' *It Was Cold In Hamburg*, twelve songs from a show recorded in 1980 in Hamburg. I have never in my life bought a live Misfits bootleg. So what the fuck prompted me to buy not just one of them, but three? As you'd expect, all three sound like a big pile of turds. The *Über dem Juenseits* LP and *Perfect Crime* 7" are especially crappy. The third, *I Turned Into a Martian* LP (recorded at the Ritz in New York circa '81) has better sound quality, but is hardly essential. Lastly, Channel 3's CD-only release of their only European show has been released on vinyl.

Rave Up Records (via Montecuccoli 13/00176 Roma/Italy/raveup@tiscalinet.it) is back with a vengeance. Not that they went anywhere...

By the time you're reading this, LPs by GENERAL FOODZ (from KBD #12), the TOKYOS and from Texas, the SKUNKS and the NERVEBREAKERS will be out, as well as 7"s by the SKIN-

NIES and MALONEY'S TOUCH.

The General Foodz LP includes their 7" from 1979, plus five studio tracks an some live cuts thrown in to fill out the album. Have you ever heard of the Tokyos? They were around San Diego in the late-70s. Their Rave Up LP collects the songs from their 10" as well as three more studio songs, never before released. The Skunks, you should remember from their stormin' song "Earthquake Shake," which was on *Bloodstains Across Texas*. On their LP, you get alternate studio takes and, you guessed it, some unreleased songs and live cuts. Also from Texas, the Nervebreakers' *Hijack the Radio* LP also includes all their recorded material and live songs from '79. Liner notes by George Gimarc, author of *Punk Diary*.

The Skinnies were a New Orleans band with a pop-edge to their sound. Rave Up crammed their original 7", one unreleased studio song and then three live songs all on a 7" platter. Then Maloney's Touch featured members from the New York bands PEROXIDE and ARTHUR'S DILEMMA. The songs on this 7" (which I don't think have been released, but I could be mistaken) are studio tracks recorded in 1979.

By all means, no matter how much you may be tempted to do so, do not by the MISFITS "Live! 79 The Perfect Crime" 7". The sound quality is total shit. What possessed me to buy this?

However, the spate of CRAMPS bootlegs (*Venue 1980 Live*, *Sub Pop* e.p. and *Human Fly*) that cropped up this month (all bootlegs of bootlegs) are all worthwhile if A) you're a Cramps fan and B) you don't already have them. The Human Fly 7", with its great two-color poster sleeve is especially great.

The BIG BOYS' classic "Frat Cars" 7" is the latest victim of the boot-a-like bandito.

The recently released PEER PRESSURE 7" however, is fully legit and hot as fuck. You can thank Mr. Ryan Richardson, ace record detective for this great record. As usual, the quality of both sound and packaging sets what should be the standard. You get three never before released songs from this Connecticut band whose original single still gives grown men and women the sweats and shakes. You and I heard them first on Killed By Death #12. Mr. Richardson claims these songs are better than the original single (a big statement!). Check it out for yourself—but act fast. As you'd expect, these are limited (to 350) and are gonna go quick.

The PAGANS aren't the only Ohio band making a comeback. In the not-so-distant future, the RUBBER CITY REBELS will be releasing a CD collection of their original single and songs from their side of the split with the BIZARROS. I'll pass along more information next time 'round.

In the News

The major media has been sniffing a little too close to home lately and I'm not talking about all the attention Joey Ramone got upon his death. First *Mojo* with its ripped blue jeans cover and shallow, rehashed coverage of the New York punk scene, then *Spin* with its better than average (but still hurtin') punk special report and now *Entertainment Weekly*.

Writer Tom Sinclair blows the major league whistle on the Detroit scene in a four-page article on garage music. As you'd expect from Entertainment Weekly, the article is paper-thin and doesn't even scratch the surface. I don't blame Sinclair for this. Having dealt with "real world" editors, I can imagine Sinclair turned in a mouthful on the garage scene, then and now, only to have it reduced to a liner note length piece (but then, that's not fair, Norton's releases have more thorough liner notes than that article).

Here are some of my favorite parts of the article, in case you missed it:

•Elektra A&R exec Leigh Lust (whatta name!) quoted as saying, "There's definitely the potential for this to be big...I could see [a garage band] popping out and selling a million records, pulling the scene up by its bootstraps."

—Um, our scene is doing just fine without a band coming up and selling a million records. No, our scene is better off without that happening (as Miriam Linna of Norton Records points out).

•The article features a sidebar on "garage saint" Steven Van Zandt. Seems the former E. Street Band guitarist and Sopranos stars hates all the drum loops and electronica stuff as much as you and I. Mr. Zandt wants to spend his five months off from the Sopranos promoting garage music. He (and *Entertainment Weekly* in general) makes it sound like there hasn't been an active garage scene for over twenty years...so, my question, who's gonna be the first band to step up and grab the money? When asked (by Dreamworks, Interscope and Elektra), the WHITE STRIPES have said, "No thanks." Good for them! Seems like at least a few people learned something from the Seattle/Bay Area debacle of the late-80s/early-90s.

•Other bands mentioned in the article: the GO, the GREENHORNES, DETROIT COBRAS, WHITE STRIPES (of course), ATOMIC NUMBERS, the PIRHANAS, the DIRTBOMBS, OUTRAGEOUS CHERRY (who?) and the VON BONDIES.

As far as the Joey Ramone coverage goes, it's all sweet and all that all these news agencies, reporters, magazines remembered Joey, but I couldn't help but think, where the fuck where all those people back when the Ramones needed/wanted them?

Of everything written about Joey, the piece worth most merit was written by none other than Lenny Kaye. It appeared in the Village Voice and, unlike nearly every other article, it encapsulates both Joey's life and the Ramones' career as only a true friend and fan could.

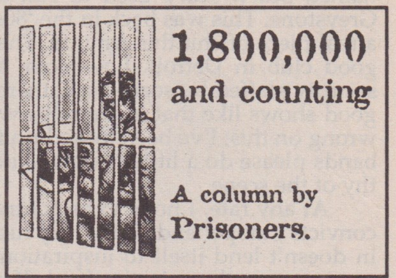
Last Gasps...

—>There's a new club in Indianapolis co-run by Tufty of the ZERO BOYS and TOXIC REASONS (and now BIGGER THAN ELVIS). It's called Radio Radio and from what I hear, it's a pretty nice place. They're looking for bands to play. Tufty says it's got a loungey, relaxed feel and can hold up to 250 people. Give 'em a call if you're bands going through the Midwest: 317-955-0995.

—>Looking for places that carry these records? Try Underground Medicine (www.undergroundmedicine.com/PO Box 5075/Milford, CT 06460) or Dave Hill Distribution (www.dave-hill.org) or Subterranean (www.subterranean.org).

As of this month, my column in *MRR* will only appear every other month. I'm doing this to make way for other columns here in *Maximum*. However, during the off months (as well as the "on"), I will be writing regular columns for Blank Generation (www.blankgeneration.com). You can keep current on all the latest worthwhile records that pass my way there.

PO Box 11906/Berkeley, CA 94712/USA icki@mindspring.com



Greetings from the illustrious confines of the Huron Valley Men's Correctional Facility. I'm new to this writing columns business, so please bear with me if I ramble a bit at times.

First a bit about myself. I'm doing 6-25 years for armed robbery plus a consecutive two years for felony firearm (that's using a firearm in the commission of a felony.) I wish I could say that I committed my crime to finance a fight against the capitalist oppressors. Unfortunately it was simply to finance a heroin habit, among other things. I also have prior convictions for possession with intent and delivery of LSD, uttering and publishing (cashing stolen checks), retail fraud (shoplifting), fleeing and eluding, DUI, and various idiotic misdemeanors, not to mention an extensive juvenile record consisting of mostly misdemeanors. My first arrest was in 1981 when I was ten years old. I've been on paper for pretty much that time until present. Since 1987 I've been incarcerated for about 10 1/2 years of the last 13 1/2. I've been in and out of therapy from 11 years old on. Various psychological tests have revealed that I have a "very high to superior intelligence." I've always scored high on educational tests while at the same time failing most of my classes due to failing to complete assignments or just not even showing up.

So why am I telling you all of this? Fuck if I know! Just kidding. I've always been analytical and introspective, yet I still haven't exactly got a handle on why I keep going back to behavior that will inevitably result in my having my freedom taken away once again. Throughout the years I've noticed that there really aren't too many actual punks in prison. Why is that? I should think there would be quite a few if they were doing there

duty as a righteous punk to "fuck shit up," as it were. At any rate, I don't want to judge. Back to the Michigan D.O.C.

Michigan allows inmates to possess tape players purchased through approved vendors—from whom they are undoubtedly receiving generous kickbacks. There are only two approved tape vendors for this facility: Pack Central, Inc. and Music by Mail. Of these two, Pack Central has a better selection, while Music by Mail is cheaper, but has a horrible selection. Pack Central used to have a fairly decent selection of punk rock, but over the last five years or so, they are getting progressively worse. Of course, you can still obtain Dead Xennedys or Circle Jerks, although more and more of the selections are becoming available on CD only (or at least, that is what the people at Pack Central try to say). They also used to have a policy that if it wasn't in their catalog they would find it for you. Well this is apparently not the case any longer. I've tried to order releases I know are available on tape only to be told that they are CD only. So I have to be satisfied with NoFX, Bad Religion, Black Flag, Rancid, etc. I've gotten lucky and gotten a couple of Guttermouth tapes, the Business (a pleasant surprise), Dropkick Murphys, the Germs, and a Canadian Subhumans. But if I want some Crass, Rudimentary Peni, Christ on Parade, etc., I'm just shit out of luck. Same goes for any new stuff that isn't a well established seller like Offspring or NoFX.

Radio stations. Hell, I'm lucky, since this joint is located near the University of Michigan. They have a radio station that plays one hour (!) of punk on Monday nights from midnight to 1 am. I've gotten to hear Hudson Falcons, the Templars, and a whole host of new bands that I've read about but haven't yet heard. The radio station also did a benefit for the Crass collective that was a straight three hours of Crass, commercial free!

The Detroit punk scene has been rather strange for quite some time. For being the tenth largest city, they actually have a very poor independent venue scene. There's this cat by the name of Amir (?) who owns or has a piece of damn near every venue that is worth playing. All the "big" acts play his clubs. A note to all nationally touring acts: Boycott St. Andrews, the Shelter Clutch Cargoes, and the State Theater. All these clubs are little more than parasitic fronts for an asshole who is getting rich off of the scene. At the last facility I was at, I ran across a cat named Scary. Scary used to run a club in Detroit called the Greystone. This was back in the '80s. He put me down on what a real piece of shit this Amir is. The Greystone remains the last good club in Detroit. Low door, BYOB/no glass, no barrier, security staffed by scenesters...there are no clubs doing regular good shows like that in Detroit anymore. Of course, I could be wrong on this; I've been locked up for three years now. Touring bands please do a little research and only support venues worthy of the scene.

At any rate, I hope to be contributing regularly but like all convicts / dopefiends I'm a lazy fuck. Plus the environment I'm in doesn't lend itself to inspirational thought. Perhaps they're putting something in the food. If anyone wants to write I do have a pretty good response time, so send all praise, hateful comments, criticisms, pictures (no polaroids), etc., and I'll be sure to write back. Shit. It's not like I have anything else to do. Write to: James Duane #214699, H.V.M.F., 3201 Bemis Road, Ypsilanti, MI 48197-0911. Until next time—peace and anarchy.

Don't worry, my column in the last issue was not missing because my lawyers told me to stop writing for MRR. I missed last month's Issue as I was on tour with Vitamin X. I always think I'll be able to dash off a breathless report from the front when I go on tour, but it never seems to happen. A LOT of people fell for my April Fool's column. I guess it's a rather sad commentary on the depths of commercialization to which punk has sunk that so many people bought such a far-fetched tale. I added a lot of details to make it believable, but it was still preposterous. I won't embarrass well known scenesters who bought it by publishing their names.

I spent three weeks on tour with Vitamin X a hardcore band from Amsterdam, Holland. I was pretty blown away by the reception they got and the generally healthy state of the scene. As I said a few months ago, we are in the middle of a full on hardcore revival. This is the strongest the scene has been since 84 or so. Now I'm going to write about some stuff that might sound negative, but keep in mind that its easy to forget all the great people, good times, and wicked bands that are ripping it up and pick on the few bad points. But, we need to focus on the flaws to improve the scene right?

One thing I've noticed about the hardcore revival is this it occurs precisely at a time that larger labels and distributors are going under and laying people off because punk is less popular than it was a few years ago. And go figure. Just like the first wave of hardcore started when some of the 77 punk bands went commercial now kids who got into punk during the pop-punk explosion of the early-mid 90's are disillusioned with the commercial sounds of that scene and reaching for something real. Simultaneously a large group of SE kids have been turned off by the lame metal and jock bands and commercialism in the SE scene and have gone back the hardcore punk roots of Straight Edge. Add to the mix the still huge crusty hardcore scene and all of us who have been waving the flag for 15 years and you have a really solid scene. I keep repeating this but across the board hardcore punk has some of the best bands and labels ever right now. Furthermore, the scene is more organized, self sufficient and DIY than during the first wave of hardcore.

During the first wave of hardcore MRR was the flagship publication that really brought it all together. Together with the radio show and the comp LP's MRR really exposed a whole generation to the amazing world of international hardcore punk rock. Now, just as hardcore really takes off again MRR is better than it has been since the early 80's. Look back at the last few issues. See what I mean, interviews with cool bands you want to read about, not obscure French garage rock bands. I could go on but remember this. MRR is what you make it. Send in interviews, scene reports and pictures. I think it's high time for a regular photo supplement. Remember "Welcome to Cruise Country", "My Rules" and "If life is a bowl of Cherries?" why not a few pages of photos in each issue? So get off your ass, don't be a spectator in the rebirth of hardcore pride.

As I mentioned above, a lot of bigger punk labels and distributors are going broke. One of the best things about the current hardcore revival is that the scene is very DIY, insular and self-supporting. We've been organizing things on the underground without any outside help for so long that we no longer need the music business for our scene to survive. And that my friends, is great news, because when this music goes back out of style its just gonna be me and you watching the band instead of 100 kids and we'll still have the skills to make it happen. So far all of the great hardcore bands have stuck to DIY labels and established punk labels but I fear a replay of the 80's.

Three M's, Metal, Meatheads and Majors.

Metal: Don't get me wrong I love thrash metal and cross over. I even like metal in my punk, sometimes. Lemmy once said "When the punks learn to play their instruments, they will play metal" and often this has been the case. Sometimes with very bad results. I'm afraid that some of the current great thrash bands will decide to "progress musically" beyond the "constraints of generic thrash" and record weak second LPs that pale in front of their first 7"s. This might sound far fetched, but remember, it happened before. If you told the dudes in COC or Discharge in 82 that in the future they would be putting out lame overproduced metal records with 10 minute guitar solos they would have laughed, but it happened. I rather enjoy bands now that are giving crossover a second take like Crucial Unit or Holier than Thou. But I think you see what I'm getting at when it comes to bands "progressing." Like in the 80's I say we let cheese metal bands progress right the fuck out of hardcore forever. The other thing I fear is a replay of the strife the ensued when metalheads started coming to hardcore shows in the 80's.

Meatheads: Remember when the crossover thing started to take off in 85 and 86. Suddenly there were fewer small punk shows. Everything seemed to be oriented towards big gigs in big clubs until the DIY scene took off in the late 80's. Why do you think this was? Because the meatheads like skinheads, jocks and

violent hessians started coming to shows with their macho violence and bullshit. In the early 80's punk was a relatively close knit and bohemian sort of thing. When it really took off commercially the asshole factor multiplied by about 10 times. I don't want to sugar coat things and make it sound like there were no thugs or violence before, but certainly after 86 or so it got a lot worse. The whole problem was compounded after the nazi skinhead scene exploded after the Geraldo show. Every day I am thankful that those meatheads that caused so much shit in the 80's now have their own scenes and bands to follow. I fear that the average Korn or Limp Bizkit fan will suddenly be like "Dude these DS 13 guys sound like the Priest with short hair" and start coming to shows to "beat up fags" and "kick ass the pit" and "get some punk pussy" sounds ridiculous but remember, it happened before. Mark my words, if those nazi boneheads start listening to hardcore again, I will be at the door with my baseball bat. The metal scene can keep those losers. I'm all for punk music being accessible and open to everyone. But no one needs another wave of thugs invading the scene.

Majors: Sooner or later someone upstairs is gonna notice that hardcore records sell well and a lot of hardcore labels are flaky and can't keep the record in print. Great bands will record records that no one can get because the label was too disorganized or elitist to press more than a few hundred. First it will be semi major labels like Relapse, Revelation and Victory that still maybe have a few bands with street cred or an impressive back catalog. Then it will be a 90's version of Combat or Death, a hardcore subsidiary of a major label with some sell outs from the underground hired to run it. By then we will have all worked for nothing. Struggled to keep a scene alive only to see it commodified and sold back to us by uncaring and soulless corporations. I am sharpening my knife now for the first thrash band to sell out. If I ever hear about hardcore on MTV it's clobberin' time.

What I'm trying to say is this. There is always room for improvement but the scene is pretty damn good the way it is. Don't let a bunch of people from outside who don't care about the music or the message come in and fuck it up for us.

Next month I'm going to try and assemble a "listeners guide to the hardcore revival" that you can stick in your pocket and take to the record store. But first I'd like to talk about Hype. As we have seen hype can be all the difference between a band being a first string starter, getting good record deals, touring nationally, and internationally, or being a second string benchwarmer, opening for out of towners but never really getting very far. Clearly a lot of the so called hardcore bands on a label like Victory only have hype going for them as they are some of the most turgid bands around. Still, they probably sell more records in a month than I've sold in my life because they have the right hype and marketing behind them. One step down from that sort of commercial hype that advertising and promotion budgets can buy is the hype that follows certain bands in the underground scene. For instance anyone who was at the Posi Fest saw the hype that surrounded Shark Attack and American Nightmare. Don't get me wrong I liked both bands, especially Shark Attack, but it seems like certain bands get a buzz and others just don't. I think Don Austin and Vilently Ill are both great but they suffer from a lack of hype that follows other bands with very similar music. I know that a lot of this has to do with a band's location, personalities in the band, who they are friends with, previous bands etc. However, I'd like to encourage people to take a step back and buy a lot of records and spin them and give each band a chance, not just the bands whose T-shirts everyone is wearing. Some great music is being made in virtual obscurity even in today's well connected punk scene.

OK, picture this, it's 2021. Two kids come home from the record store. "Dude, check it out I just picked up this bootleg comp called "Killed By Thrash 2001" "Fucking Crucial Dude, who's on it" "Oh man, all those old bands from the early 21st century when they were still good, you know Life's Halt, Tear It Up, Last In Line, Total Fury, No Parade, shit like that" "Cool dude, can I copy it onto the computer chip implanted in my head" You laugh now, but it might come true.

I hope the guys in Vitamin X will write something about their tour and send it in. There are only a few things I'd like to say myself. First, thanks to everyone who booked Vitamin X and gave us places to stay food etc. Second, respect is due to Anton of Underestimated who set the whole thing up, I was really just the driver. Third I'm gonna say a few things about the general status of bringing foreign bands to the states. As we all know the first DIY US tours for foreign bands were set up after bands like Toxic Reasons and MDC went to Europe and saw how cool the scene was there. They invited bands like BGK, CCM etc. to tour the USA. Lets not forget too that Chris X of BCT who was a major force internationalizing hardcore with the BCT Tapes set up the Raw Power, Riistetyt tour. But in the late 80's and early 90's very few European (or Japanese) bands came to the US. As far as I can remember the first real DIY tours for foreign bands were the Dirt, Hellkrusher tour set up by Neil of Tribal War and the Chaos UK tour in 92 or 93. After 94 it seemed more and more foreign bands were coming over, Hiatus, Varukers, Vorhees, and of course Gauze which was unprecedented at the time. But lets not forget at the same time way more US bands were touring Europe and Japan. We still have not even begun to reciprocate. The last few years have seen some less well known European and Japanese bands tour the USA pretty successfully and lets not forget the tours of South American and Israeli bands as well. I think we should all be working to try and set up more tours by bands from abroad. American corporate cultural imperialism dominates the world, lets subvert that paradigm with some international DIY punk rock.

Now I'm gonna talk some shit. In the SE and NYHC scene tons and tons of bands have toured Europe and cleaned up. Lots of those kinds of bands exist only to tour Europe and don't even play at home or tour the US. Now only two SE bands from Europe have toured the US, ever. Mainstrike and Vitamin X. Mainstrike didn't do very well and Vitamin X did pretty good, but mainly because their support was from DIY hardcore and punk kids. When Vitamin X played the Posi Fest they were only given 100 bucks. They asked for and got another 50$. Still I think that was a slap in the face and shows how little the mainstream SE hardcore kids care about bands coming over from Europe. I think this is total hypocrisy since those sort of bands base much of their careers off of touring Europe. I was really pissed when Vitamin X played to a big crowd at a large fest and got paid less then they got at a lot of basement shows.

Next Month, handy reference guide to the hardcore revival.

VETRANOS 'A Quiroz Brother's Film

VETRANOS had a good word of mouth ever since it was initially released in 1999, and those kind words didn't just come from fans of hip hop and the gangsta lifestyle, but from a number of filmmakers, writers, and punks I am in contact with. This is how I first came to hear about VETRANOS. My friend Jake Skate who plays in a local punk band called Blown To Bits asked if I'd ever seen 'that movie' where Jerme Spew played a racist, white drug dealer. Jerme Spew is a writer/publisher who worked security at Gilman for nearly a decade. I was intrigued, and I asked Jake some more about the film but Jake was unable to provide me with any substantial details or leads about where I could get my hands on a copy of the film. A year later I was having coffee with the old Northern California scene reporter for MRR, and he made mention of the fact that I should review this film he had watched recently called VETRANOS. I'm always surprised when someone realizes that this column exists, and so I asked him what the movie was about. He told me that it was about these Mexican gangstas who go to war with these white supremacist drug dealers, and that Jerme Spew played one of the white gangstas.

"Oh! Cool! That's the film I've been hearing about. Where can I get a copy? " No problem, he told me, the film is available through Dogday Records who recently started another label called F.O.A.D, which is a punk label. F.O.A.D was familiar to me as the label that released the Christ On Parade discography, and more recently part one in the Hellbillys trilogy of blood series (er..whatever). Anyway, the owner of Dogday has old punk roots she made before turning to hip hop, and so my friend said he would get me copy for review in my MRR column. VETRANOS it seems was destined to make an appearance

at Punk Movie Night.

VETRANOS is not unlike the plays put on by Victory Outreach, which is a church who's membership is made up of mostly ex-convicts, drug dealers, and gang bangers. Victory Outreach plays usually bombard their audiences with a two hour story based on the realities of life in the barrio or ghetto or hood,and that could be anything from gang banging to drug dealing to murder, but the plays always end with a heavy dose of morality that the church hopes will cause some of the gang bangers and drug dealers in the audience to turn to god to escape their current lifestyles. I don't know if the actors involved in VETRANOS are current or former gangbangers and drug dealers, but I would suspect that at least some of them were at one time, and as a result VETRANOS portrays many aspects of life in the hood with an uncanny level of reality. Not that this hasn't been done before in slightly better films than VETRANOS, and as reality films go VETRANOS has none of the in your face shock value of a film like say MENACE TO SOCIETY, but as an underground film it does hold it's own from a script standpoint, not to mention the deft direction by Jose and Ed Quiroz.

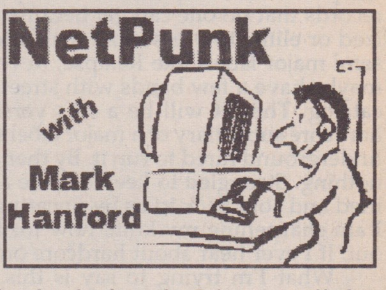
One of the problems I had with VETRANOS was that although the writing was concise and well thought out in terms of putting the all important three acts together without any noticeable lag in the second act, there is a sense that there was enough skill in the writing department to base the conflict on something more than overt racism. Even if that meant putting more of an emphasis on the economic standpoint of one gang invading another gang's territory, and maybe even a bit of backstory into how these very loyal characters ended up in such a bloody street war. I'll admit that there is nothing too original about those suggestions, but how many chances have we had too see them handled by filmmakers that are still as close to the streets as the Quiroz brothers? Instead of hitting you over the head with a Victory Outreach style morality lesson, VETRANOS leaves you with probably the most honest piece of information contained in the entire film. The old school gangsta played by Jesse Borrego (You know, the guy who played that piece of shit who started a knife fight with the great Esai Morales' character in MI FAMILIA), turns out to be not only more rational than the younger hip hop influenced latino gangstas, but he also has many more connections. I don't want to divulge too much of the story, because after all you still have to watch these films yourself, but let's just say that there was a time of men that no longer exists on our current society.

Many punks missed eighties hip hop completely, and a lot of the comments I heard about VETRANOS were about how the filmmakers captured certain aspects of Bay Area urban life in a way that they hadn't ever witnessed before on video. An example of which are the music videos that accompany the film, one of which is shot on a BART (Bay Area Rapid Transit) train. Of course anyone who was paying attention knows that Too Short shot a video at a BART station almost a decade ago, and that the best of underground Bay Area hip hop grew up just down the block from many of these same punks. Crews like Hobo Junc tion and the Hieroglyphics sold homemade tapes on Telegraph Avenue many years previous to the release of this film, and maybe most importantly, those crews were not at all most known for their gangsta affiliations. That said, VETRANOS doesn't have to pay attention to some other group's reality because this film is, I suspect, a reflection of the world and the type of mentality these filmmakers are still wedded to today, creatively speaking. It is yet another voice that deserves to be heard at every stage of it's artistic development. (Dogday Records, 4432 Telegraph Avenue #72, Oakland, CA 94609 - www.dogday.com or www.darkroomfamilia.com) ODDS AND ENDS

How great was Spin magazine's 20th anniversary of punk issue? Spin's editors were even more clueless and misinformed than I could have imagined. It's so inspiring to watch as the real punks continue to network with one another, transforming the underground, and doing it all under the corporate mainstream's radar. That's why we are still able to laugh at that Jello Biafra rant of a few years back about Green Day and Offspring stumbling into mainstream success. It's just too bad that punks like Darby Crash and Sid Vicious aren't alive to spit big toxic loogies in the waspy faces of Spin magazine's editorial staff. And I just want to add that it was really cool to see MRR's name used as a counterpoint to Rancid's crossover success. That's cool.

In a previous Punk Movie Nights column, I wrote about a warehouse in Oakland which used to have shows that not only featured music, but film showings as well. I expressed my desire to book shows like the ones held at the 40th Street warehouse in years past. Since the warehouse has ceased to be a viable option for such a show, I knew that I'd have to find a new space before I could even begin to put something together. After that issue of MRR came out, I discovered that I wasn't the only one that missed attending those old warehouse shows. One person in particular decided to work with me to get the ball rolling, and now thanks to Jake PUNK (People Under No KIng zine) we will be having a night of film, art, and music at Gilman on September 8th. You can find updates about that show, and of course past Punk Movie Nights columns, at my web site - www.wethepunx.com.

Please send any underground propaganda of relevance to: Punk Movie Nights c/o Jay, PMB 419, 1442A Walnut Street, Berkeley, CA 94709.



Look, I'm so fucking old school I feel stupid even using the term "old school", so all of you hippie punks who take me to task for running a site called diehippiedie.com and those that can't get the sarcasm in my "punk is all about fashion" statement can return to your cradles. Whew, glad I got that off my chest. Speaking of old school, though, I have stuff this month that deals with the late-70s and early-80s, as well as a handful or other stuff.

Before I get to that, though, I want to mention an e-mail I got from OddManOut regarding my February article on recording LPs to CD. Unless you want to end up with two long tracks, you need to split the recording up into individual tracks before you burn them onto CD. The CD burner software won't automatically do it for you. Also, he suggested checking out the Goldwave Audio Editor (http://www.goldwave.com/) for tweaking your sound. There is a version you can download at their website.

OddManOut is also the webmaster behind the 924 Gilman site, which looks like it is going to be a killer site. Along with the upcoming shows, the site has a handful of flyers from past shows, the beginnings of a photo archive, notes from the meetings, a discussion board, and links to bands who have played Gilman. It would be nice if they'd put up a complete show list, but I wonder if anyone has one. They are looking for contributions, so if you have Gilman related photos, flyers, stories to contribute, get cracking. You'll find Gilman Street at (where else?) http://www.924gilman.com/ .

It doesn't get too much more old school that the Old Punks Webzine at http://www.oldpunks.com/ . Check out the commentary of a crotchety old punker who likes to rile up the youth with sarcasm and wit. Just my kind of guy. Lots of funny stuff, and some good memories, reviews, etc from "back in the day" (what exactly does that mean, anyway?).

I must have had my head up my ass last year, because I never even noticed that Punk magazine had returned to publishing... or at least, put out one issue. Their website, at http://www.punkmagazine.com/, appears to be updated several times a week and has a lot of articles that are well worth reading. At the time of this writing, there is a lot of stuff on Joey Ramone (RIP), as well as reviews, and the "Punk of the Month". Check it out!

At the Punk magazine site, I found this great link to the Dead Boys — http://deadboys.hypermart.net/ . You'll find a discography, a few mp3s, lyrics, articles, and some fantastic photos of these legendary punkers. And after you're finished there, head to http://www.stivbators.com/ to get another dose.

I hadn't run across the Germs Manimal Page until this month, but it looks like it has been up and running for about a

year or so. One of the best pages I've seen on the Germs, with a bunch of scans of old fliers, a discography and band line-up, some guitar tabs, and a slew of lyrics. Pretty cool. Visit it at http://host4u.upws.net/web/pitstop/ .

In the same vein is the Black Flag page at http://www.ipass.net/~jthrush/rollflag.htm . The best thing about this site is the "Where are they now" section about each of the members of Black Flag, and the line-up list. Also of a bit of interest is the "Memories in Action" section where people have written in with their memories of seeing the band.

One old school band who is still around and kicking is The Crowd. Their website has the latest news on the band, as well as an archive of photos and flyers, and an area where you can download most of their songs in near-CD quality. Definitely worth a visit, especially if you've never heard the band — http://www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Club/9953/ .

Enough old stuff. I have a few other things I want to toss your way, starting with http://www.microradio.net/ . MicroRadio is all about pirate radio — how to start your own station, and why you should. You can also listen in to streaming audio of pirate stations from around the world... including one right here in my hometown of Santa Cruz.

For a good laugh, check out the Evil Project at http://www.evilproject.org/ . The evil project is a bunch of college kids trying to be funny... fortunately, sometimes they succeed.

Speaking of evil projects, you may want to go pick up a cheap Ukulele and then head over to Combative Ukulele to find out how to play it, and then learn songs by the Clash, The Jam, The Buzzcocks and more! Really, I'm not kidding. Become a street musician! Visit http://members.tripod.com/~zobrien/uke.html and annoy your housemates today!

Okay, that's enough for this month. If I get off my lazy ass and get around to it, you'll find my old and new columns at http://www.diehippiedie.com/netpunk/ and you can always e-mail me to tell me how non-punk I really am at netpunk@diehippiedie.com. See ya.

The Captive Audience.

Imagine for a second that you were forced to spend half of every waking day in a building paid for with money from wealthy members of an organized crime ring. In this building, you're subject to a steady regiment of propaganda and misinformation that will help indoctrinate you into their system of thought. Through their various charades, they can actually make it appear as though they're actually doing you a favor when what's really happening is that they're recruiting you to be a part of their team (or at least make sure that you never become a threat to it).

As citizens in our democracy (the US that is), such an obvious display of thought control would be laughable. Our freedoms, which we often take for granted, ensure that situations like this could never occur here at home. Sadly enough, an identical scenario is being operated in other parts of the world as you read this. In far away, remote places like...hey, wait a minute...Topeka, Kansas? Boulder, Colorado? These aren't "far away, remote places." (insert Kansas joke here) These are towns right here in the good 'ol US of A. What's going on?

Its called school. Sometimes it's caused 'the public education system' too, but usually only by those who've already gotten a diploma from it. The only difference between the school system and the scenario I described at the outset is that you have to substitute the word 'corporations' for 'organized crime ring' (and really, they're basically synonyms now anyway, so you probably don't even need to bother).

There's a new trend flying around schools these days known as commercialism. The government has been a bit strapped for cash lately—building fighter jets, financing the technological revolution and all—so corporations, in their endless plight to be do-gooders, have decided to lend a helping hand (filled with money). Of course, gifts like these can't be accepted without sending an appropriate 'thank-you' card and school boards have found one with the perfect message (or lack thereof)—the student body.

Soda companies were among the first to target school children and, by this point, are about the most successful at doing it. Their most proven method thus far has been through exclusive contracts. In these cases, Coke or Pepsi will offer a good chunk of money to a school board and, in exchange, retain the right to be the sole purveyor of these magical elixirs throughout entire school districts. Oftentimes, the amount of money paid out by the company to the school system will be directly dependent upon how many cans of pop kids purchase over a given period of time, meaning that they are actually paying for their own education in exchange for some thirst-quenching beverages. The Soda Corps have also found novel methods of advertising their products to school kids. Let's say that the school football field needs a new scoreboard (forget about those history books for a second, will ya?). Pepsi says, "Hey, we'll pay for it." Wow...nice guys. Soon, a shiny new scoreboard arrives, complete with all the newest advancements in scoreboard technology and—whaddyaknow—a monster Pepsi logo on the top of it. Now every time the home team scores, Pepsi will be there. And that's not all. There are schools that have allowed soda companies to convert their entire rooftops into advertisements, so that they're well seen by anyone flying overhead. Some schools even have things like Coke Day, where the kids all wear Coke t-shirts and partake in a slightly modified version of their regular curriculum. In chemistry, they breakdown Coke's chemical content; in home economics, they learn all of the nutritional benefits of soft drinks (all two of them); in art, they see who can paint the best Coke logo, etc. At one point, the kids all get together and have a huge group photo taken while they're all decked out in their Coke garb. It was at this point when two students from a Georgia high school were suspended for three days for wearing Pepsi shirts and refusing to remove them.

Soda companies are also in cahoots with other trend-developing corporations to create the newest, and possibly the most amazingly disgusting, method of forcing students to view their advertisements. Channel One, a daily closed circuit TV news program, is broadcast into 40% of high schools throughout the nation. The program consists of 12 minutes of 'serious news' (no comment) and, here's the catch, 2 minutes of advertisements. Of course, these ads are what funds the production of the show, just like any other form of commercial television. And so, every day, school children are forced to watch a watered-down version of current events and simultaneously intake 2-minutes worth of images of chocolate bars, designer jeans, soft drinks and beauty supplies. The students in this case are, in every possible facet of the phrase, a captive audience. In fact, Channel One uses no subtlety in this department as their contract specifically spells out that students may not turn down the volume on the television nor turn their heads away from the screen.

Another mind-numbing development in school commercialization is being performed by internet companies. Channel One Online, AOL in the Classroom, ZapME!, and others provide free, school-wide access to the internet. However, they limit the access to sites that they find appropriate which, strangely enough, include a plethora of advertisers' sites. In these contracts, students are required to spend a certain number of minutes online per day and are encouraged to link to sites with 'contests' that require a good deal of personal information and brand preference questions. This info is then used to develop even more shady methods of selling product to these same kids.

Finally, using a method that seems to be directly lifted from the text of *1984*, corporations have made their way into schools by sending "information packets" directly to teachers. With these materials, a kid will learn nutritional information from a poster created by the fine folks at M&M/Mars (did you know that chocolate is an integral part of the food pyramid?) or will discover the wonders of modern agriculture from a pamphlet designed by Monsanto. No longer will information important to human development need to be researched by scientists and educators. It's much more efficient to have the multinationals do it for us. They can't really have anything but children's' be$t intre$t$ in mind, can they?

Commercialism in our schools is really just one example of the steady decline of our educational system. As that Noam

dude points out in his new book, *Chomsky on Miseducation*, the Trilateral Commission once described schools' function as that of "indoctrination of the youth," presumably to a non-existent standard of societal norms and morals. With corporations in our schools, the same thing occurs, just that a different set of bullies is doing the indoctrinating. Students will become a target audience and their education will be partially provided by mega-profit companies who will be allowed to present themselves in an appropriately biased manner, leaving critical thought (once considered the most important lesson learned in school) in the dust.

Of course, the excuse schools give for caving in to private interests is the need for money. Corporations can then make themselves out to be saints, providing cash-strapped schools with the money and equipment they need, when they're really doing little more than finding unique ways to get themselves a bit more brand loyalty. The fact you rarely hear mentioned is that one of the main reasons schools are hurting for funds is because these same corporations find every tax loophole possible to avoid paying their fair share.

Alas, there are things that can be done to improve the situation. First of all, you can find out from your school board exactly how commercialized they've made the place. Do they have exclusive contracts with Coke or Pepsi or Nike or Reebok or Channel One? If they do, talk to other students in your school and see if they're bothered by it and what can be done about the situation. Print up some 'Out of Order' stickers and stick 'em on all of the pop machines in your school. Attend school board meetings and let your voice be heard. Students across the country have come up with some amazingly creative ways of putting up a fight when corporations have come knockin' at the door. If you're still at a loss for ideas, you could call The Center for Commercial-Free Public Education at 1-800-UNPLUG-1 or e-mail 'em at unplug@igc.org. They're a fantastic group of students that are doing everything they can to keep ads, logos and misinformation out of schools. You might be relatively amazed to find out how many people find this facet of education disgusting. To fight may not be terribly difficult, it just may take some extracurricular activity.

MORE.

1. As a new feature to this column, I'll be providing a list of resources you can check out if you'd like to research these topics more on your own (I said "more on"). To save this mag some space, you'll have to request it from me directly. Either e-mail me at naytron@hotmail.com or write to me at the address below.
2. I'm still looking for some good zines to get in at our local radical bookstore (and by that, I mean zines we can sell). If you put one out, send me a copy. Here's the address: Rainbow Bookstore Co-op, c/o Nathan Berg, 426 W. Gilman St. Madison, WI 53703. Someday I'll get around to getting a PO Box, but use this address for now.

I've come to realize just how important it is to have the support of friends. To feel that there are people there for you when you need them. To have people give support to what you do. I have been feeling really anti-social and alienated of late. It's a hard thing to feel that "your people" just are not around. I do have great friends close at hand, but often we don't interact enough. And likewise I have amazing friends all around the country - but they are far away and leave a hole in my daily life. I've been struggling with things of late and feeling really down. Frustrated that in this season of celebration - I'm down right depressed and still struggling daily with feelings of inadequacy and stress. It seems to take me forever to get anything done, though I'm always hard at work. And so often I stop and question - is it worth it? Does anyone care?

Well it's amazing how simply that validation can come. I've managed to get out of town for a couple of explosive weekends - and I had the chance to feel reconnected to my people. Get back in touch with those who I've felt long lost from. And through that, I have found my inspiration. It is amazing how simple it can be. A few people saying "congratulations on your 15th anniversary with Slug & Lettuce" and other such simple inquiries and expressions of support. To have someone ask how I have been or what I have been doing - and to really listen to the answer and pursue my responses. Wow! I didn't realize how much it was lacking and how much I needed it until it was there. That combined with seeing so many people I have lost touch with - some who I think of often - wondering where they are and what they're up to — and others who I've almost forgotten about. In seeing all the familiar faces - wherever they are - I feel "at home" again. Familiar friendly faces do a lot for one who's felt alone for so long.

And so it becomes the classic spring explosion of energy.

I walked and walked and walked the streets of New York City and felt so alive. I enjoyed the jostling dance with strangers on the crowded streets. But for once, I felt no stress - only exhilaration. I ate pizza while walking down the street. Enjoyed the corner vegetable stands that are overflowing with fresh flowers and perfect fruits. Got my yucca root. I drank deep of the energy and I really got a lift from it. Reading on the subway, while balancing to the bouncing speed of the train. Turning the book's pages with my nose. I couldn't help but think about how much more reading I could get done if I could be reading all the time I drive around Richmond. And I really loved the aggressive edge of the city - the push to get where you are going. The speed with which everything moves. Darting in and out of traffic to cross the street. All of the very things that freaked me out and stressed me out years ago were a source of adrenaline and inspiration.

But nothing was better than returning to ABC NO RIO. The Oath and Total Fury were playing. I had thought Limp Wrist was playing also - but that didn't work out, much to my disappointment. I knew it was going to be a good show and I realized that there were going to be a lot of people I knew at this show. Damn it was good. I felt like I was back in my place again. There is an energy there like no other place. While the bands were playing and flailing their bodies and instruments around - people were screaming and raising their fists in the air, propelling their bodies over one another - and in an awesome burst of hardcore enthusiasm. I felt the specialness of this long standing building smacked in the middle of this crazy city and was so appreciative that it was still active and alive. To remember that a good show at ABC is like no other place. I couldn't help but reflect on days gone by and feel such a surge of fire and energy. I felt like I had purpose again. I felt validated in all that I believe in and strive to do. I didn't realize how much I needed all of it.

It was much the same feeling when I saw Harum Scarum play in Pennsylvania at the Solidarity Conference. That was a whole weekend of workshops and a gathering of punks not only to see some bands - but more focused on activism and issues. The perfection with which the entire conference was organized and the details to which the organizers went to make it idealistic was realized so perfectly. There was so much going on at any one time - that it was impossible to take it all in - but the inspiration was flying full tilt. The sort of inspiration that fuels the energy to defy sleep. Seth Tobocman did his slide show - and it was one of the most intense and moving things I have every experienced. It threw me back into the early 90s in NYC. To an intense time for me that I now realize how much that time and that place had an impact on me. That for a few short years of living - my life was defined. It's an intense realization. To see Seth talking about the army tank that was rolled in front of the squat by the police to fend of squatters. And having a friend ask me if that was true. Oh how true it was. I visit friends now in a squat in NYC and that same source of inspiration flows readily. The amazing spaces that they have created for themselves and their families. The creative abilities, the truly revolutionary activities they pursue - and I'm not talking about cliché smash the state shit. I'm talking about training to be a medic and studying holistic healing. How tending a garden involves a fight to keep them defended. It's about maintaining a lifestyle that the quickly gentrifying city would like to crush. The energy is unending.

Back at the Conference - I was thrilled to see so many punks up and about early in the morning going to workshops. Brought to the gathering by the ideas and information exchange more so

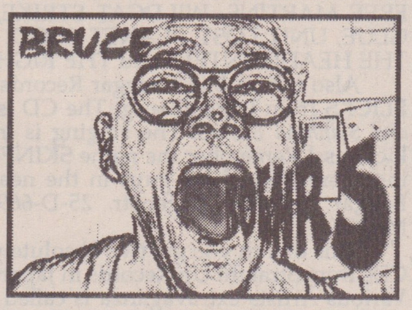
than to see a band or two. Although when the days workshops ended and the punk show got started - what a thrill that was. Again - to feel that reconnection with lost people. To catch up on activities. To see people out of context from cities all around the north east. To feel the purpose of gathering together - to talk, to inspire, and even to rock out. And Harum Scarum! Seeing one of my favorite bands in such a fantastic setting, fueled by the day and the people from afar put a huge smile on my face. Crouching down by the PA to photograph them and looking up and the crowd and seeing all women up front, rocking out, with those same rad smiles and feeling the strength and power of these rad women. Damn it was good.

Back here in Richmond - I have my garden. It keeps me sane and I have been spending every possible moment I can cultivating the land and tending to my plants. For years I have felt myself retreating from the urban center and being more and more drawn to nature - whether it be a part of a rural setting. I want to get down with the trees and get away from the crowds. But as much as that pull sustains me - it's just as important to realize how important that link to other people, to 'my people', is. Staying connected and feeling a part of a larger whole is what sustains me. And being reminded that the support network is there and that those dear supportive and caring friends are out there, well it's something that I have to remember to seek out more. Cause feeling that fire of inspiration burning within is a feeling like no other.

On the topic of rad women and books, let me recommend the book "Cunt: A Declaration of Independence" by Inga Musico. I tore through this one with a rabid feeling of empowerment. I wanted to get a copy for every woman friend that I love. Like a fist in the air this book is not only rad but totally inspiring and very highly recommended!

Chris(tine) c/o Slug & Lettuce, PO Box 26632, Richmond, VA 23261-6632

"Breakdown"



Fuck Yes! The world famous TEMPLARS have new product out on GMM Records. This "The Horns of Hattin" CD was recorded in August of 1999 in Atlanta, Georgia and covers material written by the TEMPLARS from 1998 to 1999. After an introduction in French the TEMPLARS push into "Video Age". The next song is "H Street" with the superior guitar playing of Mr. Fritscher. "Shift the Blame" slows the pace down a little and is another showcase for Carl's brilliant guitar work. Then the TEMPLARS surge right into "Nowhere to Play", which is extremely appropriate for the shortsighted skinheads who have managed to ruin the scene in several cities. The next tune is "Consequences" with an introduction of just acoustic guitar, a smattering of bass lines and a plaintive vocal. Then...the TEMPLARS fall into their signature sound with the solid rhythm guitar backbone and the stunning guitar leads mixed on top with Carl's deep vocals! "Enemies" creates quite a furor with its agitated guitar leads and emphatic bass line walking hand in hand with Phil's powerhouse drumming. "Breakdown" is a massive rock n' roll song in the tradition of "I Don't Like You" or "9 to 5". It's easy to see how the ROLLING STONES and THE WHO created a rock n' roll monster that bloomed in Blackpool, England in 1977 with "All Screwed Up".

The TEMPLARS slow things down with "Lies" - an introspective number, and then clobber you immediately afterwards with "Demagogue" - a great song! The TEMPLARS have no great love for people in power who manipulate the common man. "Demagogue" has excellent shouted backing choruses by the Sons of Acre. "Ockham's Razor" starts off with a slow, menacing, almost Angus Young-like guitar introduction and laces in some fine gruff vocals for you skinheads. The loping bass and rhythm guitar chemistry of "Ockham's Razor" blends into a truly memorable TEMPLAR's song. Great gruff vocals flesh this masterpiece out. The TEMPLARS have demonstrated once again why they are the top-dog in the Oi! music universe!

There are several different types of songs on this *The Horn's Of Hattin* CD, and all of them are bristling with power! The sound on this TEMPLARS release is very good and will appeal to the pre-"Omsne Datum Optimum" TEMPLARS fans.

The second GMM presentation for you is the *Skins & Pins, Volume II* Various Artists compilation. This new CD has many hits! Check out the bands included on this fucker: PATRIOT with *Songs for the Youth;* THE TROUBLE with *Grasping at Straws;* WRETCHED ONES with *Dead Man Working;* DUCKY BOYS with *Doing Time;* AGNOSTIC FRONT with *Nobody's Hero;* IRON CROSS with *You're a Rebel;* THE BOILS with *Kids with a Vision;* ANTI-HEROS with *Sunset Unlimited;* ADOLF AND THE PISS ARTISTS with *Stand Alone;* PRESSURE POINT with *Richard Davies;* DROPKICK MURPHYS with *Third Man In;* WHISKEY REBELS with *Streets Gave You to Me;* TEMPLARS with *Breakdown;* CONDEMNED 84 with *Face the Aggression;* GLOBAL THREAT with *Until We Die;* HUDSON FALCONS with *Abandoned Vets;* FORGOTTEN with *Get Out;* ONE WAY SYSTEM with *Pressure On;* VIGILANTES with *In His Eyes;* SUBURBAN THREAT with *Don't Try to Run" (Fucking great!!!)* MAIN STREET SAINTS with *Main Street;* BOMBSHELL ROCKS with *Kings and Queens;* REMIX with *My Scars;* BREAKAWAY with *OK to Kill;* KRAYS with *Song on CD;* and MAJOR ACCIDENT with *Kick to Kill.*

Also out on GMM this month is the IRON CROSS CD *Live For Now!* This CD has all the hits from the old days. Sixteen tracks of original American skinhead music: *New Breed; War games; It's A Fight; Teenage Violators; Live For Now; (a skinhead classic!!!) Crucified For Your Sins; Psycho Skin; Fight 'Em All; Shadows In the Night; Against The Enemy; Criminal Minds; Psycho Skin (out take); Death Or Glory; Wolf pack; Gray Morning; and You're a Rebel.*

Yes! New Jersey's Squigtone Records has some excellent product for you punks this month. We'll kick off the festivities with the infamous HEADWOUND from Bergen County, New Jersey. HEADWOUND'S Squigtone CD is called *The Early Years..* This fucker contains the entire HEADWOUND debut EP from 1991, which came out on Armen's Headache Records. You remember "Tuck-A-Buck", "Greater Than Zero, Less Than One", and "Barfly" from that EP - great songs! Also included is the 1992 HEADWOUND release- the *The Kings of Beer* EP, (also originally on Headache) with four more New Jersey Oi! songs! The classic title track "Kings of Beer" is a HEADWOUND anthem!! "Shut Up" continues the enthusiastic and cynical Oi!! Then, HEADWOUND fucks your world up with their great "Keep It In The Country" tune - there are some strong sentiments here! After "Terminal Delinquent", you get two songs from 1992's *Thinking and Drinking* EP originally on Dim Records from Germany. The CD finishes off with a nice cover of Del Shannon's "Runaway", two unreleased demos and two live songs from the Phoenix Club. Along with NIBLICK HENBANE, THE WRETCHED ONES and THOSE UNKNOWN, HEADWOUND helped define New Jersey style American Oi! Contact HEADWOUND at harrybaggs@email.com.

Next up in the cornucopia of punk and skinhead releases from Squigtone is the various artist CD *Greasers, Punks, & Skins #2* - a compilation loaded with good rock n' roll. Some of the stand out tracks are: SQUIGGY doing "Journalistic Truth"; HUDSON FALCONS doing "Worker Fate"; THE OUTSIDERS playing "The Crisis"; THE OI! SCOUTS with their song "Bleeding Hearts"; HEADWOUND crushing you with "Straight to Hell"; ADOLF AND THE PISS ARTISTS doing "We Don't Pose" and WRETCHED ONES doing "Schaefer". Great Oi! and Punk here!

Next up on Squigtone: THE SURVIVORS. THE SURVIVORS play New Jersey punk rock with a capital "P". THE SURVIVORS lament the futile wars, the state control and the brainwashing of the youth by the system. This is feisty political punk with well thought out concepts. The music is in your face RANDUMBS style fast punk rock. The lyrics are poignant and increasingly important in these troubled times. Read the lyrics to "Under the Influence": "From the beginning of your life you've been taught and raised, to follow the thoughts and ideas they gave/They fed you into your mind the ways they felt were right, but are these the ways that you want to live your life?/Are all your decisions made on your own, or are you living your life

like a clone?/Following these ways because its what you believe, or following these ways because your supposed to be?/Who lets you decide when you're under the influence?/They control your mind when you're under the influence/We're running out of time/We're under the influence/Who will determine your future life when we're under the influence?/It takes real courage to dismiss what you've been taught if you know that it's a lie and you believe its wrong/The path they lead us down may be the way to go but if we just pacify then we never will know/ "Don't wanna learn the hard way," is what they say, "so follow our path and do as we say."/If we never stop and question we'll never know what could have been, no one knows what their future brings."

These punks present their views with intelligence and wisdom beyond their years. Give the *Where Did We Go Wrong* CD a spin.

Next up on the menu from Squigtone is VOID CONTROL with their CD *Voices From the Void*. These punks rock your little world with 1977 style punk that has a STITCHES/SMOGTOWN feel to it on some numbers and a super-snotty fuzzed out guitar punk mayhem on other tunes. Listen to VOID CONTROL cut loose on "Repeat Offenders", "Razor Baby", "Running Out", "Death Mobile" and "God Complex". This is good punk rock!

Item number five in the Squigtone variety pack this month is the INSUBORDINATES with their CD *Four Years Later*. This is fast and loud punk and Oi! with shouted vocals, guitars blazing and great sing-a-long choruses. The band starts out with the "We're the Insubordinates" anthem and then slam into a strong cut called "Liberate Us" which has a real good BONECRUSHER sound to it.

These beer drinking punks are "pist at the world". The music combines the best elements of American hardcore punk with early English influences like the VARUKERS. The guitars churn ahead furiously with the vocals boiling over in the foreground. These irreverent punks criticize many of the ills of our modern society: the cops in "Pig Patrol"; mindless fighting in "Tough Guys Finish Last"; fashion punks in "Trendy Wankers"; working at a dead end job in "Time To Go To Work". The music is relentless, no nonsense punk rock with catchy rhythms. Damn good! Write to Squigtone Records at PO. Box 38, Newton, NJ 07860; www.angelfire.com/nj1/squigtone' squiggy@nac.net/ 73-823-1276.

For the skinhead legions from Holland to Serbia, you get a brand new CD by HEROES AND ZEROS called *Everybody Digs Heroes and Zeros*. This is rough and tumble street punk/Oi! with strident guitar and a horn punctuating the first song "Sloba". Three of the members of HEROES AND ZEROS are originally from Serbia and some of the singing is in Serbian. The second song is "We Don't Like You", with gruff singing, good guitar playing; harmonies and that horn part to catch you off guard. Very good! Read the words to "We Don't Like You": You're just a product/Of commercial TV/Fancy metal magazines/And stupid MTV/You're just a clown/You're just a joke/Now you wanna be a skinhead/But it's not gonna work/You're singing about the streets/But you live on a farm/ You cut your mullet/You tattooed your arm/You wanna be big, you wanna be tough/But your stupid face just makes us laugh/In our scene you're not gonna fit/Move your ass cause you're full of shit/ Your insincerity we don't need/We don't like you."

The HEROES AND ZEROS touch on many subjects such as the rise of fascism in Serbia, misinformation from NATO and the media, people who want some of life's rewards but are not willing to earn them, and freedom fighters who strive for better rights for working people around the world. The trumpet playing actually works on this CD. Some of the singing is deeper and some is higher, reminding one of the ANTI-HEROS, whose song was an inspiration for naming the band. A good CD!

Yeah you fucks! Fresh out this month on GUNDOG's New Blood Records is DEADLINE, formed with two members of GUNDOG and two members of KNUCKLEDUST with Liz fronting the band. The *TV Dreams* EP is filled with melodic Oi! that features Liz handling the lead singing chores,(she also did the back-up vocals on the last GUNDOG LP). Nic, James and Herve play the guitars and Ray plays drums. The title track, "TV Dreams" captures some of the frustration of growing up in a society where elusive riches are paraded across your television screen. "No Way Out" leads off side two and this song cuts to the quick: "Wake up,get up, go to work/It's always the same old story/It's always dull and dreary/Everyday he wants to run away from something new, do something good, be someone too/But there's no way out/It's a living hell/That's what it's all about/You live it everyday/There's no end in sight/They want to take your dreams away/Wake up, get up, go to work from 9 to 5 till closing time/You close your eyes and join the line/Folks like you ain't got no say, and it's getting harder day by day/Wake up get up go to work/You close your eyes and do your time." Good stuff!!

Intimidation Records from Scotland have a new punk rock EP for you knuckleheads! On the heels of the release of the historic PATROL *"Unknown Soldiers* recordings from 1981 to 1983", Intimidation releases the SWELLBELLYS and their *Self Destruct* EP. This shit is fast punk performed with lots of excitement by this new group from Edinburgh, Scotland. On side "A", the SWELLBELLYS blast through "Self Destruct" and "Hate". "Self Destruct" is an up-tempo ANTIDOTE type of punk with a frisky by-the numbers assault. "Hate" starts out a little slower then crashes into a hard-core punk fury during it's finale. Side two leads off with "Mindfuck" which has a punk marching cadence pushing it forward, while the band shouts "You might fuck them, but you won't fuck me". Song number four is "Revenge" which begins quietly then delivers a crushing blow! The music brings back memories of old CHAOS UK and RIOT SQUAD songs. - lots of guitar power. "Revenge" has strong opinions to offer- there are some extremely pissed off lyrics about pedophiles .

Brand new Oi! music is coming to you from Blind Beggar Records in Germany! The new compilation is called "Brewed in Sweden- *The Premier league of Streetpunk/Oi!"* . This fine new CD compilation showcases fourteen of Sweden's top punk n' Oi! outfits, playing twenty six songs that are exclusive to this CD compilation. You get tracks from AGENT BULLDOGG, DIM'S REBELLION, PERKELE, THE FISTICUFFS, THE NEGATIVES, FREE MARTINS, WILDCAT STRIKE, THE PINTS, SNIFFIN' GLUE, UNIT LOST, PLANET POGO, MEDBORGARGARDET, THE HEADHUNTERS and THE RIGHTEOUS. Great stuff!

Also out on Blind Beggar Records is the new CD by SKINFLICKS from Luxembourg. The CD is called *Lies, Damned Lies and Skinhead Stories*. The singing is in English and the music kicks ass! Remember the name SKINFLICKS- you will be hearing more from these guys in the near future. Write to: Blind Beggar Records, Bogenstr. 25-D-66957, Eppenbrunn, GERMANY.

This month you get two absolutely murderous compilation CDs from Straight Up Records in Japan. The first mind boggling Various Artists extravaganza is called *Means To An End*, and it features: THE DICK SPIKIE; SANDIEST; THE CREED; RUST; RADIO SHANGHAI; CONSTRICTED; DISCLOSE; EXTINCT GOVERNMENT; HAT TRICKERS; BOLLOCKS; THE SPECTATORS; THE THUG HOSTAGE; REBEL YOUTH; and FRANTIC STUFFS. This is a good compilation that covers lots of punk and Oi! territory!

Compilation number two is called *Various Artists - Oi! United Nation* and this fucker will devastate you!! You get two CD's of some of the hardest Japanese Oi! on the planet. The bands included are: OI! VULCANS with their great tune "Smash the Wall", BULLHEAD, THE BRACES doing "Standing On Our Feet", SELECT YOUTH doing "I Don't Care", ANGER FLARES, DUST BOX, ONE FOR ALL, ROTHMANS, NEW DAWN, STRONG BLOSSOM, STAMINA, RAISE A FLAG with a tough Oi! song "Never To Submit", KINSMEN, SMILE, MARTIN BOOTS, YOUTH ANTHEM- One of the very best of the current crop of Japanese Skinhead Bands, BACK BLOW, NO RETURN, PROUD THE BOOTS, 48-UNION, and WAR MACHINE doing "Warrior". This huge compilation offers a magnificent cross section of contemporary Japanese Oi! bands.

, Bandworm Records has some Punk and Oi! material for you this month! RUHESTOHRUNK present their *Rhythmus des Nordens* EP for your listening pleasure. The vocals are sung in gruff German with fine accompaniment from the band. Side "A" begins with the title cut "Rhythmus de Nordens" and goes directly into "Schlachtruf Oi!" which has a spirited chorus and a good melody. The mid-paced Oi! momentum of this quality EP is balanced with a well chosen amount of guitar leads. The third

song on side "A" is "Neue Zeit" which picks the tempo up a notch. Good! Side "B" leads off with "Trinken, Feiern, Spaß" which has a fast then slow, then fast approach to Oi!. The vocals are extra deep and menacing. The final song on side "B" is "Alte Stadt" by Theodor Jacobs with a Punk n' Oi! connection and full volume guitar noise behind it. Quite good!

Record number two in the Bandworm contribution this month is another German language selection entitled: EASTSIDE BOYS with their *Der Letzte im Lokal* EP. The first song is the title song; this is a pleasant street punk/Oi! offering that has solid lead singing, competent harmonies and a really forceful guitar backdrop. Song number two on side one is "Philosophen", which puts a strong emphasis on the accomplished playing and the punk building blocks of the EASTSIDE BOYS.

Side two leaps into the German Oi! fold once more with "Zusammenhalt". This song has a good combination of Oi! and punk sensibilities that work in unison. Song two incorporates even one more element into the punk/Oi! mixture. On "Oi! Punk Rock n' Roll Sachische Schweiz", the EASTSIDE BOYS manage to work in a small psychobilly influence ala MAD SIN. Interesting! Song three on side two, starts out with a classical guitar riff played on acoustic instruments. The sensitive vocal pulls at the heart strings. The song is called "Gunther Netzer" and a listener who does not understand German can only assume it is a tribute to a loved one,-respectful to Gunther, but having nothing to do with rock n' roll. Otherwise this is an intriguing release.

A hard rocking punk record for you drunks this month on Bandworm is LOUSY doing their "Bullet on the Rocks" EP. Besides the rollicking title cut you get good punk rock on "Beelzebub" and "Generation of Soldiers". This is alcohol fueled Southern California style Punk Rock like the HUMPERS or U.S. BOMBS exhibit. LOUSY has a gutsy, heavy- handed punk rock sound- give this Bandworm release a listen at your earliest convenience!

The fourth slice of vinyl offered by Bandworm Records this month is the EP by HOLLY 13 called *Great Stuff*. This music is melodic punk rock with lots of hooks and charming guitar driven melodies. "Get Out Tonight" has fine sing-a-long harmonies which encourage you to go down to the local bar. The punk music is good natured fun with well executed playing throughout. Side two picks up the punk pace by a few notches with "Good For Nothing", which has a pleasing street punk feel to it, not unlike the SWINGIN' UTTERS. There are bar room noises during a quiet interlude in the middle of the song and then "Good For Nothing" ends with enthusiasm.

"Greetings From Hell" almost has a METEORS type of psychobilly beat to it. This band is quite eclectic, and can play several different styles reasonably well.

Write to Bandworm Records for a large selection of Oi!, punk and hardcore products including records, CDs, t-shirts, fan zines, buttons and videos. Write: Bandworm, c/o Mark Lorenz, Weinbergstr. Za, D-39106, Magdeburg, Germany/www.oi-punk.de.

BARSE 77 from England has a good CD out called *Negative Reaction*. This is melodic Oi! with good singing and a studied guitar accompaniment percolating along behind the entire package. The songs are short and sweet, with a sophisticated approach to punk and Oi! which compares favorably to the KILLJOYS or the BUZZCOCKS. The music is so accomplished one would never guess that BARSE 77 are blacklisted by local promoters and newspaper publishers- The band can only perform with other politically incorrect bands like MERCYLESS KOP at shows they organise themselves! You would be well advised to acquire the "Negative Reaction" CD by BARSE 77- You will be thoroughly entertained! The CD can be purchased from Savage Amusement Label c/o T. Howarth, Rosehill, 20 Front St. Tanfield Lea, Stanley, Co. Durham, DH 9 9LY, UK for ten dollars. e-mail Savage Amusement at: trevhagl@hotmail.com for a list of Records, CDs, Badges, T-Shirts and Skinhead Gear available

.Apparently one MRR reviewer did not understand the punk approach incorporated into the music on the "Negative Reaction" CD. Some of the BARSE 77 songs are clearly tongue-in-cheek, but all are musically interesting with hooks and catchy melodies. This is a good natured romp through politics, novelty tunes, girl trouble and unemployment. Good shit!

VERY METAL from St. Louis, Missouri, has a punk-as-fuck onslaught prepared for you cretins this month on Beer City Records. This shit rocks like a motherfucker with EXPLOITED type of punk guitar attack. The songs come at you fast and hard! The full-fisted bass and metallic guitar leads combined with deep and authoritative singing make for a tough punk sound. On songs like "Lookin' Down the Barrel" and "I Don't Care", you get the melodic under-current of twin-guitar attack and booming bass and drum interplay, all the while maintaining the rough punk vision of VERY METAL founder Pat Nutsack on lead guitar. If you like old D.R.I. and CRO-MAGS, you should give this a spin! Contact VERY METAL at: PO Box 5203, St. Louis, MO or Beer City Records at: PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53226; www.beercity.com.

Don't forget to go to the Beer Olympics in Atlanta this year. Here's the line up: CONDEMNED 84, AGNOSTIC FRONT, TEMPLARS, ANTI-HEROS, IRON CROSS, OXYMORON, FORCED REALITY, PATRIOT, PRESSURE POINT, FORGOTTEN, DUCKY BOYS, HUDSON FALCONS, ADOLF AND THE PISS ARTISTS, KRAYS, TERMINUS CITY, THE BOILS, SUBURBAN THREAT, RELIX, WHISKEY REBELS, THE TRADITIONALS, BREAKAWAYS, KING SIZED BRACES, SUBMACHINE, DEAD EMPTY and NO HOLDS BARRED.

Till next month-
See ya in hell!

GUEST COLUMN

by Krishna Rau

Racism is certainly not new to rock music. Rock achieved its first widespread popular flowering when white musicians took over the music from its black progenitors, marketing it to white teens as something other than "nigger music." And as the music progressed from Elvis through the Beatles and Stones, it often seemed to become as much a measure of whiteness as a black-derived art form. Whether through their songs or their actions, rock stars like Jagger, Clapton and Bowie all spouted well-publicized racist sentiments.

And despite the rise in the late '60s and early '70s of black—and often political—rock through Motown or such artists as James Brown or Curtis Mayfield, the center of the rock stage had been ceded to white musicians. Despite their professed contempt for that tradition, it was precisely that history punk rockers were tapping into.

Punk billed itself as a reaction to the overindulgence of progressive rockers like Bowie or Clapton. But punk continued to indulge in racism, though like the music itself, punk blew it up and splashed it around. Their predecessors mostly reserved their racist escapades for off-stage, but punks not only sported Nazi regalia, but cheerfully sang about Hitler and concentration camps. And it was punk that first began to attract the attention of fascist groups such as the National Front and the British Movement.

The British and American punk bands of the late '70s and early '80s made a virtue of anger. While a few bands like the Clash put forward a political manifesto of a sort, most indulged in a scorched earth policy. When the Sex Pistols emerged in 1976 with "Anarchy in the UK" and "God Save the Queen," it signaled a revolution ready to turn its rage on anything representative of the old England. That rage was quickly turned inward, though, as self-hate—epitomized by Sid Vicious—began to take over. And as punks realized that ultimately they were just another commodity, they began to vent their anger about their powerlessness against more traditionally vulnerable targets—visible minorities, gays and women.

By January, 1978, the Pistols were finishing a disastrous American tour. They played their final concert in San Francisco, performing "Belsen Was A Gas," captured on the album *The Great Rock 'N' Swindle*. The song opens: "Belsen was a gas, I heard the other day/ About the open graves where the Jews all

lay/ Life is fun and I wish you were here/ They wrote on postcards to those held dear." The song concludes with Rotten exhorting the crowd to "Be someone, kill someone, be a man, kill yourself." It's impossible not to take this seriously. Watching Rotten spit out the words in sneering anger to thousands of rabid fans, while Sid Vicious, arms bandaged to cover heroin tracks, bleeds from self-inflicted cuts, is downright frightening.

Not content to leave it at that, the Pistols (minus Rotten and the now-dead Vicious) decided to redo the song for a film, with Ronnie Biggs, a train robber then living in South America, taking the lead vocals. The band changes the second verse to "Frisk the Jews for bacon rolls/When they found out what they've got/Line them up and shoot the lot." Then an actor costumed as Nazi Martin Bormann prances across the screen, while Biggs intones "Nothing must stand in our way."

The Pistols were far from the only punks to write such songs. Nazi imagery were rampant among punks of the time. In fact, members of the Damned, Pretenders, Generation X and others started out in a group called the London SS, which made liberal use of swastikas and Hitler references, as did Siouxsie and the Banshees, Christian Death and others. In 1978, the Boomtown Rats, led by Bob Geldof, released the jaunty little tune "(I Never Loved) Eva Braun," a song written from Hitler's point of view. Geldof sings "I never heard all the screams/I never saw the blood and dirt and gore/That wasn't part of the dream/Of maps and generals and uniforms...Underneath I was really gentle/Dja ever see me touch a scrap of meat?"

The late '70s also saw the emergence of the ultimate nihilistic band, Manchester's Joy Division. Their name was taken from the concentration camp brothels the Nazis kept stocked with female slaves. Joy Division's starkly formal music has a cold beauty, but it also has a frightening impersonality and is saturated with the self-loathing of singer Ian Curtis. And on songs like "Leaders of Men" ("Leaders of men, born out of your frustration/Leaders of men, just a strange infatuation/Leaders of men, made a promise for a new life/We'll save you for our sakes") or "Day of the Lords" ("I guess you were right/When we talked in the heat/There's no room for the weak"), that impersonality and self-loathing can sound threateningly fascistic. When Curtis (whom a biography by his widow reveals was obsessed with Nietzschean philosophy and Nazi uniforms) hanged himself, the remaining members reformed as New Order.

But so what? To many people it was a joke, an attempt to shock. At worse, it was just some assholes making fools of themselves, right? The problem is that rock, and perhaps punk in particular, serves as a means of social identity for people of all races. Rock critic Greil Marcus wrote in a 1981 article on L.A. punk of an interview with an Asian American in the punk documentary "The Decline of Western Civilization." The kid calmly talks about killing Jews or hippies, oblivious to how the music performed in the film might cast him as a similar target. "That is the true black hole of the number," writes Marcus. "Attacked, one may side with one's attacker, and accept the terms of the attack."

In fact, by this time the modern hate movement was up and running, and the two main British groups—the National Front and the British Movement—were looking closely at music. Initially, the groups' skinhead members tried to recruit fans of existing groups, and then took to disrupting the shows of groups with little sympathy for their views. In 1977, the Stranglers had a concert in Sweden violently disrupted by neo-fascists. Neo-fascists would regularly interrupt gigs and beat up members of leftist Leeds bands The Mekons and Delta 5. Punk band Sham 69 attracted a large number of neo-nazi fans, to the band's dismay. A July, 1979 concert degenerated into a raging battle between fascists and punk fans, and the band, deciding enough was enough, stopped playing live shows.

When the grass-roots musical organization Rock Against Racism formed, fascist groups decided to play their own music. Dubbed "Oi," this was louder and harder than punk and was targeted at working class youth. And although not all Oi bands were fascist, some of the most prominent certainly were. The singer of the 4-Skins was a bodyguard for the leader of the British Movement and fans of Splodge would greet the band with Nazi salutes. The result was frequently racist assaults after shows by these bands. One group that emerged from this scene, Skrewdriver, is considered by many to be the fathers of modern hate rock, and was highly visible in white supremacist circles until the death of their singer.

These bands represented the essential paradox of punk, and, indeed, of organized racism itself. Punks and skinheads see themselves as Other, as outsiders. But instead of attacking society's power structures, they, too, attack the Other: blacks, Jews, women, gays. In some sense they attack themselves.

In 1981, the Dead Kennedys released "Nazi Punks Fuck Off." Jello Biafra recognized that punk is angry music, but he also recognized that often, that anger was directed at the wrong targets. The song ends "You still think swastikas look cool/The real Nazis run your schools/They're coaches, businessmen and cops/In a real fourth Reich, you'll be the first to go."

Punk in the States had predated that in Britain, moving from the Velvet Underground to The Stooges, and proceeding through the New York Dolls and the Ramones. And signs of racism began to show earlier in American punk as well. Former Velvets singer Nico used to perform "Deutschland Uber Alles." She told a magazine interviewer in the '70s that she was dropped from Island Records because of her views on blacks. "I made a mistake. I said in Melody Maker to some interviewer that I didn't like negroes... I don't like the features. They're so much like animals. It's cannibals, no?" In the early seventies, the Dolls used to occasionally wear swastikas, and guitarist Johnny Thunders told a magazine he wanted to hold a benefit concert at Belsen for Nazi fugitives. In 1974, Iggy Pop, the godfather of punk, introduced a song at a Stooges concert by yelling "Our next selection tonight for all you Hebrew ladies in the audience is entitled 'Rich Bitch.'" The band's bassist also used to wear swastikas and Iron Crosses and later named his solo band New Order.

American bands continued to exhibit those same attitudes during and after the British punk explosion. According to Bangs' article, for example, there was Miriam Linna of the Cramps and then the Zantees, posing in front of the headquarters of the United White Peoples' Party for a punk fanzine, also called New Order.

James Chance, the singer and saxophonist for the Contortions, dismissed black music in an interview as "just a bunch of nigger bullshit." In an interview with Jon Savage in his book *England's Dreaming*, Contortions keyboardist Adele Bertei said that sort of casual racism was what disillusioned her about the music scene. "Things started to go sour for me when I started hearing all the racist bullshit. James Chance flirted with it: it was, let's outrage as much as we can, to the point where you're sacrificing your morals to shout racist abuse."

But it wasn't really until the late '70s and early '80s, in Los Angeles, that American punk truly found its musical and racist voice. The L.A. music scene consisted of seminal bands whose influence is still felt today: X, Black Flag, Fear. All these bands were young and angry; some chose to direct that anger at the most vulnerable.

Fear, led by Lee Ving, advocated gay bashing and wrote about raping and dismembering women. Black Flag released "White Minority," with the lines "Gonna be a white minority/All the rest will be the majority/Gonna breed inferiority," a song which, despite the fact that it's sung by Mexican-American Ron Reyes, seems to have prophesied The Bell Curve. Black Flag claimed it was a joke. Three years later, after Henry Rollins had taken over as singer, they released *My War*, an album whose cover features a hand-puppet of Hitler holding a butcher's knife. The title track begins "My war/You're one of them/You say that you're my friend/But you're one of them." X produced "Los Angeles," which predicted the city's white exodus with verses like "She had started to hate every nigger and Jew/Every Mexican who gave her lotta shit/Every homosexual and the idle rich."

In Washington, local legends Minor Threat demonstrated that even the most left-wing of punk bands was not immune from the temptations of racism. The band released "Guilty of Being White," which, intentionally or not, sounds uncannily like the protestations of white supremacists. "You blame me for something I didn't do/I lynched someone, but I don't know who/You blame me for slavery/100 years before I was born/Guilty of being white/I'm a convict of a racist crime/I've only served 19 years of my time/Guilty of being white."

Meanwhile, in Canada, bands like The Viletones and

Forgotten Rebels were also playing with racism. The Viletones, led by Steven Leckie (who wore an Iron Cross and went by name Nazi Dog), released the first Canadian punk single in 1977, "Screaming Fist." Their debut album, *A Taste of Honey*, re-released in 1995, also contains the bouncy "Swastika Girl" ("I'm gonna follow Swastika Girl/Wherever she may go").

The Rebels released such songs as "Bomb the Boats" which starts "I don't want no foreign pricks to take my job away from me/My tax dollars paid their ransom/Would they do the same for me?/I don't want them around so let them drown/Bomb the boats and feed their fucking flesh to the fish." The Rebels, who still regularly play Toronto clubs, claimed their songs were part of a stage persona, a la Andrew Dice Clay.

The claim of humor is a common defense. It is possible to use offensive sentiments as irony. Take the Dead Kennedys' "Kill the Poor": "Jane Fonda on the screen today/ Convinced the liberals it's okay/ So let's get dressed and dance the night away/ While they kill the poor tonight." Or there's Canadian band the Dik Van Dykes, a group of peculiar 80s punks whose second album contains a song called "Klaus Barbie," partly about the infamous Nazi known as the Butcher of Lyon. The songs goes: "My sister had a Barbie and she named it Klaus/ My Dad found out and threw her out of the house/ Klaus Barbie... Now Klaus Barbie's made by Mattel and Klaus Barbie's in the Christmas catalog/There is one for every girl and boy."

But without that obvious sarcasm, humor doesn't come across in punk songs, where the very essence is primal anger. When Black Flag sings "White Minority", the force and intensity is awe-inspiring. When you listen to Rollins or Johnny Rotten, all you hear is anger. As Marcus wrote: "Contempt for and a wish to exterminate the other is presented here as a rebellion against the smooth surface of American life, but it may be more truly a violent, spectacular accommodation to America's worst instincts."

Through the 90s, as punk became more marginalized as a popular music, racism in music tended to become more focused in other genres such as metal, industrial and hard rock. Punk, in fact, became something of a progressive force, particularly for women and gays. But more than perhaps any other genre, punk remains both white-dominated and wedded to its past. So while fewer popular punk bands may be singing blatantly racist songs, punk has largely failed to do for race what it has sometimes done for other minorities.

Gay and lesbian punk bands, such as Tribe 8, Team Dresch and Pansy Division, have had success singing aggressive songs about gay sex, gay-bashing and fighting back. Feminist bands—"riot grrrls"—have had spectacular success, taking the unskilled toughness of punk and combining its anger with feminism to produce a music that rages against the oppression of women, and has, in the process, both educated and inspired. Some critics charge songs like Bikini Kill's "White Boy" ("White boy, don't laugh/ Don't cry/ Just die!") or 7 Year Bitch's "Dead Men Don't Rape" are promoting reverse sexism, but given that they're responses to sexual violence, they seem more like cries of pain and calls for change.

There have been punk bands—like Bad Brains (who unfortunately were also homophobic)—led by people of color who have combated stereotypes. And there are a growing number of bands—not necessarily punk—with people of color who use a similar approach. Punk can combat racism. And the most effective way to combat the continued use of punk by white supremacists may be to fight fire with fire.

Walking in the Wake of the Gulf War

The United States has waged a ten-year silent war against the people of Iraq through UN Security Council Resolution 661, AKA "economic sanctions," which passed August 6, 1990—45 years after the Enola Gay murdered Hiroshima. In the words of Peter van Walsum, Chair of the Security Council's Sanctions Committee, sanctions are "one of the coercive measures the Security Council has at its disposal...just short of military action," in place because Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait, is a threat to his neighbors, and is a threat to his own people. Senator Fred Thompson (R-TN) and many of his colleagues even go as far as saying that Saddam is a threat to our own national security, and you gotta admit that it would make the US feel insecure and look ridiculous if *everybody* knew that Saddam's "weapons of mass destruction," like botulism and anthrax, came from US companies like Porton Down Labs.

Last January I traveled to Iraq, in violation of US/UN sanctions and federal law, with the Iraq Sanctions Challenge IV, an international delegation led by former US Attorney-General Ramsey Clark. We spent the week in Iraq touring hospitals, water treatment facilities, food rationing/distribution centers, the Al-Ameriyah bomb shelter, primary schools and a university, seeing and hearing for ourselves the effects of economic sanctions on a nation under siege. We delivered roughly $2 million of goods—antibiotics to the Red Crescent and school supplies to the primary schools. The $2 million cannot even begin to bandage the huge open would of a whole nation's US-imposed humanitarian crisis, but the act of solidarity, the act of defiance of America's policy of "infanticide" (US Rep. Daviv Bonoir)—that is the real substance of this action; when genocide is policy and murder is politics and the law of the land is a lynching, that law must be broken, that crime must be witnessed, and the price for witnessing this crime—for traveling or transporting *any* goods to Iraq without Uncle Sam's approval, is twelve years imprisonment and up to $1,250,000 in fines...for taking dying children antibiotics, for bringing pencils to school, for trying to help people my government is killing.

Is it not a crime to kill more than one million civilians? To kill 500,000 children under the age of five? Last time I checked, mass murder was a crime, but these mass murderers in their suits, ties, and senate office buildings will never see their victims, much less justice. Sien Ahmed, Faez Judad, and Ashav Kamel are dead by now, and it is no accident; the death of one million Iraqi civilians is no accident; this lynching is the law of the land, and if that law is Uncle Sam's cross, then that cross is burning. To obey the laws of human rights, one must break the laws of convenience, profit, power and politics, and that may get you put away...

I saw for myself what pictures and UN reports only hinted at—overcrowded hospitals short on medicine and medical supplies; I walked through neighborhoods where barefoot, malnourished children played near the open sewer trenches running through their streets. I also attended a demonstration on the night of January 16—the tenth anniversary of the Gulf War—where, amidst the outrage, marches, and chants, the Iraqi people welcomed me to their country with kisses, curses, and hospitality.

"Welcome to Baghdad," a man says as he takes his ring off his finger, puts it in my hand and hugs me. I look down to see "Allah" written in Arabic on the face of this ring, knowing that there is no way, if the roles were reversed, that I could behave with such dignity and generosity; just as surely as my government brings Iraq bombs and embargo in my name, this man, in the name of Allah, gives me the ring off of his finger...

In Jordan we met with community leaders from the Al Wahdat Palestinian refugee camp. We walked the streets and visited the homes of Palestinians, hearing first-hand accounts of an exodus which began in 1948 and has yet to end. We also visited a hospital which has treated 150 Palestinians, mostly ages 15-50, wounded by the Israeli military since last September; Kinar Mustafar, Sued Hasuna, and the paramedic Raheem Ahmed Shabaat are only three of the thousands injured in the Intifada who hope to walk again; occupation and apartheid—this is nothing new.

Most difficult was not asking Iraqi mothers' and fathers' permission to take photographs of their dying children; the hardest part was facing the generosity of the Iraqi people. As my country wages war on the very households and families of Iraq, bombing the southern "no-fly" zone the day after we left, these people want me to know that they love Americans, that they want peace, and that they want our government to lift sanctions and stop bombing them. They want the American government to let them live...These people wanted my address, and they

wanted their pictures taken with me.

The hardest part was facing my own guilt, my own shame; I paid for all of this...if the tables were turned, would I be so friendly? Could my people find strength in surviving ten years of sanctions, then welcome visitors from the enemy country? Despite the deprivations, despite the hopelessness, these people were celebrating their own survival; this time of the year was a testament to hope: that the Iraqi people had made it through ten years of economic sanctions, that they were alive. Who but the strong could survive a ten-year war with the world's only superpower?

In Basra, I met Ali-Saadi Chanchyn Hussein and his father Saadi. On January 25, 1999, Saadi's family was eating breakfast. At 9:30 AM,the sky turned dark, then their house was suddenly blown apart by US bombs. The very same bombs that blew up their house blew shrapnel across little Ali's face. We stand in the doorway to their building, rebuilt two months after the air strike; as Ali points to his scars, his father offers me a place to stay. My government offers this family bombs and sanctions, and they offer me shelter...

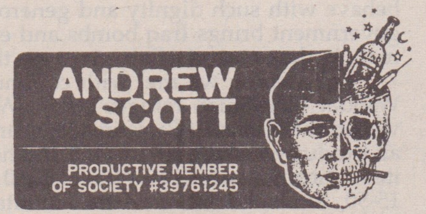
If sanctions are in place to weaken Saddam's regime, and provoke a revolution, as our talking heads and political faces tell us, then this policy is the cruelest practical joke ever, raining the hellfire of suffering upon everyone *but* the "enemy," the Baghdad government is more entrenched than ever, and everyone *except* Saddam, his cronies, and the very rich are suffering. You could say the punch line is the 5,000+ children under the age of five (UNICEF) dying every month from diarrhea, pneumonia, dysentery, nutritional marasmus, meningitis, neuroblastoma, Hodgkins disease, malaria, typhoid fever, cholera, and every other treatable disease. So who is the enemy? One Saddam or 22 million Iraqis?

I had to tell a lot of people that the new administration wanted to *intensify* sanctions, to be more aggressive towards Iraq. How do you apologize for that? How do you say, "I'm sorry, but our new president, the son of the man who put you in this state, wants it to continue, wants the suffering to worsen"? That's essentially the approach this administration will take and has taken, even with Colin Powell's recent waffling, and much of the Senate, especially Fred Thompson, is right behind the son of a Bush.

There is a lot of information to sort through, a lot of experiences to unravel, and a lot of stories to tell; to even touch on every experience in Jordan and Iraq would make this email a novella. If you know of a group, punk show, organization, community of faith, circle of friends, or audience who will listen, including the media, get in touch with HuAC, get in touch with Voices in the Wilderness (nonviolence.org/vitw, 773-784-8065) or EPIC (saveageneration.org, 202-543-6176), get an eyewitness, and testify against this crime on behalf of the dead and dying, on behalf of the moral and sane in this country who demand and end to this holocaust.

luv, Ceylon, for the Humanitarian Action Collective, 787 Ellsworth, Memphis, TN 38111, HuAC@tao.ca

24 Hours in Stockholm



The bus pulled into T-Centralen station, Stockholm. It had been a year and a half since I last stepped foot in Sweden. The station welcomed me much like any metropolitan transportation hub. People handing out leaflets, spare changing, and others playing instruments hoping for a spare buck from commuters. I took a deep breath inhaling the sweet smelling stench of a new cities bus station. It felt good to be back. My old friend Åsa said when I got into town that I should just come find her at the tobacco shop she's been working at for the last few months, it was only a 15 minute walk from the bus station. After wandering around in circles for about 10 blocks my crumpled up chicken scratched directions that had been stuffed in my wallet for weeks led me to her shop.

It was a slow evening in the store, Åsa and her coworker welcomed me to the back of the store where they were lounging. We sat drinking coffee and smoking expensive cigarettes, while explaining what we'd been doing with ourselves for the last year- the jobs, the apartments, the boyfriends, the girlfriends, the adventures, and the roads we travelled in order to dump us off where we were at in our lives. Overall, not much had changed –I was still living in Chicago and she was still in Stockholm. It's nice to know somethings are dependably consistent. I was tired from traveling all night so Åsa gave me the key to her apartment so I could crash out for the night.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

The next morning I awoke to the smell of coffee(not unlike a folgers commercial. I walked into the kitchen to find Åsa's friend Carmen staring out the window drinking a cup of joe. After introductions, she offers me a cup, gladly I accept. Carmen a New Zealander with an Around The World plane ticket had just flown in from Japan where she was working as a hostess in a mafia bar. She began telling me her story:

"Everyone tells me they understand my job by saying ...'oh yeah, I've read Memoirs Of A Geisha'"she explained.

"I've never read the book and a hostess in the US is quite a different job" I tell her. She took out her photos, as I poured another cup of coffee, and showed me pictures of some of her clients.

"I made eight thousand dollars in two months hostessing. I didn't have sex with a single one of my clients, these lonely men paid me to eat, drink, and keep them company."

"So you were kind of a poor man's therapist?" I replied

"Yeah" she explained, "except my clients were doctors and lawyers.".

"I think that's really admirable" I told her "...You're making these horny old men feel better....Too bad Holden Caulfield didn't live in Japan then he wouldn't have run into the problems he did in Catcher in the Rye. As a man, I can say that there are times when female companionship is very beneficial even if you had to pay for it. -times like, right after ending a relationship. I think it's damn decent of you to fill that void in these men's lives...even though they are paying you a shit load of money to do it."

"I'm glad you see it that way," said Carmen "cuz I couldn't agree more. But now, let's get out of this apartment and go be tourists down at the castle and then meet up with Åsa."

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

"Andy you Bastard!" someone yelled down from a third story window. Naturally, I looked up. Nobody calls me Andy, and in Sweden nobody calls me so I knew it had to be Rex. Åsa, Carmen and I were walking around downtown looking for the recording studio where I was supposed to meet up with my garage rocker pals the DONTCARES, we had obviously found it. The obnoxious voice from the third story called out again "wait there I'll be right down you bastard!"

I left my two friends and went upstairs to watch the DONTCARES finish up recording the last few songs for their first LP. It was a great scene, the dirty Swedes were rocking out, and I sat there and drank their unrefridgerated beer telling them how much their music sucked – much like any friend would do. After their set, the five of us made our way towards the subway. Walking straight down the middle of that Stockholm street, warm beers in hand, we were living, breathing, bad-asses (In the movie version of this story T.V. EYE by the STOOGES will be playing in the background). As we I turned to Rex and Doltz and asked "hey man, isn't against the law to drink alcohol in public in this country?"

Rex replied, "not if your cool like us."

"Oh, same as in America." I told 'em.

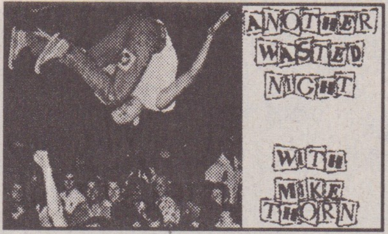
With that in mind, we all hopped the subway turnstile and got on a north-bound train towards a good drinking spot in Medborgarplatsen. Five punks, laughing at authority, riding the subway train, and drinking beer in the park. I felt like the RAMONES except the Swedish version and it was 30 years later. This was truely Rock 'n' Roll at it's finest even if it was a million miles from it's birth place.

Later that night the DONTCARES and I went to a metal bar to meet back up with my friends Åsa, Nina, and

Carmen. I thought "rad, a metal bar...metal theme nights in Chicago are very tongue in cheek." I forgot this is Sweden where people take their bad metal very seriously (see Yngvie Malmstien and EUROPE). This was real metal-no joke, America poses (well, you might be able to find a metal bar like this in Wyoming). The DONTCARES were cracking me up saying how beautiful my friends were and asking me to hook them up. I couldn't help but laugh to myself, it's nice to know that even in the land of beautiful women (I've yet to see an ugly Swedish person), punk rock losers still can't get a date.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Send all hate mail and punk shitz to: Andrew Scott, PO Box 170247, SF, CA. 94117 or *andrew.scott@mindspring.com.* hi-tech viewing: www.sobstory.net



Listening to POISON IDEA is such a cleansing thing for me. Christ, the fucking anger, the rage—and that overwhelming sensation—knowledge, rather—that no matter how fucked up I feel inside, how pissed at everything around me I am— there is someone out there that feels that rage, but tenfold. Their records have gotten me some of the toughest times of my life and though I've never met them personally I thank them for it. I've always been prone to fits of unreasonable and unforeseeable depression. One day I'm the happiest and most positive person you could ever meet and the next, I hate everything and -one in the world. I've struggled with it since I was thirteen years old, when I finally realized that there was a real problem as I pulled the trigger on the (thankfully) unloaded pistol which lay in my mouth. I cried for what seemed like weeks after that. I turned to so many things to try to cure—rampant alcohol use, Jesus, etc. You name an addiction, I've tried it, and through it all punk was the one unifying force that kept me from sucking on that gun again. It's the only thing that has given me confidence to face each day—and while to some of you jaded seen-it-all-befores that probably sounds pathetic, it's true. Some say there's not much to angry fast pissed music, that all this changes nothing. I say bullshit. Has this turned into another stupid "punk saved my life" story? Yeah, I guess so, but someday's it's all I can fall back on. Without all this I'd be dead by now. Without the confidence that I developed through this underground world we live in, I would have never made the friends who I feel I can call on at three in the morning while I'm having a panic attack, when I feel like my whole life is caving in around me. Who'll listen to me when I'm going totally nuts and who will make me laugh and make me realize how foolish I am acting. Who make me realize how amazing the life I lead is, how we all lead amazing lives. Without them I'd be nothing. I thank them. They know who they are.

ENDNOTES:

1) I got a tape of the new SCROTUM GRINDER LP. Fuck, so amazing—you all are going to be so fucking floored when it comes out. Same with the new DEATHREAT and BORN DEAD ICONS LPs.
2) HARUM SCARUM IS THE BEST BAND IN THE USA.
3) Positive=Boring.
3.5) Amy Watson=Good.
4) Tony Pointless and Erba are both god! HAIL!
5) Write me c/o the MRR PO Box. Sorry I haven't written you back yet; to those of you that have sent me demos and other shit. I've just been swamped with stuff with the zine and my personal life. I'll get to it soon I SWEAR!!! Oh yeah, to those of you who embrace the coming beast of technocracy, you can contact me via mikethorn@mindspring.com

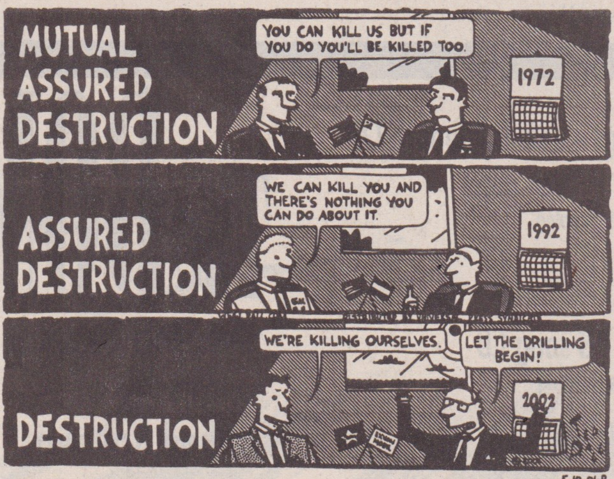
I procrastinate almost religiously—meaning that although I complete almost everything on time, I ritually leave one task to the very last possible minute. I sometimes actually have to expend energy to avoid being timely, but in this respect I am tireless. For example, I will spend hours, as I did tonight, plastic bagging our once haphazard archives of back issues, in order to postpone laying the very last brick of content into an issue of *MRR*.

I've thought about this peculiarity of mine, and decided that it's related to the compulsion to be the last person awake in your house. When you suffer from either of these afflictions, you only sleep well when your fingerprints are the last ones to touch whatever it is you care about. I want to be the one to put it—house or magazine—to bed. It's a kind of possessiveness, but more than that, it's care, protection.

There's so much to say these days, I hardly know where to start. How about like this: I promise you real-life adventures in this column next month. Adventures in the *outside world*. One takes place in the Oakland train yard. I'm in a panda bear suit, fleeing the train-cops and escaping with my endangered skin thanks only to the lightning-sharp wits of my (also furry) comrades. I can't promise sense, but adventure—oh yes. Also, I'll write about the second Punk Picnic—in the eastern Czech Republic—which I had the privilege of attending a few weeks back.

Strangely, I no longer need to stay up until everyone in my house is asleep or gone. But then again, I never lived in such a high traffic interior. When you do, you get used to the walls getting sullied with a lot of inky fingerprints, each one of which is smeared in the process of laying in some brick.

Contact me: arwenc@mindspring.com, or through the mail of course.



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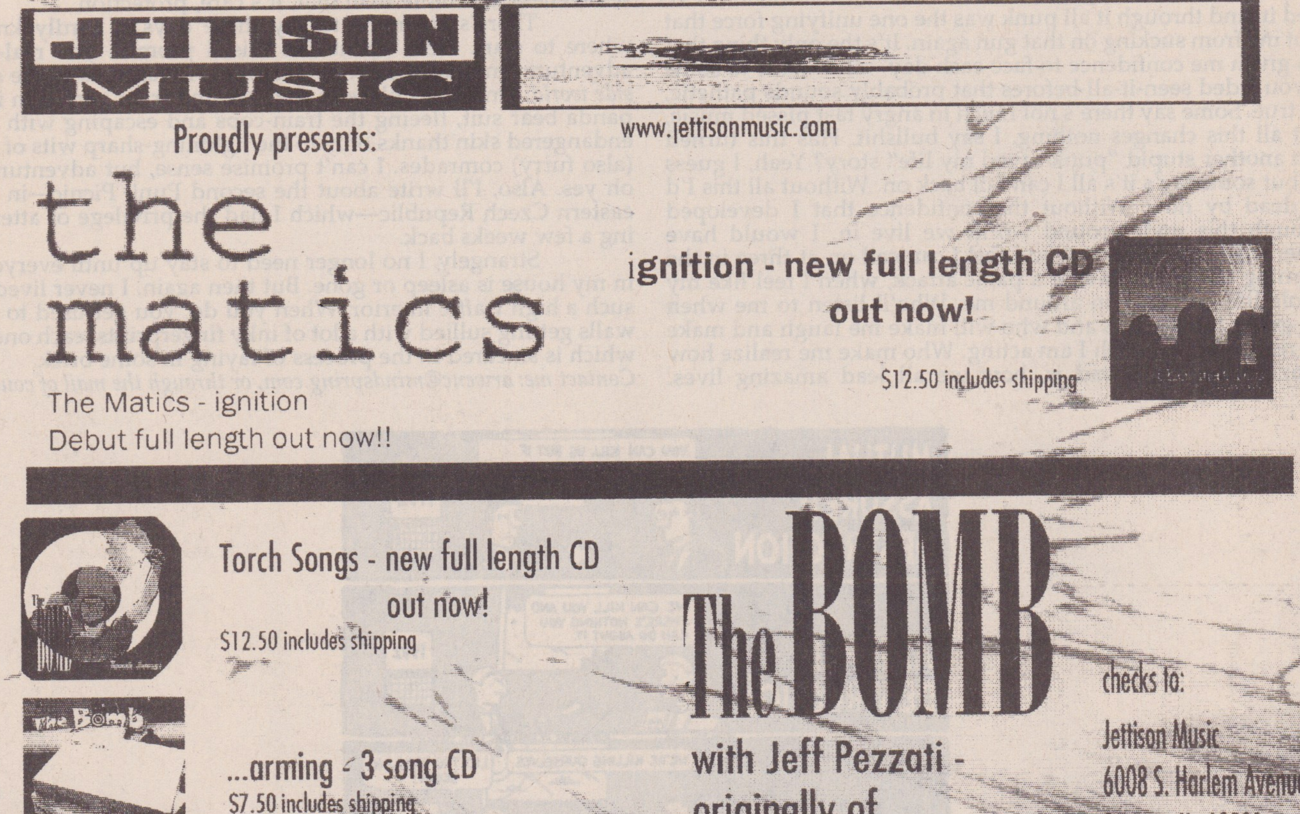

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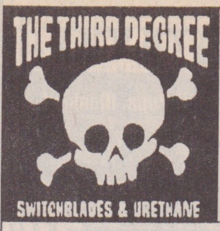

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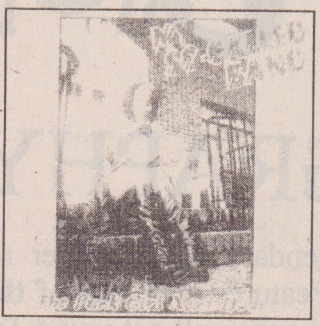

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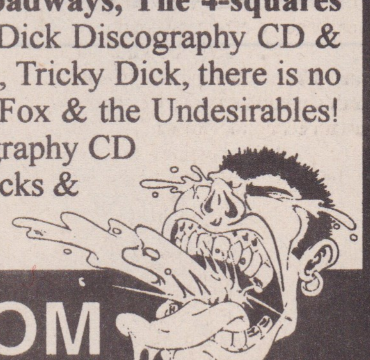

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MRR NEWS

Annan Criticizes Bush on Global Warming

by Charles A. Radin

MEDFORD, MASS - UN Secretary General Kofi Annan yesterday criticized President Bush's decision to abandon the Kyoto Protocol on global warming, saying the move could severely harm international efforts to stop the potentially disastrous climate changes that he said are being caused by human activity.

''Imagine melting polar icecaps and rising sea levels, threatening beloved and highly developed coastal areas such as Cape Cod with erosion and storm surges,'' Annan said at graduation ceremonies at Tufts University's Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy. ''Imagine a warmer and wetter world in which infectious diseases such as malaria and yellow fever spread more easily.

''This is not some distant, worst-case scenario,'' Annan said. ''It is tomorrow's forecast.''

With a degree of bluntness unusual for a diplomat, Annan rejected the arguments of the Bush administration and its supporters in Congress and the private sector for abandoning the Kyoto Protocol and not acting to limit US production of the gases blamed for global warming.

''This is not science fiction,'' he said, taking aim at assertions that global warming has not been scientifically proven, that links between warming and human activity have not been demonstrated, and that there is no immediate crisis.

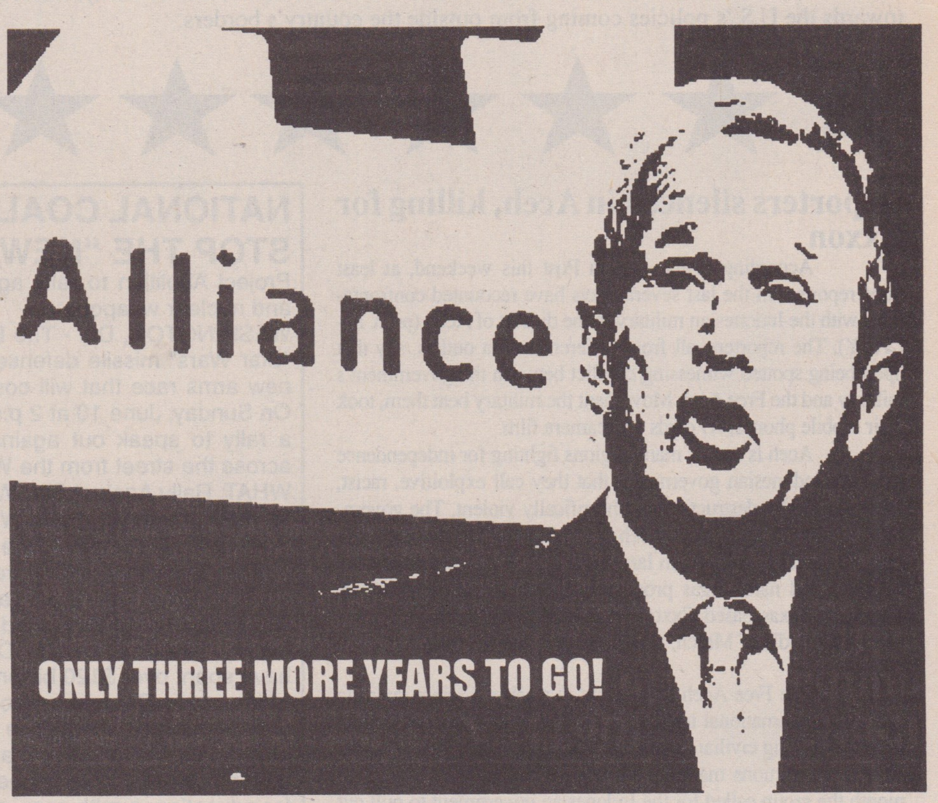
Leading scientists, including many from the United States, have ''carefully sifted the evidence and concluded that climate change is occurring, that human activities are among the main contributing factors, and that we cannot wait any longer to take action,'' Annan said.

In direct counterpoint to Bush's express concern that the US commitments recorded in the Kyoto document could hurt the American economy, Annan said, ''We do not face a choice between economy and ecology.''

''In fact,'' he said, ''the opposite is true: Unless we protect resources and the earth's natural capital, we shall not be able to sustain economic growth.

''We must stop being so economically defensive, and start being more politically courageous.'' Annan also disputed assertions by US officials, most prominent among them Vice President Dick Cheney, that conservation measures and technologies are insufficiently developed to make major contributions to greenhouse-gas reduction efforts.

''Hundreds of these technologies and practices exist today,'' he said. ''Advances in the use of renewable resources have been exceeding expectations....''



''Economists now broadly agree that energy efficiency ... could bring great benefits at little or no cost,'' he added. At a news conference after his speech, the UN secretary general said the international uproar and domestic opposition generated by Bush's decision may be causing the administration to rethink its position. He declined to cite specific signs of this, but said that he sensed ''a slight shift in some of the latest statements'' of the US position.

He also said the fact that the administration is conducting ''quite a lot of consultations, particularly with the European leaders, and conversations with environmental activists'' suggests that ''the door is not closed.'' He said the test of this will come in July, when signatories to the UN Framework Convention on Climate Change, including the United States, are scheduled to meet in Bonn.

The Bush administration and some of its congressional allies have said they object to the Kyoto Protocol because it does not require developing nations to make the same sorts of gas reductions as industrialized nations. However, both Annan and William R. Moomaw, professor of international environmental policy at the Fletcher School, said yesterday that some major developing nations recently have dramatically slowed emissions by modernizing inefficient factories and power plants.

Meanwhile, said Moomaw, a member of a top UN panel on climate change, the efficiency of motorized vehicles in the United States dropped throughout the 1990s and is now at its lowest level since 1980.

Moomaw said the Bush position on the Kyoto Protocol is in line with other US positions - blocking the Law of the Sea Treaty, undermining efforts to control hazardous waste, threatening to abrogate the Anti-Ballistic missile treaty, and previously refusing to pay UN dues - that are undercutting the US claim that it honors its international commitments.

He pointed out that European allies' anger at the Bush stand on the Kyoto Protocol was a major factor in the United States recently being voted off the UN Commission on Human Rights.

US Loses UN Human Rights Position

The United States of America's reign on the top U.N. human rights commission has ended after it failed to amass enough votes to preserve the seat it had occupied for over 50 years. The three nations chosen through secret vote for the Western group of the commission were France, Austria and Sweden.

Already, diplomats have begun the process of pointing fingers at potential causes for this upset. Some claim it is due to the U.S.'s recent votes against several issues relating to human rights such as making AIDS drugs available to everyone and banning land mines. Statements have even gone so far as to say that the world is returning the favor to the United States after years of using the Human Rights Commission as a method to enforce its own international policies. Others, not desiring to lay blame on the U.S.'s own human rights record, accuse the U.S. of having been lax in its lobbying for votes. To quote an article: "Many countries vote for candidates after their delegates have been courted rather than along strict ideological lines." Still others claim that the United States' huge, and still unpaid, monetary debt to the UN was punished by embarrassing this nation which boasts the righteousness of its democracy.

No matter the cause, the U.S. is out of the commission, and to many, this comes as a symbolic statement of disapproval towards the U.S.'s policies coming from outside the country's borders.

★★★★★★★★★

Reporters silenced in Aceh, killing for Exxon

According to the Jakarta Post this weekend, at least three reporters in the last several days have recounted confrontations with the Indonesian military in the district of Aceh (pron. ah-CHEY). The reporters, all from different media outlets, say that upon being spotted witnessing conflict between the government's military and the Free Aceh Movement the military beat them, took their mobile phones, ID cards and camera film.

Aceh is one of many regions fighting for independence from the Indonesian government that they call exploitive, racist, environmentally destructive and horrifically violent. The government is unwilling to grant Aceh it's independence despite more than 30 years of struggle, in large part due to the presence of the largest liquid natural gas producing facility in the world there, owned by Texas based Exxon. That facility has been inoperable since the middle of March, when repeated guerrilla attacks shut it down.

The Free Aceh Movement is a self-sufficient guerrilla group that international intelligence consultants report has no history of attacking civilians. It is reported to be explicitely anti-sexist and has sections made up entirely of hard-core women. Last month the group called for the Indonesian government to pull out of the region completely and this weekend it appears to have destroyed at least 9 government buildings by setting them on fire.

In mid-April President Wahid passed an executive order calling on the military to increase its allready huge presence in Aceh and crush the independence movement. Even before this order, international human rights observers say that the military killed an average of 3 civilians per day and engaged in regular kidnapping, torture and arson of rural villages suspected of supporting the guerrillas. International human rights observers themselves are frequently killed by the military as well.

On Monday the Sydney Morning Herald reported that civilians in Aceh appear to be suffering attrocities worse than those experienced in East Timor. President Bush said last month that he supported Indonesia's efforts to supress the insurgents and made mention of some concern about human rights violations. Senior American diplomats have reportedly offered US training for the security forces in the region.

While it is encouraging to see that Direct Action has shut down one of the world's largest natural resource extraction operations by a multination corporation, it is frightening to think that the media may be driven out of the area and unable to report what happens next.

NATIONAL COALITION DEMANDS BUSH TO STOP THE "NEW" ARMS RACE

Project Abolition to rally against Star Wars "national missile defense" and nuclear weapons

WASHINGTON, DC - The Bush Administration's plans to implement a "Star Wars" missile defense system promises to engage the U.S. in a new arms race that will cost billions and disrupt international stability. On Sunday, June 10 at 2 p.m., Project Abolition will organize and stage a rally to speak out against Bush's flawed plans at Lafayette Park, across the street from the White House.

WHAT: Rally Against Star Wars and a New Arms Race
WHERE: Lafayette Park, Washington, DC
WHEN: Rally Sunday, June 10 at 2 p.m.
Activist Training and Congressional Education Days, June 11-12

President Bush and his chief Star Warrior, Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld, have made clear their determination to deploy "National Missile Defense." But American taxpayers already have spent over $120 billion on missile defense schemes - at least $60 billion since Reagan proposed Star Wars in 1983 — with absolutely nothing to show for it. The cost of a "layered" land-, sea- and space-based Star Wars system, as Bush favors, could cost over $200 billion on top of what's already been spent. That's our tax money that won't go for education, health care, affordable housing or the environment.

"Far from making us more secure, a Star Wars missile system will make the world a more dangerous place by igniting a new arms race," says Kevin Martin, director of Project Abolition. "Even the CIA has acknowledged that Russia and China will beef up their offensive nuclear arsenals if we move to deploy a missile defense. The U.S. would so the same if the situation were reversed. And 'missile defense' is only the beginning of U.S. Space Command's plans for the weaponization of outer space.

"President Bush' speech earlier this week made it official: his Administration is moving forward with this reckless and exorbitant plan", continues Martin. "The events in June will be but the beginning of a strong national grassroots movement against Star Wars and a new arms race and for the only solution to the problem of nuclear weapons - their complete, global elimination."

Project Abolition, which includes the Fourth Freedom Forum, Global Security Institute, the Nation Institute, Peace Action, Peace Links, Physicians for Social Responsibility and Women's Actions for New Directions, was founded in 1999 to increase public awareness of nuclear weapons. Past projects include the "Wall of Denial," a 200-foot long replica of the Berlin Wall erected in November of 1999 to remind the public that, despite the end of the Cold War, huge arsenals of nuclear weapons remain on hair trigger alert.

For more information about Project Abolition or the June 10 rally, please call Lauri Apple at 202-232-8997 or Kevin Martin at 219-535-1110, or visit www.projectabolition.org.

Allies Alarmed as US Opposes Biological Weapons Inspection

by Richard Norton-Taylor

The US is opposing a plan, strongly supported by Britain, to enforce an international treaty banning biological weapons, it emerged yesterday.

Officials reviewing America's defence and foreign policies have recommended to President Bush that he should block a protocol on inspection which is attached to the 1972 convention banning the weapons. It would set up an independent international body to carry out both pre-arranged and random inspections on private drug companies and state agencies.

An American arms control official, Michael Moodie, said: "The protocol is not going to deter proliferations. We still would not be confident that there were not major violations going on." However, US biotech companies have fiercely opposed the proposal on grounds of commercial confidentiality. US agencies which are spending billions of dollars on "bio-defence" - including vaccines and protective clothing - are also hostile to inspections.

Tibor Toth, a Hungarian diplomat chairing negotiations on biological weapons in Geneva, said in response to the US attitude: "If the world community fails to agree on a protocol to strengthen the ban on biological weapons after six years of talks, it'll send a very unfortunate message." There are widespread fears that other countries including China, Pakistan, India and Iran, which have already expressed concerns about the protocol inspection plans, will follow any US decision to reject them. America's allies are also worried that it will send the wrong signal to Iraq, which is opposing renewed United Nations inspections of its suspected biological and chemical warfare programme.

Tony Blair urged President Bush to back the protocol during his talks at Camp David in February. America's allies, who are already bitter about its decision to withdraw from the Kyoto treaty on global warming, are likely to apply pressure on Mr Bush during his trip to Europe next month. The US seized on the former US Russian president Boris Yeltsin's admission in 1992 that the Soviet Union had breached the biological weapons convention as proof that countries will cheat.

ANTI-CAPITALISM: 1 - WORLD BANK: 0

On June 25th-27th the World Bank was to hold its Annual conference on Economic Development in Barcelona, and following the example of Seattle, Melbourne, Prague, and so many others, we started organizing the Campaign Against the World Bank - Barcelona 2001. However, and for the first time ever, on May 19th the WB announced the cancellation of their meeting. The mobilisation of thousands of people around the Spanish state to organize a counterconference, a massive demonstration and the siege of the WB's delegates, made them change their mind. The pressure from below has made them realize that their slogan 'our dream, a world without poverty' would have looked like nothing but a joke, as thousands of demonstrations would have been tear-gased and arrested while shouting 'Our world is not for sale'. We think that the reasons we had to protest against the World Bank still stand, and therefore we will continue to organize around the slogan A DIFFERENT WORLD IS POSSIBLE GLOBALIZE RESISTANCES AND SOLIDARITY And we would like to invite you to join us for the counter-conference, the demonstations and the people's trial against the institution. This is what we will do:

- June 16th-21st: de-centralized activities on a local level, emphasizing the role of the European Union in the globalisation process (EU reps will be meeting in Gothenburg on the 16th).
- June 22nd and 23rd: Counter-conference with several workshops around 7 main areas: ecology and food and agriculture; social and workers' rights; militarisation and peace; immigration;globalisation and women; globalisation and development; and democracy, participation and repression.
- Night of June 23rd: concert coinciding with la fiesta de St. Joan, a traditional night of magic and fire, to celebrate the great victory of the anti-capitalist movement
- June 24th: Mass united demonstration and the WB on trial.
- June 25th: Street party (details yet to be decided).

We fully support the protests to be held in Genoa against the G-8 meeting in July and would urge you to contact the activists preparing these in Italy. Now more so than ever. Nevertheless, after the cancellation of the meeting, we think it is essential to show that our movement goes beyond blocking the meetings of the international institutions, and to celebrate the proven fact that the people united can change the world. We must keep up the pressure against capitalist globalization and deepen the crisis of legitimacy that the WB and other institutions of global capital are experiencing with the aim of spreading the crisis to the heart of the multinationals themselves. Furthermore, in the process we aim to strengthen the anti-capitalist movement in this country and prepare ourselves for the future.

If you would like to join us in this big celebration of people's power or to know anything about the Campaign, contact us: logisticabm@hotmail.com (english prefered, but all languages accepted) or subscribe to our mailing list in English bcn2001_en-subscribe@egroups.com. If you can understand spanish and/or catalan, join our main list, bcn2001-subscribe@egroups.com. You can also visit our website www.rosadefoc.org.

Accomodation We'll arrange accomodation for all those who want to come to any of the activities we're organizing; we've already got camping areas and we're working hard to get other big, covered areas, as well as private houses and cheap hostels. The cost of most places will not exceed 500 ptas, and some areas will be free of charge. As soon as you know what your needs are rearding accomodation, send an e-mail to alojatebm@yahoo.es stating number of people and nights and if you prefer to stay indoors or outdoors. Use this opportunity to build resistance wherever you are and keep up the fight! www.rosadefoc.org

35 Arrested in various actions at Vandenberg Air Force Base

In various manifestations of Direct Action tactics 35 activists have been arrested at Vandenberg Air Force Base in Santa Barbara County, CA.

On Saturday, May 19, 25 persons were arrested for crossing the line seperating public civilian life from the closed and controlled military life of Vandenberg Air Force Base. In a demonsration and rally against using space as a platform for missile defense igniting a new arms race and cold war. And also against using the resource of the USAF in enforcing corporate globalization under the guise of the Drug War. Examples of such usage including the fights against indiginant insurgencies in Chiapas, Columbia and Peru. Other examples of such misuse of resources paid for with our tax dollars is the continuing war against Iraq, and the Arab peoples in general.

On Sunday, May 20, 10 persons were arrested as they performed covert direct action by infiltrating base security and conducting banner hangs. I followed one such affinity group, the Basta Group, onto the base. We plodded through thick brush for several miles until reaching a weather station. There the activists unfurled two banners one reading "Stop Space Weapons" the other reading "Ya Basta" (Enough, Stop). In what is a dramatic increase in numbers from past infiltrator affinity groups, six such groups have infiltrated the base. The Catholic Worker Group was arrested in mass as they had planned to be. Another group was arrested off base. They had been chased by motorcycle, foot, dog and helicopter patrols before being apprehended although some member did manage to escape. Activists see their ability to infiltrate the base as one way of undermining the corporate globalization and new arms race the government is conducting.

In October activists will be back again for more actions at VAFB. Get involved. Get your groups together. salim@mashriq.org ww.geocities.com/vafb_m19/

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NAFTA: Mexico forced to pay $16.7 million to U.S. polluter

In early May a British Colum-bia (Canada) court ordered Mexico to pay damages to Metalclad, a U.S.-based waste disposal company. In the early 1990s, Metalclad reopened a waste-management site in Guadalcazar County, Mexico, which had once been shut down while under different ownership. The governor of the state of San Luis Potosi blocked the reopening after public protest and a geological audit which showed the facility would contaminate the local water supply. The site was then declared part of a 600,000-acre ecological zone. Metalclad used NAFTA's "Chapter 11" to argue that Mexico had "expropriated" its investment. In August 2000, in Washington, a three-person panel awarded Metalclad $16.7 million. This was the first ruling in an investor-to-state lawsuit under NAFTA. Mexico appealed and the trial was heard before the British Co-lumbia Supreme Court this spring. In mid-February 2001, the Vancouver IMC made news when they filed notice of their intention to apply to the B.C. Supreme Court to videotape the trial. Extensive footage of the trial can now be found on the Vancouver IMC site. The final ruling was in favor of Metalclad; however, the conclusion did state "that the Tri-bunal made decisions on matters beyond the scope of the sub-mission
to arbitration." Metalclad's chief financial officer, Anthony Dabbene commented, "Mexico won in that Chapter 11 can't hurt them as much anymore. . . . Our case has shown it is almost frivolous to pursue your rights." Metalclad vs Mexico is only one of a number of "Chapter 11" cases. In 1997, U.S. company Ethyl Corporation used Chapter 11 to sue Canada for banning a gasoline additive called MMT. The original amount was US$250 million, but Canada agreed to withdraw the ban and pay US$13 million in damages. MMT is still legal in Canada.Many are concerned that the FTAA will contain something similar to Chapter 11. (from indymedia.org)

Riot! Riot! RioT! A mutha fuckin RiOt! riot! riOt!!

by: Ted Bridges <tedbridges@yahoo.com>

Whew! Sorry, I'm still wound up from the May Day riots. Fuckin May Day, baby!! May Day is May 1, and in Europe it has traditionally been an annual communist-inspired celebration of labour. However, what it has devolved into, since the Seattle WTO riots, is a massive annual fucking Anarchist RIOTTTTT!!! Baby!... And these mutha fuckin anarchists aren't fuckin around. The demonstrations started at 6am. The British press had been building them up for weeks. The police said they were expecting 10,000 protestors, most of whom, they said, would be peaceful. However, they warned there would be about 1,000 "hard-core" anarchists showing up who would be bent on turning May Day into another Seattle. The anarchists were supposedly using sophisticated encryption software to disguise their plan, and were using secret hide-outs throughout London to train professional troublemakers. The anarchists' plans, supposedly, were to attack Oxford Street, ransacking shops, and hurling firebombs in the name of anti-capitalism. 6,000 cops were deployed and Tony Blair authorized them to use rubber bullets if necessary to defend capitalist strong-holds, such as Starbucks. I can't say for certain if the rumours were true about the presence of 1,000 thugs bent on creating havoc, but it was certainly why I went there. I am an American working in London as a reporter for a really shitty free-weekly paper, and I wanted chaos. Because I begged, my editor to let me out of work in the middle of a deadline to go check out the action. The plan of the cops was to seal off the protesters in to different groups to keep them from gathering too much momentum. I emerged from the Bond-Street Tube station at 2.30pm (because the Oxford Circus Tube had been closed). What I saw looked like the fucking West Bank. The city was shut down. Every store had its windows boarded up. The fucking pigs had vehicles, horses and lorries sealing off Oxford Circus. From a quick call on my mobile phone to my girlfriend who was watching live coverage on TV, I learned that the cops had sealed 3,000 demonstrators in Oxford Circus in a tense game of attrition. She told me to approach from the north via Regents Street, but the mutha fuckin pigs had that sealed too. So I walked even further north to buy beer (two tall cans of Guinness) which I hid in the baggy sleeve of my flight jacket. Then I took a piss against the house of someone who was probably a capitalist. Then I cracked open one of the beers and headed back toward the action. Suddenly, I heard a storm of hippy drum beats and, looking over my shoulder, saw an army of about 500 furious anarchists marching in my direction, so I joined the mob. I was surrounded by the scum of the earth — people who looked like they meant business! Mohawks! Hockey masks! Angry banners! This was clearly the right group. People were yelling, "To Oxford Street!" We turned south down Holles Street and were confronted by an army of fucking pigs. Protesters surged forward. My mosh pit instincts kicked in. I pushed to the front of the group and began hurling abuse at the pigs, who responded by butting demonstrators with their shields. Suddenly the beating of hippy drums started up again like a war cadence and someone yelled 'Push!' The crowd surged forward and we broke the police line just pushed right through the fucking police line like a knife through butter. It was really interesting. To walk right by these cops in riot gear and look into their eyes and see pure fear was amazing. They were totally overpowered. Anarchists danced and taunted the fear-stricken pigs. At one point, a group of about 12 overwhelmed cops got surrounded by anarchists. They were pelted with bottles and spit like frightened monkeys. A second police line formed at the end of Holles Street — their final chance to defend Oxford Street from total looting and destruction. The crowd charged. What resulted was an hour of pushing and beatings. Demonstrators were bleeding from their heads. But the police held their ground. The cops wisely sealed the other end of the street as well, trapping us in. Choppers swarmed overhead. They then began their war of attrition, keeping us penned in for the next four hours until people gradually gave up hope. I really had to take a piss. I went up to a cop and said, "Dude, I really have to take a piss." He wouldn't let me out. I said, "Well can I piss right here?" He said, "If you pee in the street, we'll arrest you, mate." But my bladder was bursting. Finally I found a corner that was out of cop view, and pissed against a department store. But there were about eight security guards guarding the store's unboarded glass windows and they were standing right in front of me watching me piss, and they didn't like that at all. They were making gestures of disgust as if to say, 'fucking hippy.' But what could I do? I had to unashamedly whip it out. During the period they had us detained, various malcontents began trashing the stores, and there were scattered skirmishes and beatings. Finally they started letting people out one by one after they were searched. But the hope of leaving fired the mob up again and they started surging toward the exit point. Then someone yelled, 'charge!í and the entire group broke the police line again. I ran past confused and fearful pigs who were just hoping they wouldn't be attacked by the now-superior anarchists. A crowd of onlookers had gathered in an adjacent park just to gawk at our containment area from vantage points on top of fences and trees. When we broke through, they cheered. The cops sent in emergency reinforcements. A platoon marching in rows of two jogged past me. Anarchists mocked them, shouting abuse in their faces and throwing bottles. Suddenly the cops lost all control. They turned and started chasing us from behind clubbing anyone they could find over the head. Mass panic ensued, and I found myself running down the street with about 50 other demonstrators. Fortunately, I had enough of a head start that I escaped further containment so I bought another Guinness and walked home and watched my performance on the news recaps. As night fell a few blokes smashed windows, lit fires and overturned cars. The next day in the papers the police hailed theiroperation a success, which it was ... I guess. All in all, not bad fun. Ted gives it 6 out of 10 anarchy "A's" on the chaos-o-meter.

Protests planned against financial meetings in Washington, DC

by Sascha Meinrath, Urbana-Champaign (from indymedia.org)

The 50 Years Is Enough Network (www.50years.org) has recently put out a call for activists to mark their calendars: September 28 - October 4. Over this long weekend the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and World Bank will be holding their Joint Annual General Meeting. The 50 Years is Enough Network press release asks "activists from all over the world to come to Washington during that week to protest and expose the illegitimacy of the institutions and officials who continue to claim the right to determine the course of the world economy." The spring meeting of the IMF and World Bank drew an estimated 30,000 activists and a few hundred IMF and World Bank officials attended. The fall meeting, on the other hand, may bring many more protestors and as many as 20,000 bankers and bureaucrats are expected to participate. The mainstream media will probably eagerly report the protests surrounding the meeting. However, the informational tours that are currently being organized and the general educational efforts of the 50 Years Is Enough Network and other groups will most likely be ignored by the corporate press. One explicit goal of anti-IMF/World Bank activists is to educate citizens about the detrimental aspects of IMF and World Bank policies. The 50 Years Is Enough Network plans 'teach-in tours' "featuring colleagues from the Global South who will share their experiences and struggles of resistance to corporate-led globalization, the international debt burden, structural adjustment programs, the HIV/AIDS crisis, economic and political oppression, [and] their organizing efforts." The main goal of the protests is to demonstrate that "the movement for global justice continues to grow, and will not stand for continuing efforts by these institutions and the G-7 governments to structure the world for the benefit of corporations and the wealthy and to deny basic justice to the majority of the world's people."For more information contact the 50 Years is Enough Network. E-mail: wb50years@igc.org; telephone: +1-202-463-2265; website: www.50years.org.

Climate Change: The Long Hot Summer from Here On Out

By: Sam Tracy

Just prior to the Ides of March, President George Bush let all the world know just where he stood on climate change: He really doesn't give a fuck. Invoking America's eternal dream of "energy independence," Bush further distanced the nation from any commitment to reduce the carbon dioxide emissions known to cause global warming: "At a time when California has already experienced energy shortages... We must be very careful not to take any actions that could harm consumers." The stand, easily digested and soon discarded by its American audience, marked a new starting point for an increasingly divisive split among the nations. Together with those allies it can marshall, the Bush administration will face off against a vast array of critics at the next set of international climate talks this July in Germany.

If a nearly unanimous consensus among the world's climatologists is to be believed, Bush's blithe dismissal of emissions reductions may indeed come to rank among those gestures any future generations will most sincerely curse us for. (We might not have expected anything substantially different from Al Gore, unfortunately, weighing his 'environmentalism' to what is known of his investment portfolio.) Yet for reasons neither noble nor insightful, climate change remains an alien commodity for much of America: Its burgeoning presence, far from achieving new relevance, spirals ever deeper into a complex web of apparent 'coincidence' and 'unresolved debate.' The increasingly shrill warnings— from Western Europe, from the United Nations, from small island nations fearing rising sea levels— come to move us no more than, well, the weather. United States on-the-ground policy on the carbon dioxide emissions known to cause atmospheric warming is straightforward: We can't be bothered. The American press, initially more concerned with Bush's default on an apparent campaign promise than the substance of his remarks, duly trotted out the loyal opposition the following day— Democratic Party figures voiced their objections, cheered on by their peers in the mainstream enviro groups. Anyone suggesting deep changes was in a distinct minority; support for any vast emissions reductions would be political suicide.

America's doting attention for the victims of disparate weather disasters contrasts sharply to our failed appreciation for those who study the bigger picture: The elements are there; the focus is off. The United Nations' Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC), an assembly of more than 2000 climatologists from 100 countries, carries precious little currency in our media— its technical and seemingly abstract work is hardly immediate enough to sustain the interest— more time is afforded to the tiny 'greenhouse skeptics' camp. These last question or downplay the mounting evidence linking emissions to increasingly severe weather, lending credibility to dominant industrial trajectories. While anyone with the means can access publishing software, the IPCC's "refereed" science undergoes a systematic peer review process as a condition to publication: The greenhouse skeptics work outside this daylight, relying instead upon industry sources to fund their work. The scope of US energy policy itself lends unambiguous testimonial to the skeptics' vast influence; a truly alarming achievement considering the stakes.

Any deep reduction in emissions would threaten the very existence of the fossil fuels industry, collectively the largest enterprise in human history. Industry leaders formed the Global Climate Coalition (GCC), "a voice for business in the global warming debate," as means to represent their position— $63 million was spent over the past decade to amplify the handful of climate 'skeptics.' Global warming's existence was simply denied. Evidence to the contrary continued to grow regardless; industry players began to move on. A year after losing British Petroleum and Shell Oil, the GCC suffered a wave of desertions in the early months of 2000: Ford, Daimler-Chrysler, Texaco, the Southern Company and General Motors pulled out of the group. Some former Coalition members continue to pursue their own greenwashing campaigns— fractions of decimal points invested in heavily- publicized renewable energy projects and the like— yet any association with the GCC has evidently become a public relations liability.

The shift reflects movement in the climate 'debate;' rarely has new research supported the industry's original position. The Western Fuels Association, a $400 million coal cooperative left to lead the Coalition on its own, has more recently shifted its considerable support to a new foil in the climate debate. The Greening Earth Society's (GES) website offers "the optimistic scientific view that CO2 is beneficial to humankind and all of nature." The seamless fusion of science to "optimism" is indicative. Mirroring a tired old trend in greenwashing, the GES models itself after mainstream grassroots environmentalism— Acorn and Seedling membership levels are available to individuals. Unable or unwilling to deny documented warming, the GES seeks merely to refute any substantial links to human activity. More, carbon dioxide

is merely "a benign gas required for life on Earth." Western Fuel's money is not the only crossover from the GCC— of the six individuals listed as scientific advisors, two were prominent mouthpieces for the older entity. Patrick J. Michaels plucks populist heartstrings in his criticism of federally-funded climate research; he has also testified under oath to receiving $165,000 in research funds over a five-year period from Western Fuels, the German Coal Mining Association, Cyprus Minerals and the like. Robert C. Balling, Jr., another GES advisor brought over from the GCC, has benefitted from nearly $300,000 in research grants from oil and coal interests. While industry-funded science is not inherently fuzzy, it rarely faces dispassionate review prior to publication. Journalist Ross Gelbspan's *The Heat Is On*, a very readable exposition of the issues surrounding climate change, details the circumstances and industry connections of the more prominent greenhouse skeptics. It also includes an appendix dismantling their 'science' point by point. Beyond any technical rebuttals, America's hazy misunderstanding of the IPCC's counsel persistently begs a basic question: Why would they lie? The body's climatologists, trained professionals, presumably have lives and families and neighborhoods of their own— what reason would they have to call for fundamental shifts in the way everything operates? The George C. Marshall Institute, a strange collection of crypto-fascists and libertarians, comes ready with an answer: 'Climate change' is merely a vast liberal conspiracy to subvert the US economy. And the White House, evidently, believes them.

America's capitulation on the issue has consistently thwarted global efforts towards curbing emissions. The United Nations' mechanism addressing global warming, begun with the Framework Convention on Climate Change at the Rio "Earth Summit" in 1992, had already been facing serious challenges prior to Bush's remarks in March: America is the world's largest polluter; our failure to participate essentially voids the effort. The Kyoto Protocol, signed in that city five years later by 160 nations at the third Conference of Parties to the Framework (COP3), called upon the world's industrialized nations to reduce emissions. The United States was asked to reduce emissions to 7% below 1990 levels by 2012, with other industrial countries pledging similar cuts: Poorer nations would join in the process as they became able to. President Clinton finally did sign the treaty in November of 1998, but Congress failed to ratify the document— the Senate demanded more "meaningful participation" from the global South. A non-binding resolution on emissions strategies presented just prior to the Kyoto agreement failed 95 to 0: The signal effectively chilled any hopes for far-reaching action on climate. A just and equitable transition to more sustainable models remains principal among developing nations' concerns on the climate issue— many hedge their bets, waiting on a signal from Washington before proceeding. The developed North is obviously in the best position to initiate any transition. A clear consensus among the world's climatologists, meanwhile, was already calling for net global reductions of at least 60 to 70% below 1990 levels; more recent research only underscores the urgency of this assessment.

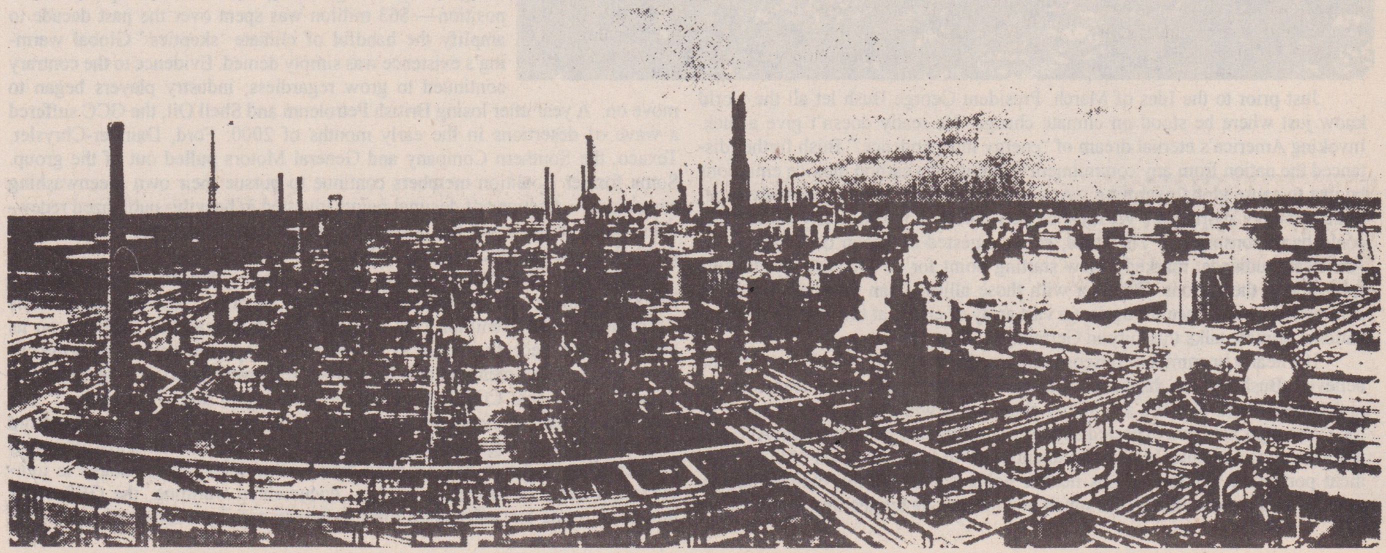
But climate destabilization is not yet a sexy story, unfortunately— no heroes, no style, no clever hooks— Bush's March remarks were quickly upstaged by other, more nubile features. The world's economy for example: It was only days later that World Trade Organization head Mike Moore called again for a new round of trade talks. The link between increased trade and increased emissions is entirely self-evident; concerns over climate destabilization could only add to anti-globalization critiques. Just as trade ministers come to require more and more tear gas to conduct their meetings, their efforts would ultimately replace any localized self-sufficiency with ever more noxious freight emissions. (That said, the interface between neoliberalism and emissions is hardly cut and dry— Third World NGOs, for example, often oppose the ecologically useful yet socially regressive fuel subsidy caps included in some IMF and World Bank structural adjustment packages.)

Even industrial Europe, our erstwhile collaborators in globalization, dis tance themselves on climate— the 6th Conference of Parties to the Clima Framework (COP6), convened this past November in The Hague, provide recent example. At issue was the implementation of emissions-reduction str gies: Whether nuclear power was to be considered a better alternative to fired power plants; how emissions-trading might pass the burdens off upon developing nations; where forests and other emissions-absorbing 'carbon sinks' could balance against agreed-upon reduction targets. The United States, holding firmly to a reactionary position on each of these issues, finally broke the talks over the relevance of carbon sinks: Even industrialized European Union member countries balked at the thought that such devices might take the place of actually reducing emissions. In an editorial titled "Dirty Uncle Sam wrecks deal on global warming," Manchester's Guardian put it bluntly:

"It is a tragedy that these last-chance talks were reduced to such banality... While the dirtiest nation swaggers around the globe policing how the rest of the world trades and organizes its finances, it apparently believes it should come under no scrutiny at all for running its own industry with fuel-inefficient, environmentally damaging technologies long abandoned by Europe... Let us hope its citizens start to demand a more intelligent approach from their leaders to the most important debate in the world."

In a letter signed by European Commission President Romano Prodi and Swedish Prime Minister Goran Persson, current European Union President, the initial European response to Bush's climate dare pulled no punches: "The global and long-term importance of climate change and the need for a joint effort by all industrialized countries in this field makes it an integral part of relations between the USA and the EU." Climate highlights a basic distinction between European social democracies and America's blunt and ruthless Social Darwinism; the divergence speaks volumes about the lines between rugged-pioneer pretensions and the steady thickness of time. Some in Europe appeal to our reason regardless, arguing for emissions reductions by invoking the precautionary principle: The breath-takingly simple notion that we should not proceed with a potentially dangerous project until we fully understand the consequences. If indeed there remains debate on global warming's causes, we should still take the safe bet and cut emissions regardless. Insurance companies have been at the forefront of corporate response to climate destabilization— they'd be hit first and hardest. Dr. Andrew Dlugolecki of CGNO, the world's sixth largest insurance company, has warned that climate change could bankrupt the world by 2065.

Recent research has uncovered a phenomenon that might dwarf the impacts of man-made emissions themselves— previously frozen tundra is being revealed as the polar caps recede; the thaw releases large levels of carbon into the atmosphere. The polar caps have been functioning as carbon sinks for thousands of years, absorbing an estimated 14% of the world's carbon. Svein Treidal, director of United Nations Environmental Program (UNEP), warns that "the permafrost in some areas is starting to give back its carbon... This could accelerate the greenhouse effect." Permafrost's load-bearing capacity is reduced as it thaws— homes and buildings in Siberia are already beginning to fail. (President Bush's lust for Arctic oil, in turn, would not run on innocuous "ice roads:" A larger, more devastating permanent infrastructure would be forced upon the Arctic's indigenous nations.) The Union of Concerned Scientists has published new research identifying "positive feedback loops" in the Arctic: Surface reflectivity lowers as ice and snow recede, allowing darker surfaces to absorb more solar radiation, furthering the warming process. The Northward migration of vegetation to previously barren areas adds to the process. Those densely-frozen areas sustaining multi-year ice have been declining 7% in size per decade since 1978; submarine measurements indicate the mean thickness of



Arctic ice has thinned 40% in roughly the same period. The most spectacular examples of polar warming come with the collapse of ancient ice shelves— the Antarctic's Larsen B and Wilkins ice shelves lost 3,000 square kilometers 1998-1999. All ice shelves in the region, by comparison, lost only 7,000 km2 in the fifty years previous.

Most of us will likely never find reason to venture to the Poles— much as the ice caps themselves, global warming's impacts can appear distant, removed; reified. For examples closer to home we could look at, well, the weather. Disastrous storms are hardly a new phenomenon— their frequency, intensity and range are. While 1998 is still being called 'the hottest year of the millennium," 1999 also saw its share of extreme weather: Record droughts led six Northeastern states to declare emergencies; a heat wave stretching into the Midwest killed 271 that Summer; Hurricane Mitch wrought billions of dollars in damages in North Carolina; Boston went a record 304 days without snow. A super-cyclone killed 10,000 in Orissa State, India that November; torrential rains and mudslides killed 15,000 in Venezuela the following month; hurricane-force windstorms visited $4 billion in damages on Northern Europe. While the magnitude of storms in the developed world is often described in monetary sums, their impact in less-developed nations comes too often in staggering death tolls: The disparity reflects on who is prepared to respond to climate change.

A March 29 report by the US Energy Information Agency expects the world's carbon dioxide output to nearly double in two decades: The world pumped 5.8 billion metric tons of carbon into the atmosphere in 1999; the figure is expected to approach 9.8 billion tons in 2020. The United States, comprising 4% of the world's population, currently contributes one quarter of this total— everyman's Ugly American preconceptions are fulfilled as never before. Where compassion fails to motivate, perhaps self-interest will: Global warming is already bringing adverse public health effects to all parts of the world. Heat waves are growing more intense, less and less offset by cooler nights; the shift enhances both smog and the dispersal of allergens. Worse, deep floods and prolonged droughts render crops less resilient to pests and weeds, impacting on food supplies and malnutrition. Lands rendered barren also fuel the trend towards urbanization in the developing world, further complicating tuberculosis epidemics and other diseases associated with overcrowded conditions. Paul Epstein, a tropical health specialist at Harvard Medical School's Center for Health and the Global Environment, warns that prolonged droughts and intensified storms "promote by various means the emergence, resurgence and spread of infectious disease." The developing world is immediately less able to prevent and control such outbreaks, but the impacts are becoming globalized: It's thought that a shipment of used tires carried mosquitoes bearing the West Nile Virus to New York City in 1999, killing 7. (Government response to the outbreak, in turn, indiscriminately covered large areas with supertoxic pesticides.) Notes Epstein: "Mosquito-borne disorders are expected to become increasingly prevalent... [they are] very sensitive to meteorological conditions." Mosquito-killing frosts are our friends this way; mosquito-breeding puddles left by heavier storms and floods are not. Malaria has surfaced since 1990 in Texas, Georgia, Florida, Michigan, New Jersey, New York and Toronto— no vaccine is available; the disease is becoming resistant to standard drug treatments. It's no longer a case of simply heading up the mountains to escape mosquito-bearing warm air ('mal-aria'), as European imperialists once did in Africa: Insect-borne infections are already being documented at ever-higher elevations in Asia, Africa and the Americas.

Floods can also wipe out supplies of safe drinking water, concentrating problems that might otherwise be diluted. Here in the Midwest, the National Guard was mobilized in April to help control a third set of 'century floods' on the Mississippi and Minnesota Rivers since 1993. Rarely is there patience for suggestions linking such events to markedly similar events around the world; it's the same sort of hubris that might favor building into a flood plane in the first place. Yet it's disingenuous. And while we have the means to throw up massive clay and sandbag levies to contain the wayward flows, most parts of the world do not— our relative privilege can muffle the impacts of weather disasters, further insulating us from questions that might otherwise become bluntly obvious.

Assuming any of this is real, what can be done? The vaunted 'consumer choice' mythologized by an endless succession of neoliberals ultimately might not be as relevant as some would hope: Burning so much carbon is less a matter of individual preference than larger economic strategy. Many of us are able to take incremental steps towards efficiency and conservation; the sheer scale of the United States energy market renders such individual motives profoundly atomic. What's passed off as America's 'energy debate' is far more concerned with finding new sources for carbon fuels than it is with engaging renewable alternatives, let alone meaningful conservation— "energy independence" seems to suggest America will simply drift out into space, avoiding somehow the range of consequences increased emissions already bring. To the extent that any technology is sustainable, the means to reduce emissions without drawing on other, more protracted problems has been with us for decades— solar power; wind power; ocean power and fuel cells, more recently. Any alternative energy source faces the collected weight of the fossil fuels industry, together with all manner of dubious cultural imperatives— a society that refuses to adequately house its poor is that much farther removed from properly insulating their homes.

It is the American transportation infrastructure that contributes the world's largest source of carbon to the atmosphere: Climate change will inevitably confront America's endlessly protracted transportation debate. Thus far the only real acknowledgment of this has come in small 'little-less-damage' noises about 'green' cars: A baldly fraudulent band-aid approach, blithely ignoring all but one of the problems associated with American transportation. Driving a car, like sporting sideburns or khakis, has become one of those American icons the truly hip know better than to rebel against.

As crucial and immediate as the world's political and economic questions are, many would be rendered void if the planet no longer supported us. Global warming as an issue might most accurately be described as climate justice: While the United States and the European Union together produce 52% of the world's CO2 emissions, it is the developing countries that will continue to suffer the worst consequences. As UNEP puts it, "the predicted impacts of climate change would probably exacerbate hunger and poverty around the world... The poor would suffer the most because they have fewer options for responding to climate change." Climate justice would move beyond lip- service: Radical emissions reductions here and now. Holding fossil fuels interests directly accountable for the harm they bring. A just and equitable transition to sustainable infrastructures. A more sincere commitment to assisting those struck down by increasingly severe extreme weather events; ultimately a thorough reversal in the way things are.

America's position, given the balance of things, hovers somewhere between wildly obscene and positively surreal. At a press briefing two weeks after Bush's shot in the dark, Environmental Protection Agency Administrator Christine Todd Whitman made it official: The 1997 Kyoto Protocol is off the American table. The agreement, it seems, was "seriously flawed": The costs of emissions reductions are considered to outweigh any potential benefits. It was only this February that the IPCC warned climate change is occurring more rapidly than originally thought; even small changes in surface temperatures are now understood to be more disruptive than previously believed. The global chorus condemning America's new isolation continues to grow; such will be the setting behind the next set of international climate talks, scheduled to be held this July in Bonn, Germany. It's thought that the Bonn meetings will present the last realistic opportunity to implement changes in line with the Kyoto Protocol's entirely minor 2012 targets: Language in the pact does allow it to proceed without American participation if 55% of its industrialized signatories agree to lend it the force of law.

American Death Culture tends to boil things down to a simple choice: Either you're a cynic or you're a chump. Scandal has always outsold ideas, hands-down; the bill is now coming due. Lining the United States up with anything approaching sustainability would be roughly akin to moving the Earth— it might appear, to an alien, as if we're far too busy rocking out to bands named after car parts. As Indonesian writer Y.B. Mangunwijaya's quote prefacing Naomi Klein's outstanding *No Logo* puts it, "you might not see things yet on the surface, but underground it's already on fire."

FURTHER READING:

•Ross Gelbspan, The Heat is On. Perseus Books, 1998; www.heatisonline.org – cited in article, very solid book. Original version has been updated since first printing.

•www.risingtide.nl – very sharp Holland-based international climate justice coalition, info clearinghouse

•IPCC Secretariat c/o World Meteorological Organization, 7bis Avenue de la Paix, CP 2300, CH 1211 Geneva 2, Switzerland; www.ipcc.ch – United Nations- sponsored body, the 2000+ climatologists from 100 countries. The authoritative source on the science of climate change

•Union of Concerned Scientists, 2 Brattle Square, Cambridge MA 02238; www.ucsusa.org – reformist group, general information

•Climate Action Network 1367 Connecticut Ave, NW, Suite 300 Washington, DC 20036 USA Tel: 202 785-8702 Fax: 202 785-8701 Email: neddy@climatenetwork.org Web: www.climatenetwork.org –this'd probably be the first stop for anyone wanting to engage climate, activism-wise. This is the US office; street addresses of several international offices can be accessed through the website. Information, updates, actions, everything

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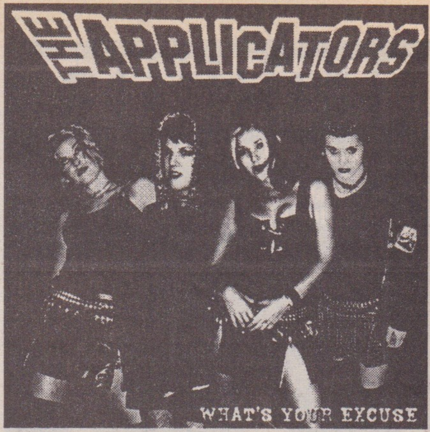

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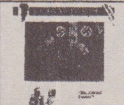

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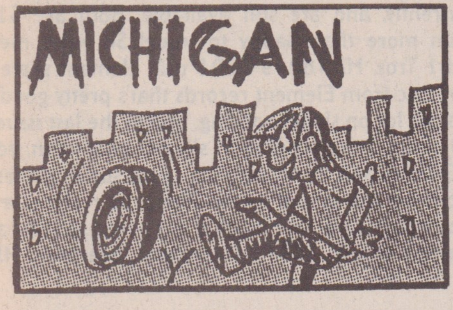
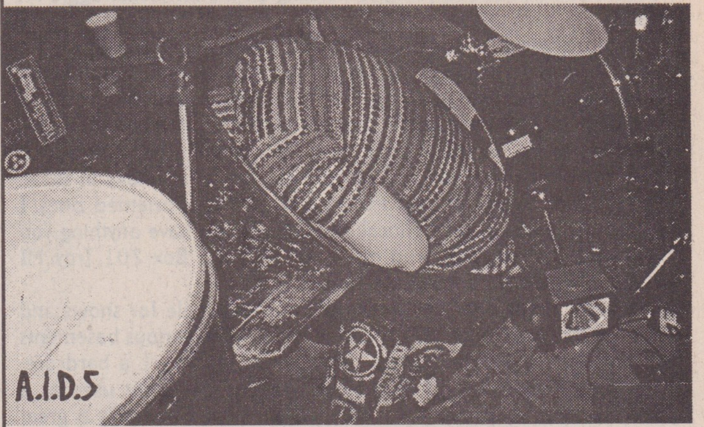


Detroit / Ann Arbor /Toledo scene reportThis started out being a Detroit/Ann arbor scene report, but Toledo is only 45 minutesaway, so I'm going to mention a few happenings from there as well. The detroit area is really large, so things are always spread out, which can make it hard to for people tocome together on a lot of things, but overall there are some cool things going ondefinitly worth mentioning.

BANDS -

Bloodpact is a hardcore band with a slight twinge of 80s hardcore influence fromann arbor, they have a bit of a new line up,and are really nice kids they have some great lyrics dealing with social and political issues, and they know how to make you laugh too! They put out a split LP on Plus/Minus records with varsity and also have a 7" another 12" and are on a shitload of comps, they have some other stuff soon to be released. Write to them@ p.o. Box 7096 ann arbor, MI 48107 usa. Michael Knight is an eclectic mix of styles from thrash, punk, new wave,indie rock, with no remorse. They did a really good interview in MRR №201, and have two 7" out on 4TG productions. They can be reached through Matt Sabbath @ 53238 Saturn, Shelby Twp. MI 48316 usa. Or pick up their records through 4TG productions @ 36764 Harper Ave. Apt. 203 Clinton Twp., MI 48035,usa. Ruination is a band that's getting talked about a lot recently, the memebers are from ann arbor, chicago, toronto etc.. they have a few releases coming out soon,and are possibly repressing their first 7". I actually have yet to see them , but from what ive been told theyre sup-

posed to be pretty crazy fast hardcorepunk. Get ahold of them by emailing xruinationx@hotmail.com, or by writing plus/minus records. Projectyle Vomit is consists of one bassist and one drummer with both doing vocals. What the hell can I say about these guys? they have a few demos out , and play whenever they can. Sometimes their song titles are longer than their songs . Yeah, they're one of "those" bands. Kind of grindy, really fast shit, but uh.. no guitar. Word. If you want to get ahold of them write to Jean-Paul at the hell house: 16468 Bringard, Detroit MI 48205. Nyarlathotep is a recently defunct spastic in your face band with approximately eight memebers at one point. lot's of thrash influence,some punk and and hardcore influence, with a smidgin of grind thrown in. there was definitly a reason why kids went crazy when they played. They had a few demos available, but i believe they might be sold out. There has been talk of them doing an official last show but I highly doubt that will happen. (unfortunetly) If you want to get ahold of them for some reason write to Thrash Zone records. A.I.D.S. (aka the most hated band in detroit) Is a completely chaotic noise band that just started playing recently again. They wear really fuckin ugly clothes, and they made this crazy robot thing complete with skeleton face, horns arms and other such appendages that they hook up to a smoke machine, as they play really fucked up videos on numerous television sets in the background. What else can



I say. Get ahold of them through Jean-Paul from Projectyle vomit. Life.Set.Struggle is a band you may be hearing more of in the future. I suppose you could call them "skate core", that's what they're all about. Really great fuckin hardcore, in the fast 80's style. Watch out for them at the chicago fest! Get ahold of them through Matt,4627 Gilhouse Rd. Toledo Oh 43623 and email lifesetsk8core@yahoo.com Bronson335 is another Toledo band. They actually have a split demo out with Life.Set.Struggle . I haven't seen them yet either unfortunetly, but I've only heard really really good things. From what I've been told they have the same sort thrashy old school hardcore thing goin on. I think they're recording for a 7" right now. Write to them at: Bronson335army, 1522 pennelwood apt.1, toledo, ohio 43614

Labels/Distributions

For tha goat (4TG) productions. This is run by Tony, so far he has put out two releases, both Michael Knight 7", and he does have a few hardcore/punk records in stock for distribution, im not sure if he has anything else in the works, but you can surely write him and find out. 36764 Harper Ave №203, Clinton Twp.,MI 48035, usa. Thrash Zone Distro Ok, this is done by Jeff previously from Nonsense distribution. He called it quits awhile ago, but decided to pick it back up with a new name and everything. He's got a lot of stuff in stock from thrash (duh) hardcore,crust, oi, punk, and everything in between. Get ahold of him

at ThrashZoneDistro@aol.com or P.O. Box 381143, Clinton Twp. MI 48038-0077. Plus/Minus records Andy and Annie mainly focus on the hardcore side of things , but they have a lot of great stuff and a good variety of music in stock, and carry some zines also, so get ahold

of them for a list of their releases and stuff they currently have in stock. You can also get ahold of the bands bloodpact and ruination through them. P.O. Box 7096 Ann Arbor, MI 48107, usa. Element Records This record label has been around for awhile, he has a lot of different releases out, currently is working on the Life.Set.Struggle 7", recently

put out a skate core compliation called prevent this tragedy, and a slab o wax by faded grey, and is working on another compilation 7"with tear it up, killed in action, crispus attucks, and more. Get ahold of Eric at: 23144 Cleveland 9 Dearborn, MI 48124 HumanEnd This is my zine distro, its really small, and I do mainly local distribution rather than mailorder, but you can still ask me what i have in stock. Theres a wide variety of stuff i carry, a lot of music orietned zines, I have some personal and political zines too. If you have anything you think might interest me, drop me a line also! P.O. Box 201 Troy, MI 48099-0201 Show/Community spaces

There arent really a lot of places right now available for shows and what not, besides crappy rip off coffee houses, and various basements and bars.. the vegetarian grocer closed overa year ago(a hardcore-punk run,all vegan health food store with the basement used as a show space/screenprinting workshop..) and that was really a great community space. And helped bring a lot of the kids in detroit together. Some kids have been talking about trying to get another space, but there hasnt been much progress yet. If you happen to be coming through detroit and are wanting to play a show you can get ahold of me and I'll do everything I can for ya. A really good person to get ahold of for shows would also be Tony from 4TG productions, he's been putting on a lot of the really good shows around here for many years. Email him @ tha4tg@hotmail.com or write to him at the 4TG productions address above. Trumball theatre is a collective of three houses and a shitload of kids. They (as a whole) try to involve themselves in a lot of political activities, so if youre coming through town and are curious about protests or things of that nature you can try getting ahold of them. They just started doing a free cafe on mondays and thursdays at 7pm, and free movie nights on wednesdays at 8pm. They have also just started doing food not bombs again, and have various other projects going on too. It seemed shows at the trumball weren't happening very much anymore for awhile, but it's been picking back up again, so you can also try getting ahold of them if you're band is coming through town. Contact them @ 4208 Trumball, Detroit, MI 48208. or possibly email at trumbull__list@digipunk.com to find out what's going on. theres a bunch of other various places that shows happen sporadically, so if you get ahold of some of these people and places im sure one of them can figure something out.

ZINES

There arent awhole lot of zines around that seem to be freely flowing in easy to find places , so I'm sure I'm missing a lot. Sorry! There were a few other zines I had wanted to list, but I havent heard anything from them in a really long time, write me if you want updates. Scumbag is a hardcore zine done by an awesome kid named Ian. Nice layout compared to most other zines, with cut and paste style, and it's a full size zine. The first issue has interviews with underestimated records, Fast times, Right Brigade, a Varsity tribute, some scene reports and reviews. It says it's free on the cover, but you might want to send him a dollar or two for postage. Detroit needs more zines like this. Write to Ian at 6602 Merrrick, Troy, MI 48098. ReHash is a zine done by me,mainly as a resource for exploring old punk bands, and sharing the info and stuff I have. Mainly reprinted hard to find interviews with old thrash/hardcore/peacepunk bands with a lot of old photos, columns,classifieds,rants etc..there are 2 issues out currently, and are still available. Both are $1 us/$2 world, and im more than happy to trade! So write me. Zanne @ P.O. Box 201 Troy, MI 48099-0201 usa. Element skatecore is a zine done by Eric from Element records that's pretty good. He (obvioulsy) focuses a lot on skateboarding, and in the last issue he just did (№ 13) he has interviews with skaters billy kahn, ed templeton, and the Swarm, and Kevin seconds , plus some photos and some writing from the editor and a few others. Its really nicely laid out too. Im not exacly sure how much it is so send at least a buck or two. Eric Ziembowicz @ 23144 cleaveland, dearborn, MI 48124 usa.

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DEVIATION - Play smth. ' bout polit punk/hc/folk/reggae. Have released 2 albums on tape "Huj vam...tatalitarism nia proidze" & Lukashenko...uber alles". And CD on Darbouka Recs. PO Box 64, Grodno 230010 buntuima@mail.ru

KONTA LA KONTRA - Play fast punk/hardcore; have a demo out. PO Box 237, Grodno 230023 kontra@inbox.ru

STERVA - Post punk in Crass vein, have released 2 albums. Address see above.

PET NIHIL - Play punk '77, have a demo out. Address above.

O.D.J. - Punkcore meets rapcore, demo "Ja Podpolnyj Partyzan". Address above / "mailto:waldik@tut.by"waldik@tut.by

HATE TO STATE - Anarcho-crust-punk with dual male/female vox. they are already R.I.P., but their "Hate" demo is still available. PO Box 205, Minsk 220107.

451 F - Former members of HATE TO STATE play rageous crustcore with female vox. demo is available soon. Address is above.

PARAFIN - Play punk rock. Contact through Coup de Grace.

TWIN PIGS - Play anarcho/punk/hc influenced by Swedish scene. They haven't released anything but really want to! Anton Vasiluk, 60 Let Oktiabria 15A-35, Ivacevichi 225250 Brest region.

PRAVAKACYIA - Play mid-tempo punk in Stooges style. Have released "Zwychajnaja Ranitsa" album. Aleg Baharevich Rotmistrova, Str. 22-35 Minsk 2200075.

KAIFUCKEDY - Punk-rock with ska influences with strange lyrics. Two taped: "Ne-album" & "Pro Durnyh" Alexandr Moroz, PO Box 215, borisov 222120 Minsk Region.
RAZGROM - Play melo-punk & have released a self-titled tape. Address - see above.
AMPUTACIJA DUSHI - Drunk-punk '77. Have lots of tapes. Address above.
HELTER SKELTER - Play punk '77 with childish lyrics. Address - above.

ZINES

DON'T PANIC! - The oldest DIY zine 'bout punk, hardcore, & more...PO Box 205, Minsk 220107
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REBRO ZHOSTKOSTI - Positive sXe/ska/anarchism/antifa/etc. "do vosstrebovanija" Dragoon E. Minsk 220050 Skoriny 10 stay__str8@usa.net
LEFT HANDER - History of sxe, different ints., environment, drug-free, etc. PO Box 16, Ratomka Minsk region 223035 lefthunder@mail.ru
BEZ NAMORDNIKA - Real punk/hc zine to change minds of those kids who consider KORN/etc. to be hardcore! PO Box 55 Minsk 220029 h8red@mail.ru
ANTYFASHYK - Antifa bulletin, PO Box 34 Minsk 220030 antyfa@mail.ru
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B-R-R-R - Cut & paste zine on different issues. PO Box 52 Grodno 230010 "mailto:waldik@tut.by"waldik@tut.by
PRAVAKATAR - Well-done A(anarchy symbol)-punk zine. PO Box 52 Grodno 230005 stasbyl@tut.by
BUNTUIMA - Paper of racial students of Grodno's University buntuima@mail.ru
PADIOZH SKOTA - Cut & paste zine with ints., reviews, thoughts, crosswords, etx. Lesha, m-n 6A, 3-51 Svetlogorsk 247400 Gomel region.

LABELS

It's a pity, but there are no DIY labels. Bands usually release their records themselves. It's impossible to release CDs, 7"s, LPs, so all records are on tape. They are cheaper and suitable for DIY activities in our country.

CLUBS

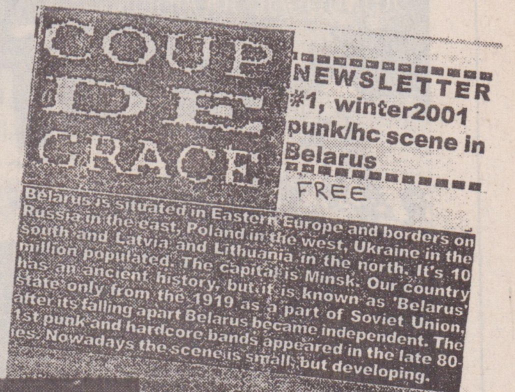
We have no punk venues. There are only a few clubs, which accept holding punk-gigs. During the last year, many clubs were closed by authorities. The present day clubs are far from perfect: one of them is boycotted by several groups because of many reasons and another is falling apart. Others don't appreciate holding punk-gigs, 'cause they don't get much of a profit from them. So, some DIY activists try to organize gigs themselves, but it's hard because of the lack of funds.

SQUATS

Sad but true: nor punk/hc venues, neither squats. There were few little acoustic concerts in empty buildings in grodno, but I can't call them 'squats'. We have never gotten any permanent squats. In October 2000, 60-70 anarchos, punks and other different people arranged "Occupation" - a so called "squatting performance" in a former cardio-policlinic in the center of Minsk. The action tookplace under the slogan "Man Can Everything!", consisting of acoustic concert performances, painting on walls and on bodies, and making artistic noize. The action lasted more than 2 hours and ended when the police came. No one decided to hold it because of police brutality, government authoritarian politics and criminal responsibility for these deeds. Really, if they had decided to keep it, we wouldn't stay even for an hour. I'm sure 'cause I know the stupidity, aggressiveness and technical basis of our police and OMON (special forces of Belrussian police).

Hey! I want to respond to you guys! Write me! Support punk/hc in 3rd world countries (such as mine)! Punk is international, isn't it? Prove it! That's all for now! bye! Bash the Fash! My email: "mailto:bogema@tut.by"bogema@tut.by. My address: Alexei Bogemolski, Zhukorskogostr. 5/I-180, Minsk 220007, Belarus, CIS (ex-USSR). If you want to get any stuff listed in Coup de Grace, just let me know! (If any zine editors or contributors are going to write me - please send me back my stamps.)

Your comrade,
Alexei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NEWSLETTER #1, winter2001 punk/hc scene in Belarus

FREE

Belarus is situated in Eastern Europe and borders on Russia in the east, Poland in the west, Ukraine in the South and Latvia and Lithuania in the north. It's 10 million populated. The capital is Minsk. Our country has an ancient history, but it is known as 'Belarus' state only from the 1919 as a part of Soviet Union. after its falling apart Belarus became independent. The 1st punk and hardcore bands appeared in the late 80-ies. Nowadays the scene is small, but developing.

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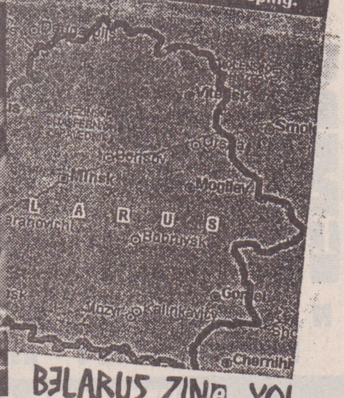

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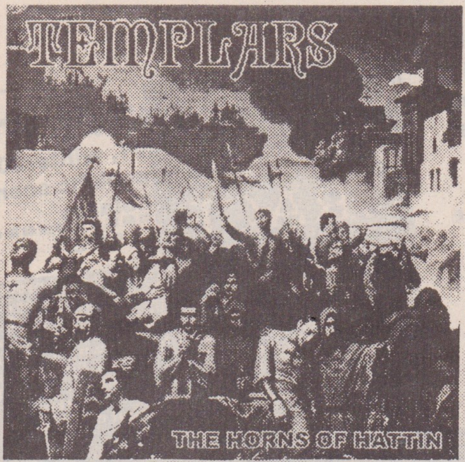

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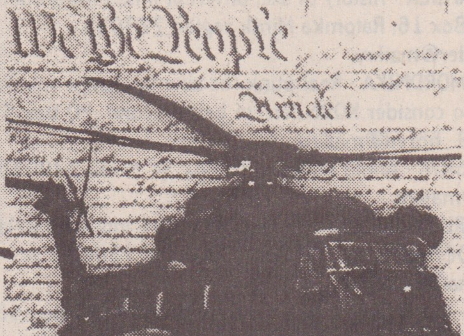

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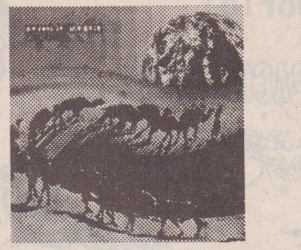

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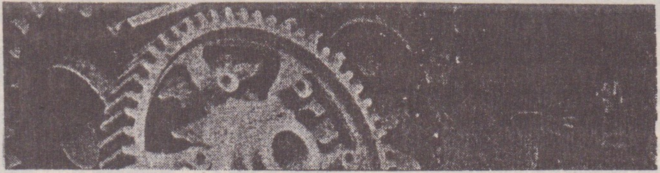

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RUTH'S HAT

Ruth's Hat is a rock and roll band of such immensity that it occupies two nations. This Michigan-and-Ontario based pop powerhouse has been cranking out fab records since 1996 or so, and the product of such toil has been nothing short of riotous euphoria. Melody-starved masses storm the streets in search of Ruth's Hat's sonic goodies—and who could blame them? The band's blend of perfect pop, infectious rock and roll, crunching punk, and hooky country & western never fails to deliver an abundance of hooks and a jolly good time. As the band prepared to embark on a swinging summer tour, Ruth's-Hatters P.J. and Jack convened with me in cyberspace to discuss the band's top-secret plans for world domination.

Interview by Josh Rutledge

MRR: Please begin with the obligatory band mission statement. What is Ruth's Hat all about?

PJ: Escapism. Pure, unadulterated, rock n' roll fun. And the inexhaustible quest for the perfect hook.

MRR: Noble goals indeed. So why does this band exist?

Jack: Existence seemed like something worth checking out.

PJ: That's an awfully deep question for a punk zine.

MRR: Good answers, wise-asses. Besides the escapism and the fun and the hooks, are there any philosophies that drive this band into action?

Jack: Plato's Theory of Forms.

PJ: Philosophy? Hmm...just enjoy the ride. Smile. Laugh if you are so inclined. This whole business of rock n' roll is a big fucking joke, and the moment you take it too seriously, you cease to be in on it.

MRR: Fair enough. Let's talk about touring. So far, what have been your impressions of the crowds you've seen when you've toured?

PJ: A rather motley bunch. There are far too many unattractive people going to shows.

MRR: Do you think a lot of the punk gigs you've played have turned out well for you?

Jack: Yeah. A lot of punks like the poppier style. I've noticed old Lookout stuff is still pretty popular. People who are into that style seem to like us quite a bit.

MRR: Does the typical punk rock kid understand Ruth's Hat's musical stylings?

PJ: That depends on your definition of a "typical punk rock kid".

Jack: You'd have to ask one of them.

MRR: Let the record show that the smart-ass twins have struck again! Anyway, you guys have been aligned with the underground punk community for years. Have you always set out to stay true to any sort of underground ethics?

PJ: We set out to play music that we like, not to spread an ideology. The term "underground ethics" is kind of a misnomer, since it implies that the underground music scene is somehow more honest, and therefore more legitimate. In reality, there are crooked fucks at all levels of the game. I try to ignore the business aspect of it all. Naturally, we want as many people as possible to hear our music, but on OUR TERMS. The unfortunate reality is that when your art becomes your means of support - that is, when you make enough cash to live off it you will inevitably have to make some decisions based on money. Because of this, even the most well-intended bands may end up compromising the very thing that they hold most vital. It's best not to think of music as "product", and we won't work with anyone who does.

MRR: Let's talk music now. Your musical roots are classical in nature, yet you don't strike me as a "retro" band that should be opening for Sha Na Na cover bands.

PJ: Hooray for that.

Jack: That'll come later when we're an old joke.

MRR: Anyway, you really seem to be a vital and exciting band that's well-involved with the contemporary punk underground. How do you feel about being associated with the punk community? Do you like playing smaller shows and sticking to the DIY mindset?

Jack: The best part of any show is the crowd reaction. That can come at any show, any size. When we opened for Treble Charger in London, there were hundreds of people just screaming the whole time. But we also played in the attic of this small piano shop in Columbus, and the kids were going so crazy you could see the floor shaking! That was one of the coolest shows we've ever played.

PJ: DIY is great in theory, but too many people who purport to live by the DIY code of ethics don't actually DO anything. Oh, they have the desire to get involved, set up shows, etc. - but that desire seems to be fleeting. They want to help the bands and help the scene, but usually give up upon realizing that DIY requires actual work. Pity about that, since it's the touring bands who pay the price for such lax attitudes.

MRR: So what are your down-the-road visions for Ruth's Hat? Do you ever envision yourselves as a "big" band with serious commercial prospects?

Jack: Yes, but in my vision I'm in a soul band in Ireland.

PJ: It depends on the level of "bigness" you're talking about. I don't have much in the way of commercial prospects right now.

MRR: What about rock-n-roll music and the commercial music industry? Do you ever think a classic rock-n-roll sound will ever be big again? Or is this grass-roots community the only real way to make a go out of playing these sorts of songs?

PJ: I would like to believe that good, honest rock n' roll will always have a place. And it probably will. As far as a major revolution in commercial radio, I'm not holding my breath. The music industry is in business to make a profit. Sometimes they get lucky and put out a great record, but it's purely incidental.

Jack: I'd love to see guitar music get big again. Sometimes you get lucky and something worthwhile makes it big. But it isn't going to happen on a large scale unless it's guaranteed to make someone a lot of money.

MRR: Talk a bit about this upcoming tour. Where are you headed this time, and what should people expect from Ruth's Hat?

PJ: We're going to be starting in Ontario, playing lots of shows there (including the obscure northern turf), then heading all the way across Canada to British Columbia. From there, we'll go South all the way to L.A., then back across the U.S. to Michigan. All in three weeks. Check out our web site for up-to-date tour info including ven-

ues, dates, etc: www.ruthshat.com

Jack: Expect a fun, no frills rock n' roll show.

MRR: When you do get a positive response at shows, what sorts of people tend to be the most responsive? Are there specific types or crowds or people that tend to dig what you're doing?

PJ: I'm not sure if we have a particular sonic niche. We are essentially a punk band playing pop songs. The music is too poppy for most punks and too unrefined for the power pop crowd. But the people who DO like us...they REALLY dig us. It's really nice to have such dedicated fans.

Jack: I think some of the punks who are strictly into hardcore think we're lame, but what can you do? You can't have everyone.

MRR: When this band started, there was certainly a niche for "pop-punk" bands within the punk scene. Now that sub-scene seems to be thinning out. Is that such a bad thing, though?

PJ: I don't think so. Truth be told, I never cared much for the label "pop-punk".

Jack: "Thinning out" just gets rid of most of the bands who can't cut it. Although some bands' careers end way too soon.

MRR: Did people ever write you off because they were sick of pop-punk to begin with?

Jack: There are definitely critics who are hard on punk in general.

PJ: Yeah, but if a person perceives Ruth's Hat simply as generic pop-punk, they haven't listened hard enough. We're much more pop than punk. The vocals and harmonies reflect that, I hope. Also, we incorporate fairly heavy doses of 50's rock n' roll and country. The music certainly could be classified as "punk pop", but listing one pseudo-descriptive buzz phrase never tells the whole story. Those of you writing record reviews should make a note of that.

MRR: Your CD came out last year and seemed to get decent reviews. How do YOU feel about the disc? Were you happy with it?

PJ: Oh geez. I hate this question. It's so hard to be objective about your own material. I mean, you play these songs hundreds of times, live and in practice, then record and mix them, listening to them hundreds more times. It gets really tiresome. Still, I like the CD. There are some quirks that bug me, but that's mostly recording and mixing. I generally like the songs. Some of them grate on us due to overexposure, but most of them are still exciting to play live.

Jack: You'll always hear parts where you think, "Maybe I should have done this differently or tinkered with it a bit more,Äù, but I think it sounds really good. I'm really happy with the way it turned out.

MRR: Was the CD a good indication of what Ruth's Hat is about?

PJ: Yes, I think so.

Jack: Definitely our most solid release.

MRR: If you weren't in this band, would you want to buy your CD?

PJ: Definitely.

Jack: Does downloading count?

MRR: How's the new CD coming along? I know that you've been writing songs for it in recent months. What kind of album will this be? Along the same lines as the first one? Different?

PJ: The new CD will probably be recorded this Fall. It was put on hold for a couple months while we recorded a special CD of covers for the tour. As for the new stuff, my songs are a little more pop and perhaps a little more rock n' roll as well. More mid-tempo stuff. I think we all want to move in that direction it suits us. It's hard to say for sure, though, since I haven't showed all the songs to the band yet. Plus, Jack and Mike are still writing songs, and I'm not sure where they're headed. In any event, don't expect any radical departures from the first album... it will be a logical progression in sound, whatever we do. Personally, I just want to make a great, loud pop album.

MRR: You've got a brand new 7" out now. How does this single stack up against your previous vinyl efforts?

Jack: The 1950's surf theme makes it the most poppy of our records. It's only three songs, but they're all really good.

PJ: Production is only mid-fi - it doesn't have the vocal sound we're accustomed to - but, hell, therecording time was free. We won it in some battle of the bands in London. We wanted to have fun with it, and we did.

MRR: What do you think about the 7" vinyl format? There seem to be a lot fewer 7"s coming out these days than there were a few years ago. Is the vinyl single dying?

Jack: Yes. Vinyl collectors are going to become a lost tribe complete with mysterious artifacts.

PJ: In some circles, it's already dead. Vinyl may not enjoy the popularity it did in the past. Anyone can do it faster and cheaper on a CD-R these days. But there are still an awful lot of purists out there who buy exclusively vinyl. Hell, I still comb the dollar bins. It's a cheap way to pick up old punk, new wave, and power pop albums that tend to cost much more as reissues on CD. It's also a great way to discover new bands...twelve dollar CD's are always a gamble, but anyone can afford a buck, right?

Jack: I still buy vinyl, but CDs just make more sense for both buyer and seller.

MRR: So how do you feel about the demise of vinyl?

PJ: A bit disappointed. Vinyl singles started it all. You just can't duplicate that "feel" of physically placing the needle on a new slab of wax for the first time. There's a certain romanticism to it...it's exciting.

MRR: Do CD-EP's even come close to comparing to the 7" single?

PJ: Aesthetically, no. But they sound better. And they are cheaper and easier to make. Of course, there are drawbacks as well. Now that everyone can afford it, we are inundated with more useless crap then ever before. I know it's punk rock and all, but not every band is worth listening to. The best thing about punk rock is that anyone can be in a band. The worst thing about punk rock is that anyone can be in band.

Jack: You aren't constricted by the time limit you have on a record, so you can fit more songs on a CD.

Plus the interactive material you can put on a CD is a huge bonus.

MRR: This band has stuck it out for a few years now, and that's certainly quite a feat. I've seen so many bands come and go, but Ruth's Hat has kept at it and gotten better and better as time has gone by. Are you fellows in it for the long haul?

Jack: There's no way I could quit this band.

PJ: As long as there are good songs left to write, we'll be around.

MRR: What motivates to keep at it?

PJ: Compulsion. I can't NOT do it.

Jack: There's always another show to play, another song to learn, another recording session ... it just keeps moving forward.

MRR: I doubt that it's easy, yet you seem to be having a lot of fun doing that thing you do. Are there a lot of rewards in the Ruth's Hat experience?

PJ: For me, it's just the satisfaction that we have created something. A good song is something you can be proud of. It's always fun to hear from fans, from people who really dig our music. But I'll always write songs, whether people like them or not.

Jack: I get to make my own records and play with other bands I like – that's the coolest reward ever.

MRR: How hard has it been, financially speaking, to go on tour? Is it a real struggle to make it from one town to another? If so, is it worth it?

PJ: It's tough. Probably not worth it, considering our financial status as a band. But we're gonna keep doing it anyway. It's fun.

MRR: Any final thoughts?

PJ: No, I believe I'll continue thinking.

web: www.ruthshat.com

email: theband@ruthshat.com

Interview with Mike Davenport (bassist/vocals.) by Dane Jackson.

THE ATARIS

INTERVIEW

MRR: I WAS TOLD TO CALL YOU STORYTELLER. WHY IS THAT?
Mike: Because I rant and rant. My life I try to make into as many stories as possible and I'm also the writer in the band, not the songwriter, but the writer writer, and I need to keep working on my stories so that when I finally write my great Ataris novel that I can remember them all. And the only way to remember them all, drinking as much as we do, is to say them every night, over and over.

MRR: WHO ARE YOU?
Mike: I'm Mike. I'm the bass player in the Ataris.

MRR: WHAT'S YOUR BEST SALES PITCH FOR YOUR NEW ALBUM?
Mike: If you want a girl or guy to break up with you, go buy that record for them.

MRR: WHAT MAKES YOU TICK?
Mike: I would say caffeine. Caffeine makes me tick hard.

MRR: IS THAT LIFE ON THE ROAD THEN?
Mike: Life on the road, you need a lot more than caffeine, but yeah this helps.

MRR: WHERE WERE YOU TEN YEARS AGO?
Mike: In jail.

MRR: WHY?
Mike: I'm not gonna say.

MRR: DOES NAPSTER PISS YOU OFF?
Mike: I like it a lot. Napster's cool. This is my Napster's cool thing. I would never get to hear our cover of, like we do Cure cover, or a Sludgeworth cover, or we do acoustic shows somewhere and kids record it and put it up on Napster and I can actually go check out stuff that I'd probably never hear again. And it's cool for even me to go that's awesome that that avenue is even out there. Napster's only problem is that they need to give bands a royalty rate like mp3 (mp3.com) because music's one day, I believe, available only through the Internet and Internet-type sources. I believe the record store is gonna be a thing of the past as well as the CD. So, I think that the computer way, this may be fifty years from now, but there's gonna come a time when that's the only way to get music. And that's the only way we can make this all work is to have a royalty rate otherwise musicians wouldn't get paid anymore.

MRR: HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT HEADLINNG WARPED TOUR?
Mike: There are so many great bands on there that I'd hardly call it headlining. I'd say it was more like 25 equal bands that are out there that are gonna be rockin'. Every band, I think, in a different way and a different genre, is an equal. I don't think that one band is a bigger headliner than the other.

MRR: WHO ARE YOU LOOKING FORWARD TO HEARING THE MOST?
Mike: I love AFI. They seem to be a band who are always on the same track we are, just a different style of music. I'm really stoked to hang out with them and do that. And obviously, Me First and the Gimmie Gimmies because Joey and Mike they're all our best friends. That's just a party on wheels right there.

MRR: WHAT ABOUT ROLLINS?
Mike: I'm interested in Rollins because me and Chris worship Rollins. We actually went and saw him speak twice in November of last year when we had a chance. We went to two different shows, a Ventura and a Santa Barbara. We're the hugest Rollins' fans so we wanna go here. But we're also very close to Bill and Stephen from Descendants and All. Bill and Henry were in Black Flag together and so I always here Bill's stories about those days, so I kinda wanted to hear Henry. I hope Henry isn't offended though by us.

MRR: I HEARD THAT HE DOESN'T LIKE TO TALK ABOUT BLACK FLAG ANYMORE.
Mike: He probably doesn't, but Bill says the same thing and he ends up doing it anyway.

MRR: WHAT'S THE BEST PART ABOUT BEING AN ATARI?
Mike: The adoration.

MRR: DO YOU HAVE A BUNCH OF TEENY-BOPPERS WHO LIKE YOU?
Mike: A bunch of people period. Even big boys, you know. Sometimes even 40-year old men. But yeah, mostly teeny-boppers. I have a huge ego and I need affirmation everyday.

INTERVIEW

MRR: WHAT ABOUT THE WORST?
Mike: The worst thing about being an Atari? There's nothing bad. There's bad moments, but I wouldn't say there's a worse thing.

MRR: WHAT CAN THE CROWD EXPECT FROM AN ATARIS' SHOWS?
Mike: Rock man! I think that when people hear our records they kind of label us more towards that Blink, MxPx kind of thing, a thinner sound, and our records come across that way. But live, we have two guitars and we just come across way heavier live and a lot of bands in our genre aren't like that. They come across even lighter, so I think that's the one thing that people are surprised about when we go on tours with people like Lagwagon and the Vandals. A lot of people who have written us off as a teeny-bopper band go "holy shit dude…that band rocks."

MRR: SO YOU'LL DISPEL THE EMO STEREOTYPES TONIGHT THEN?
Mike: Completely. We'll say fuck you to the crowd at least five times, I promise you. And guess what…that's not emo.

MRR: WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE BUTT AS A HOLE?
Mike: I love it. The butt? The ass? Alright, I like butts. Especially big butts…girls with big butts…I do.

MRR: IF YOU COULD ERASE ONE BAND FROM MUSICAL HISTORY, WHO WOULD IT BE?
Mike: Uhm…fuck. There's a lot. That's a good one. I like that one, that one's fresh. I would say…uhmm…that's a hard one. Hold on, let me think a sec.

MRR: I'VE HEARD A LOT OF CREED LATELY.
Mike: That's a good one too. Creed's a good one. Yeah, let's go with Creed. You called it. There's no one worse than Creed. I think the singer of Creed was gonna do Freddie Mercury's spot at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, is that true?

MRR: I THINK SO.
Mike: That's sick. That's really sick.

MRR: AND HE DID MORRISON'S SPOT IN THE DOOR'S TRIBUTE.
Mike: I know that. That already bums me out.

MRR: WHAT QUESTIONS ARE YOU SICK OF?
Mike; The Napster one is my least favorite question. I get it every single time.

MRR: HOW MANY ATARI-BASED QUESTIONS DO YOU GET?
Mike: Every time, but I kinda like those because people think of creative things with those. Napster's always the same thing. That's why I've come up with inventive answers for the Napster thing. Everyone says they hate Napster, so I always

say I like Napster. But Atari video games, I like that. Those one's are great. What's your favorite game and blah, blah blah. I always change it every time when I start thinking of games and they say, "oh, I like this one." Those ones spawn good conversations.

MRR: I HAVEN'T PLAYED THE ATARI IN FOREVER.
Mike: Yeah, nobody has.

MRR: I HAD THE 2600 BECAUSE I COULDN'T AFFORD THE 7800.
Mike: Me neither. Don't feel bad.

MRR: ARE THERE ANY BANDS WHO GOT LOST IN THE MIX WHO DESERVE TO BE HEARD LIKE USELESS ID MAYBE?
Mike: Fuck, there's tons. Tons of bands who get lost in the shuffle that deserve to be heard. I think Jawbreaker was one of those bands who got lost in the shuffle. I mean they never even toured outside the U.S. It's amazing to me that a band that awesome, that good, could be so stifled.
That's just one example of a ton. But Useless ID, Chris produced their new record and that's gonna get out...that's gonna be out there. The same with a lot of new bands. The thing about being in a band is that if you wanna be heard you can be. It's all about hard work.

"EVERYONE SAYS THEY HATE NAPSTER, SO I ALWAYS SAY I LIKE NAPSTER."

MRR: WHAT'S THE GROSSEST PLACE FOR BODY HAIR ON SOMEONE?
Mike: Ohh, especially girls...the back. There was actually a girl we used to know that had this line of hair right down the middle of her back. We called her Hairbaccus. She never knew what it meant but we would call it to her. That was a good one. I like that one ...Hairbaccus.

MRR: SO WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH LOVE?
Mike: Love rules. That's the only thing there is to live for. That's the deal with that..it's everything. It's why we're here.

MRR: HEARD ANY GOOD JOKES LATELY?
Mike: What do you get when you cross an elephant and a rhino? Elephino. My daughter told me that. It's my favorite.

MRR: WHAT'S THE ONE THING YOU COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT?
Mike: No one knows the elephino joke and you knew it. The one thing I couldn't live without? Hmmm. I can't say that either. So let's say the next thing. What can I live without? Damn, besides that other thing. Coffee.

MRR: WHAT'S THE BEST TO PLAY LIVE? DON'T SAY DETROIT JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE HERE RIGHT NOW.
Mike: Never played Detroit, so I can't say that. (To his tour manager) I would say that place you booked us over their in Eastern Michigan with the tank in the fucking front yard. No, I'm just giving him shit. Since he's our booking agent too and we took him out on the road this time so we're pointing out every little shit hole he ever booked us at in every state. No, there's two places...Mesa, Arizona in a place called the Nile Theatre and it gets crazier every time. Last time we had like 1300 paid just for us before we picked up with them (Lagwagon and the Vandals). It just blows my mind. And the other one is Pomona, California, which is Orange County-ish, in a place called the Glass House and it's right next to San Dimas so I think that has a very big effect. Both those places blow my mind. There's no comparison.

MRR: WILL WE EVER SEE WORLD PEACE?
Mike: No. That's ridiculous. Everyone's too interested in war. Why do you think we have the History Channel? So people can still dream about war

MRR: IF THIS WAS CONFESSIONAL RIGHT NOW, WHAT WOULD YOU CONFESS?
Mike I've already confessed a lot to you. A lot. Too much. No more. There are so many thing's I didn't tell anybody. I'm feeling goofy. You caught me with like two hours of sleep.

MRR: WELL, THEN I GUESS I FEEL PRIVILEGED THEN. WELL, I'VE ONLY GOT A FEW MORE QUICK ONES, THEN I'LL BE DONE.
Mike: Sure. Totally cool.

MRR: IF YOU WERE AN ICE CREAM FLAVOR, WHAT WOULD YOU BE AND WHY?
Mike: I'd be mint chip and that's because it's dark, green, and sweet. I like it all.

MRR: WHAT WOULD BE ON YOUR IDEAL MIX TAPE?
Mike: Oh, like Descendants, Jawbreaker, Weezer for sure, Lagwagon for sure, Tsunami Bomb. I like to mix it up too. Ya know, you put some mellow stuff on there. What would be mellow that we listen to? I can't think right now about bands. That's my other pet peeve question. Not that you said that because you made it more interesting, but you know what's your favorite bands because you know as a music lover they change every week. I can only say the bands who would be my favorite for this one. But, like Radiohead, oh man that'd be on every mix tape for sure.

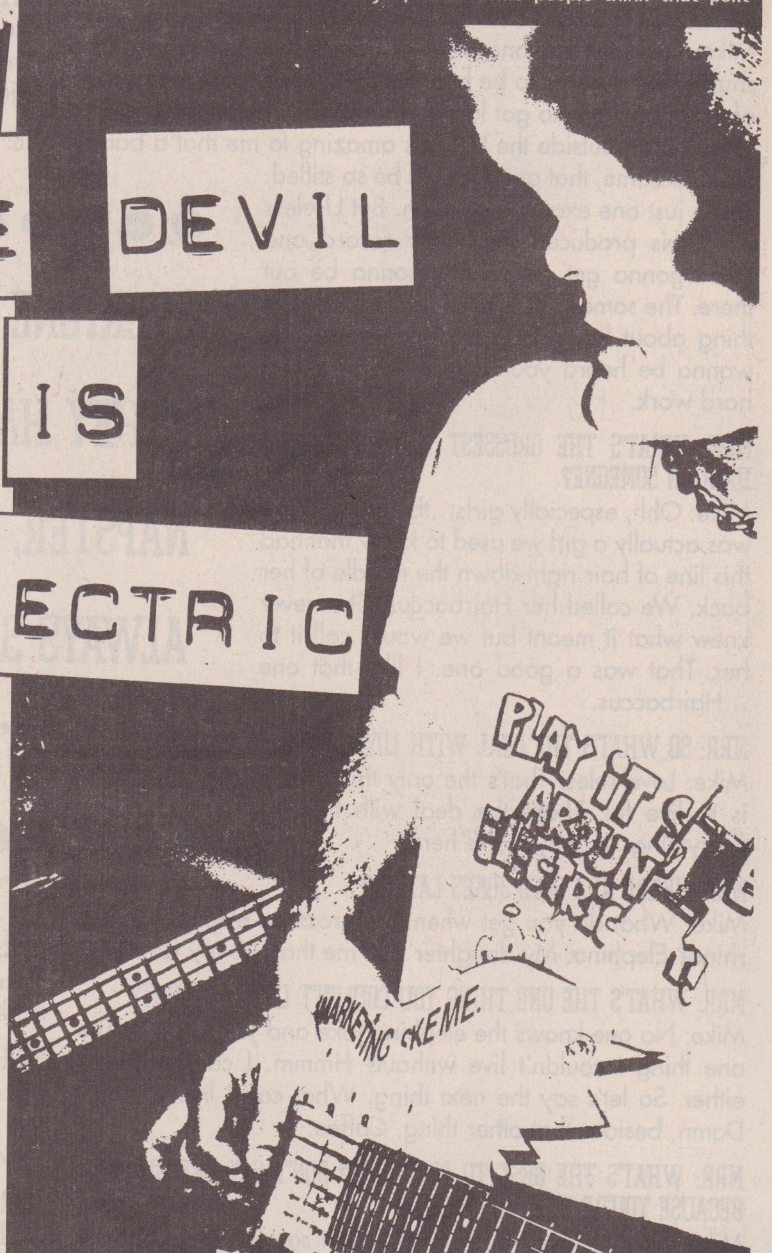
MRR: WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY TO THE ATARI FANS?
Mike: Check out our website at ataris.com and write us. Our address is in all our records and we write every fan back.

MRR: WHAT ABOUT THE CRITICS?
Mike: The critics are awesome to us. I've got nothing bad to say to them. We really haven't gotten bad reviews since Anywhere But Here.

MRR: SO, SINCE YOU'RE THE STORYTELLER, DO YOU WANT TO TELL A STORY AS AN ENDING MOMENT?
Mike: A story huh? There was once this boy that brought a bottle of Southern Comfort onto our RV and that was a wrong thing to do because it was the total epitome of rock stars. And then another boy decided to drink so much of it, and they were smoking so much cigarettes and everything, that the fire alarm went off and he started breaking the fire alarm in the RV...throwing it around and a fan got cut and it was a very brutal experience.

Chris: I think it would also be something about how important it is to keep the business out of punk rock. The diy punk scene, not to be confused with the mainstream punk scene, is a truly amazing thing. It's a family for all of us kids that got made fun of in high school. It's a place for us to belong, and we all want to belong. It's something to do for all of us that are not satisfied with prime-time TV and working shitty jobs in pursuit of a new car, house or whatever. That's why I think it's really important to keep our passion from turning into a capitalist rebellion money making scheme. I guess our manifesto would contain something about trying to change the world with our music (and obviously being idealistic dreamers). That has always been my goal with music and I feel like itts a reasonable one. Of course, I mean on a small scale, one kid at a time. But that's what it takes in my opinion. Some people think that polit-

THE DEVIL IS ELECTRIC



MRR: All of you have been in touring bands prior to The Devil Is Electric, why do you live in bloomington as opposed to other places you visit?

Chris: I live in Bloomington because I love it. I moved here 7 years ago without knowing a thing about it and have been in love with it ever since. I think the thing I love the most it that it feels like a community. Bloomington is all about potential. It feels like something truly amazing will happen here someday, that hope keeps us all enthralled and waiting and having a lot of fun in the meantime. I've been to most of the "cool" towns and I really like some of them but I like Bloomington better. It's my home.

Hannah: Hell man, Bloomington is just really awesome. There are tons of nice people here. We have fun shows. There is a great anarchist bookstore called Secret Sailor and there is a lot of free food, like soymilk and tofu. We have this wonderful place called Mother Hubbards that is a free grocery store. I would be dead if it wasn't for all the free food. Oh yeah, you can ride your bike anywhere you need to go. In the summer you can swim in some really nice quarries. Bloomington is just a fun town to live in.

Grant: Bloomington is beautiful and has real magic feeling sometimes. I think so much of my attraction to Bloomington comes from its small town values and sense of community coupled with its population of so many progressive thinking people.

MRR: If every band were required to have a manifesto what would yours be?

Hannah: Our manifesto would be sex, drugs and rock n' roll' um, well, I guess it would be about trying to have fun and doing what you really want to do in this life and not wanting to have anything to do with the way society is today. We want to stop all animal and human exploitation. I think our goal as a band is to rock out and have fun and while we're doing that spread the word of hope and resistance.

Grant: Wake up everyday with eyes wider than the day before.

ical songs are a waste of time, you know, like preaching to the choir, but, I can't agree with that at all. Not everyone is enlightened. I haven't always been aware of the messed up shit in this world. Someone had to show me. You have to start somewhere and I think sometimes a dumb political song is all it takes to get you started in the right direction. I still get letters about Operation: CliffClavin songs that kids say changed their lives or made them think about something and that really means a lot to me. I was a dumb ass once, and maybe I still am, and I sure needed the help. So if writing political songs can help anyone at all then it's a worth while way

to spend you life and that's what we'll do.

MRR: It is atypical for poppy music to have a political message. why do you pair your lyrics to this style of music?

Hannah: Well I really like playing poppy music. I think it's cool that by playing poppy music someone might get our song stuck in their head and then they would be singing these political lyrics and maybe start thinking about what they are listening to.

Chris: I write poppy music because I think it's important for you message to be heard. not only heard, but like Hannah said, stuck in your head. Scott Miller of the Bananas once said to me "the revolution will have a catchy chorus." I like that idea a lot. What is the point of a message that can't be heard? You can print you lyrics in your records but that's not gonna help at shows. Some kids are not gonna buy your record and take it home and read your lyrics. The show might be your only chance to reach those kids. besides, I like poppy music.

MRR: Why do you choose to write lyrics with a political message?

Hannah: Chris writes the lyrics and I help out with ideas. I like singing about things that bother me and I feel are wrong. I feel like there are so many problems in this world and I like being able to sing about these problems and hopefully get our message out. In our old band we had a song about how Chris became vegetarian and we had some kids write us and say they became vegetarian because of that song. That makes me feel really good.

Chris: I can't imagine what else to write about. It's simple, I'm pissed as hell and want to change the world.

MRR: What sort of political issues do you address specifically in your lyrics?

Chris: We try to keep it personal. We write about things that bother us. We write about the general unhappiness of humanity, the pointlessness of working and waiting to be rich, sexism, racism, environmental destruction and animal and human liberation. I guess the most reoccurring theme is just wanting to be free and live in a world where we get some say in what goes on. If we had a say in what happened in our world and sure there would be a few less strip malls and bombs.

MRR: What actions do you think can bring around real political change?

Grant: I view change first of all, on a very personal level. I think it's important to not support large corporations by not buying products made by them or even if you must have these things to not buy them from large corporate chain stores. My dietary choices are as such because I don't support the way animals are treated in factory farms. I care about the environment. I recycle and try to use groceries that do not contribute to our throwaway society. With all of these things I am not 100% accurate or good at, but I try. Before we can achieve a real political change we need to rethink and rearrange our lives with in society, only then will the change be lasting.

Hannah: I think direct action and protest can bring about change. Like the action in Seattle. That protest really got the attention of the public, which can hopefully get everyone, thinking about the problems we want to change. I think doing things on a small scale like being vegan and everyday protest or not driving your car and like Grant said, not supporting corporations can bring about change as well. Then you know you are part of the solution.

Chris: I agree with Grant and Hannah but, I also think it's important to make political actions and protest fun. people get bored easy. I also think political activism should be done mostly on a local level so that you can see the effect of the problem and the effect of your attempts to solve it. don't have meetings have actions.

MRR: How do you feel about bands signing to larger or major labels to get their "message" across?

Hannah: I think it's stupid and they are just selling out.

Grant: I think their actions speak louder than any other message they intend to get across. Their music and then themselves end up just a commodity and when things end up in an exchange of money it isn't worth much more than they paper the money is printed on.

Chris: Yeah, those bands are full of shit and wasting their time. When a band says that what they mean to say is, we've been playing for a while now and we feel like it's time we started making some money. I think it's important to try to reach the kids lost in the mainstream and lead them to the world of the underground but big business is not the way to do it. Expanding and strengthening the diy scene would work out much better. Your message gets lost at the mall. If you want to get you message out play more shows and go on more tours and talk to the kids that come and pay to see you.

MRR: So is that why you go on tour?

Chris: It's a part of the reason but mostly I tour because it's the funniest thing in the world, it's great. You drive around and play music to people who actually want to hear it. You get to meet the coolest kids ever, make new friends, have you faith in punk rock and humanity renewed over and over every time some super nice person that did a show for you lets you sleep on their floor and wakes up early and cook you breakfast. Then to top it all off you sometimes even get paid. I wonder if many bands stop to think about how amazing that is? I still can't believe it sometimes. playing music isn't really, very hard, everyone can do it. setting up shows is a lot of work and sometimes has little rewards or even thanks from the bands. The fact that going on tour is even possible is truly wonderful and I am forever thankful to anyone who has ever done a show for me or came to see me play. I could go on for hours about how much I love tour but I don't want to waste that much paper.

Hannah: Touring is a really good way to get your message across and I love to tour. I get really excited when I go on tour and realize that there really are a lot of people out there that want things

to change. I feel really lucky being able to travel around and play music, and like Chris said I'm very grateful to the people that some to our shows and watch us.

MRR: How do you survive touring on a DIY budget?

Chris: It's easy, as long as you don't waste you money going out to eat or buying beer or staying in hotel rooms. As long as you make sure you have some stuff for sell you'll make enough money to survive. The first tour I went on is the only tour that cost me money and it was very poorly booked, 21 shows in 60 days. after that tour however, I think every tour I've gone on, I have came back with more money than I left with. We make money and that is with selling our CDs and t-shirts for $5 I think you make more money the cheaper you sell your stuff for.

Hannah: It's easy because people are more willing to support you if you are a DIY band. You'll always get a place to stay and enough money for gas. Not spending money really helps too.

MRR: What do you do when you're not touring?

Grant: I play my drums, read a lot and work a little bit at the local health food co-op.

Hannah: I work at an independent pizza place sometimes and I help Chris out with the label. I just recently I went out to Montana to help save the buffalo. The last remaining heard of wild buffalo is in Yellowstone park. In the winter the buffalo search for food and travel to public lands outside the park, to lands that cattle graze on in the summer. The Department Of Livestock (the DOL) thinks that the buffalo have a disease called boucellosis that could potentially be spread to the cattle, but the cattle have never caught bouncellosis from the buffalo. In the summer the buffalo leave the public lands and go back to the park so the cattle and the buffalo are never even on the same land at the same time. The DOL round up the buffalo with helicopters, snow mobiles and guns and take them to a capture facility where they are tested for bouncellosis. If they test positive they send the buffalo to be slaughtered. The DOL killed five free, wild buffalo last week.

Chris: I'm usually booking another tour or writing songs or working on Plan-It-X records stuff, but if I get the chance, I like to ride my bike around and hang out with my friends. I try to never work.

MRR: How long has Plan-It-X existed and what releases have you put out?

Chris: Plan-It-X has been around since 1994. It was started by my pal Sam as a tape label with a mission to save punk ro k by selling the tapes for $1. A few years into it I sort of took over and we kept the same mission but switched to CDs for $5 we've put out stuff by: Operation: Cliff Clavin, The Connie dungs, The Bananas, The Sissies, Left Out, This Bike Is A Pipebomb and the newest band, Against Me. We put out our own 7" too I forgot about that one.

MRR: Does the record label sustain itself even though the prices are so low?

Chris: Yes, it does more than just sustain itself, it even makes a little but of money. selling CD's for $5 isn't really that cheap. CD's cost a little more than 1$ to make so by selling them for $5 you're still making a lot of money and by selling them for $10 you're ripping people off.

MRR: How has being in bands effected your life?

Hannah: Being in a band has really been great, right afler high school I learned to play bass to join Operation: Cliff Clavin. I've been touring a lot for the past 4 years. I've met people that probably wouldn't have met if I wasn't in a band. Being in a band has made my life really good.

Chris: Being in a band gave me a life. I was lost and punk found me.

Grant: I've come to the realization that the way I live and my state of mind are dependent upon being in a happy musical relationship. Being in involved in the punk scene has introduced me to so many other aspects of living a good life other than music.

MRR: How and when did you get into the punk scene?

Chris: It took me a while to find the punk scene, or for it to find me. I guess I was 19. I liked metal so I liked Danzig. Then one day I decided to check out his old band the Misfits and blew me away. I wanted to hear more. Then I went to college for a little while and met lots of kids there, mostly alternative kids. I found out more about punk there. I think Bad Religion was the closest thing to the first political band I ever heard.

Hannah: I was 16. I started going to shows in Bloomington. I didn't know anything about the punk scene. I just thought it was fun seeing bands play. Then I met Chris and started seeing more punk bands play. That's when I realized how messed up this world is. Then I stared playing my own shows and have been in the scene ever since.

Grant: I got into the punk scene when I was bout 13. I had an older brother I always tried to emulate. My first show was Naked Raygun in 1989.

MRR: What improvements do you think the DIY network can make?

Chris: It could be more diverse. Not just musically speaking. DIY can be more than music altogether. I'd like to see more DIY films on tour, DIY plays would be cool too. I recently went on tour as part of my pal Sam's puppet show, the Raw Pots Puppet Theater Troupe, and it was great. My point is DIY could use some expansion. The network is there, so use it. get more creative.

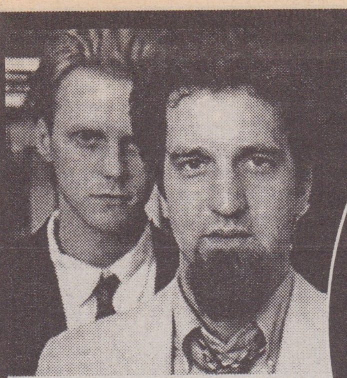
Hannah: I think it's going well and growing. tours are getting easy to book and I hope everyone involved will stay involved and keep going to shows.

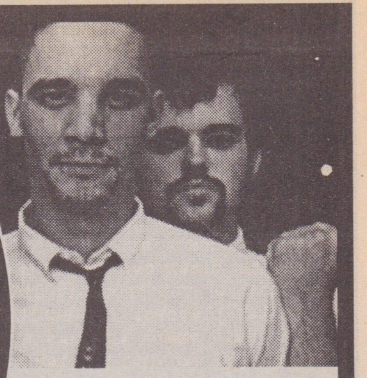
Grant: I hate the categorization of people based mostly on fashion: indy rockers, crusty punks, hippies, fuck that we're all people with different merits other than clothes.

MRR: Future plans and last words?

Hannah: I have to many future plans to list. but I hope to save the world.

Chris: Thank you for reading this, come and see us on tour or better yet, come to Bloomington and stay at our house. Write us a letter. Drop out of school, quit your job, lower your living expenses, turn of that fucking evil TV, talk to people, dance, live, be free. And remember if it ain't cheap it ain't punk.





White Collar Crime is the semi-official house band of Soft Skull Press Inc., the Lower East Side's radical publishing company. In 1999, Soft Skull made a splash by publishing the formerly censured Fortunate Son, a critical biography of George W. Bush. Fronted by cartoonish singer, songwriter and publisher Sander Hicks—who ended up on 60 Minutes, mohawk and all, over Fortunate Son—the band is as likely to play a book party for free as it is to play a punk club for beer, and they like that way. They also hate guitars. In addition to Hicks, the band features Dale W. Miller on drums, Nick Colt on the keys, and John Berg as its sixth bass player (the others have quit or been fired, nobody has burst into flames or anything). —Nick Mamatas

MRR [for band]: So, are you guys just hired stooges for Sander, or what?

Dale: No, I don't think so. I'm not getting paid enough to be a stooge.

Nick: I started as one, but my commitment to the band exceeded my desire for personal wealth. WCC is too important to not have some form of…well not hierarchy, but structure.

John: I'm the newest in a long line of stooges.

MRR [for Sander]: You know, some of the guys call you "Templeton The Rat" behind your back because of your whiny, cartoony singing voice.

Sander: My singing is heavily influenced by animated musicals like the rats of *The Secret of NIMH* and *Charlotte's Web*. I have a tattoo of a rat, being eaten by an owl, on my shoulder. I've also killed 16 or 17 rats, and a cat.

Dale: You killed a cat? The cat downstairs? [in the former office of Soft Skull Press].

Sander: Yep, I did.

Dale: Oh, I can't show this interview to my girlfriend. She volunteers at the animal shelter.

Sander: [sing-song] Socialization! Socialization! People kill animals all the time, why not a cat? The hammer had to fall. It wasn't even a pet. It had no love. It had one emotion, hunger, if it had any more, I would have let it live.

MRR: I think it is an intelligence issue. If a cow could catch a Frisbee in the park, it would be off the plate. [band laughs]. Okay, next question. If you guys were to be convicted of a white collar crime, which would you be convicted of?

Sander: Probably perjury, knowing my tendency to get sued and then panicking.

John: Stealing office supplies.

Sander: Is that really a white collar crime? [Nick Colt consults the dictionary]

MRR: What sort of supplies?

John: Reams of paper, phones, file cabinets…

Sander: Once you're stealing phones, that's white collar.

Dale: I haven't filed income taxes in five years.

Nick [consulting dictionary]: White collar has to do with not having to wear a work uniform. You put us in suits and ties. Are we white collar?

Sander: White collar crime really isn't about the clothes. It's about class…

Dale: Yeah, there are people stealing millions of dollars through their businesses, and that has a massive impact through indirect violence, but it isn't as though people are directly being injured by them.

Nick: I know, I'd jam the fax machine…with my penis!

MRR: Here is the canonical MRR question. Who are your influences?

Sander: That is the canonical MRR question! Let me see, [counts them off on fingers] Black Flag, Circle Jerks, Dead Kennedys, Sex Pistols…

MRR: What? You sound nothing like anything of those bands!

John: Yeah, I'd say Dead Kennedys, Wire…

Sander: Buzzcocks, Talking Heads, Eno…

Dale: Slayer!

John: Joy Division…

Sander: *Evita*, the movie soundtrack album.

Dale: Anything sincere, and with a desire to try something new. If this band had a guitar, I wouldn't be here now. Anything that is new and creative influences me. I camp out at the Knitting Factory and Tonic [two NYC clubs specializing in avant-garde music], and I love WREK in Atlanta.

MRR: So, what's next for White Collar Crime?

Dale: A Fall tour with Soft Skull, a new EP that we might turn into a full-length CD.

Nick: Three keyboards on stage instead of two.

Sander: Huh, what, what are we talking about?

MRR: What's next for the band?

Sander: Oh, I totally blanked that question out.

Dale: We're here to ride off the coattails of Soft Skull books…

Nick: Till we supercede it and become the cash cow! But we love the books, we like Todd Colby [the poet and author of *Riot In The Charm Factory*].

MRR: How do you guys feel about just being a parasite atop a publishing company, and playing publishing parties?

Sander: We're saying how great it is!

Nick: It's a great way to usurp Sander's power.

Sander: And get gigs!

Nick: Every band needs someone or something behind them, so they can reach their goals.

Sander: Soft Skull is our Hamburg.

MRR: Okay, do you all have a message for the readers of *Maximum RocknRoll?*

Sander: Punk rock is stupid if you can't hear the lyrics live.

Dale: You need a balance of energy, creativity and technical ability. You just can't run up on stage and play anymore. But you still need to be creative, and have something to say, or all the technical chops in the world won't mean shit.

Sander: More punks should say "I'm bored" when they are bored at punk shows.

MRR: But what if that makes some poor punk rocker cry?

Nick: Todd Colby says to cry. It's okay to cry.

John: I learned that you have to stay open. A few years ago, if I heard of a four piece band with keyboards and no guitars at a punk show, I wouldn't have listened, I would have thought it was bullshit. Using big words? Fuck that! We're more than the standard punk band.

Dale: People are missing part of punk rock. It was supposed to be about rebellion, but it has been conformist, the same thing since the 1980s.

John: With Bush as President we have to step forward.

Nick: Anger is giving us the freedom to express ourselves. When people are ruled, the intelligent ones can be free and rebel, because they know its bullshit. When things go well, art often ends up just being cheesy. We can be free and angry and happy.

Dale: People need to raise the bar of what they expect from life. Play their game, beat their game, and then you can change the rules. Until you do that, you're just a whining ass.

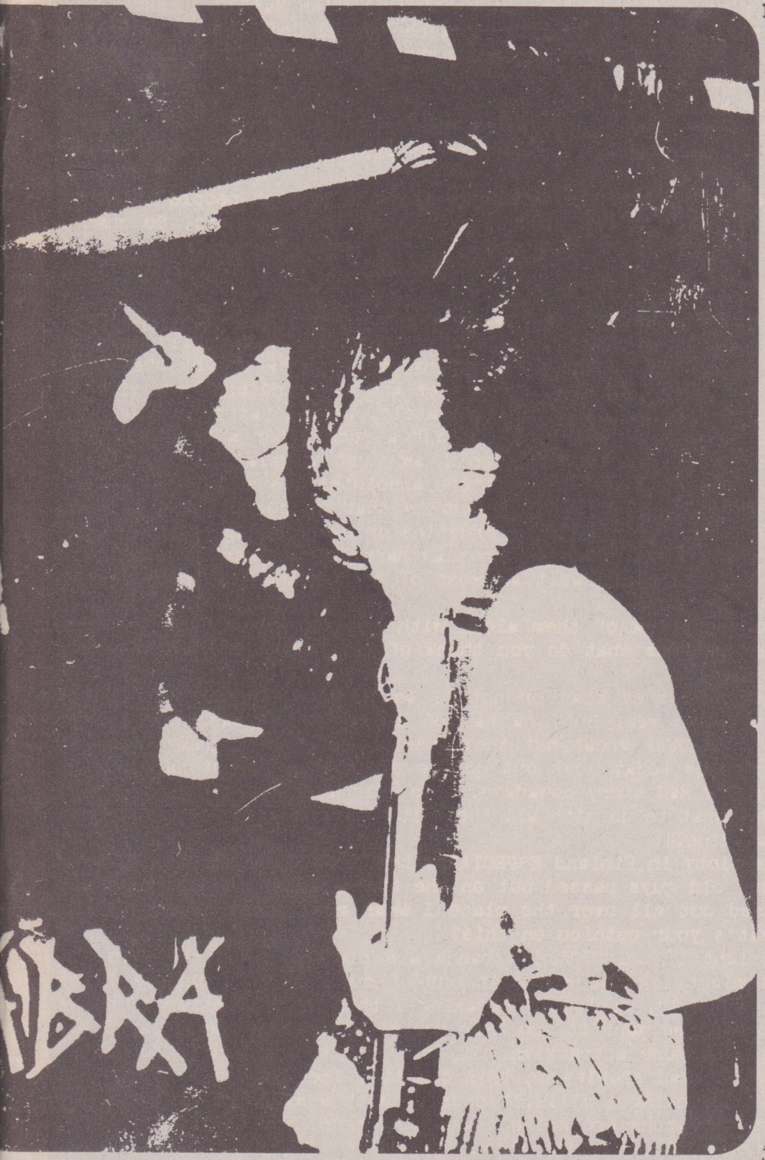
White Collar Crime's CD Death to Muzak is available on the books page at www.softskull.com
For more info on the group, see http://www.softskull.com/wcc

MRR: Let's start with the basics can you tell me who's in the band and who does what?
Forca Macabra is a 5-piece thrashcore unit from Finland. The line-up is: Taurus Exterminio on vocals, Antitese on drums, Jaba MX Chakal on bass, and then Mr. Pedro Anthares and Mr. Salvador E. Hate on guitars. The music is loud & fast!
MRR: Is this the original line-up or have you had change's since you started?
Well, it almost is. We used to have a guy called Roberto Necrofago to play bass in the first rehearsals but his over-whelming redneck mentality was too much to handle so he had to disappear under mystical circumstances... Then, most of you probably didn't know but we now have two guitar players. The addition of Mr. Salvador some one and half years ago was a result of the band progressing and wanting to play more guitar solos, ha ha! No seriously, actually we wanted to have the second guitarist for the sake of live performances. You see, Mr. Anthares has this ability he was born with, that is, he gets always too drunk before the show. So just not embarrass ourselves even more we hired this technical guitar monster to patch up the guitar work, hah!
MRR: How long have you guys been a band and what all have you done so far release and tour wise?
We have our tenth anniversary just now. That is gonna be accompanied by party gigs to which tons of Forca Macabra Thrash Legions' members are gonna be invited. Also we have made an official (professionally edited) video which is gonna be out, as well as a picture disk, repress of the first LP from 1994 etc. like everything you can think of, just to make us look silly! Our releases, there is just heaps of them, probably we don't even remember all of them. The most obvious are perhaps the first three split EP's (1993), the first LP (that no one has seen though as it was small pressing), our own 7" (1997, the U.S.-press was on Crust Records) and a split LP with Armagedom on Six Weeks Records. Just now there was released our EP in Japan, this includes a peculiar session with did with Javier of Armagedom while he was over in Finland. Unfortunately that EP is a ltd. of 700 copies so I am afraid a lot of you wont get to hear or see it ever...Touring is probably the thing we like most, especially if we don't get too drunk, I mean it is OK a lot of times but if you do it day in day out for weeks your gonna be really fucked up in the end and we don't want that, do we. As for the records, the same goes for tours, there has been many of the in the past! The most crucial ones has to be the first tour in the Eastern Europe with Uutuus in January 1994, that was totally wicked! Actually we always thought Poland & Czech were the best places to play in Europe, that's also why we have been like probably every year doing a tour over there. OK, we also toured 5 weeks in Europe in spring 1997 and realized it was half too long because we just got tired of it all. A short (4 gigs) tour with Selfish to Sweden a few years ago was interesting, too, since we got to play with Olho Seco. The latest addition was a ten-day tour in Japan. We all thought it was fucking marvelous but I guess we must have been a bunch of ignorant bastards a lot of time really, disregarding every possible Japanese manner, ha ha! Anyway, the next is gonna be Brazil, yeah! Oh shit, I need to let you have one more anecdote, you see, Forca Macabra got invited to play in Belgium on a punk/hc festival type of thing in 1994 I think. Well, we spent the time before the show getting into the secrets of alcohol and eventually the band was too fucked up to play anything decent, I mean, that's nothing new, but just think of the situation, we fly over for that one silly gig and can not do even that! Amazing stupidity!
MRR: What inspired you to sing in Portuguese?
We just fucking love those old Brazilian hardcore/punk bands such as Armagedom, RDP, Lobotomia, Olho Seco, Colera, Inocentes, Fogo Cruzado, Psykoze, Sp Caos, Ruidos Absurdos, Ulster, Lixomania....and we wanted to play something like they did. It was me and our vocalist who then started this thing, basically my idea but of course I could not have done it without him since he was just the perfect guy to scream blasphemies in Portuguese! Once you have seen him you know what I mean! But you see the curious thing is that we don't really know Portuguese at all. Basically we are as good in Portuguese as Japanese are in English. And that is why we get our lyrics translated/checked by Javier of Armagedom. He is actually a very good friend of ours, all hail to the ultimate deathcore master!!!!
MRR: So you're (Otto) living in Japan for a year? Can you tell me why you're living there for a year and what are you doing while in Japan (like school, new bands, label ect)? How is this effecting Forca Macabra what is Forca Macabra doing this year while your in Japan?

interview by timmy hefner

Well, I came here as an exchange student and when writing this (April 2001) still got a few more months to go! Of course, I was lucky to get this change and I am grateful for it, I have tried to use my time efficiently but sometimes it is hard because of the obvious problems with different culture, people, infrastructure and the language naturally! Sure I have seen many great bands and met some nice new friends but like I had pretty much my friends set here before I came. I had been here twice before with my band Selfish as well as keeping in close contact with these pals during the 90s. So most of the time I spend with these "old" friends of mine, that is Osaka crusties and Japcore folks. I do have 3 bands I am now playing in, drumming for two (Gyaranduu, Nationstate) and shouting for one (Earwig). It is fun all the way but playing here takes a lot of cash since the rehearsal rooms need to rented each time separately (at a studio!), plus even when out live you usually end up paying (!) for the pleasure to

thrash some tunes on the stage. That is like one of the things I don't like since so far I had not spent too much into this hobby in Japan it seems like no option. Gigs also are outrageously expensive but luckily I get in for free usually just for being a foreigner and knowing a lot of people... Forca Macabra recorded a brand new album just before I left to Japan in fall 2000.We had also some



other projects finished such as a split CD with Ulster from Brazil so that basically we are just mellowing out, waiting for those to be out. The guys have practiced without me with nthares on drums and they have some new stuff which is gonna be finalized when I get my ass back to Finland again. Then as I mentioned above Forca Macabra played a tour in Japan recently, that was organized by me and my friends here in Japan and perhaps that was one of the reasons it turned out really good (also financially!) since I knew precisely how it should be organized since I was at the same time a member of the band coming over, as well as booking the thing. The next challenge is the Selfish's third Japan tour in August. I guess it is gonna be good, too!

MRR: Do you have any interesting or crazy story's about the Japanese punk scene? I've always heard the shows are very violent there have you witnessed much of that? What's in like seeing and meeting all the bands you've been listening to for years?? That nobody ever get's to see since those bands never play outside of Japan? Any special highlights so far?

Well, the fact is that the violence was everyday shit in the '80s but not in the '90s! The scene has really mellowed out since the late '80s. There used to be some really dramatic violence, you know, arms being broken, beaten up in a big way etc. In Osaka for example was a legendary gig place- Eggplant and it was often really dangerous there! Back then scene was divided into gangs and they had some fights between each other etc. stupidity. It's true that for Japanese bands a very aggressive and crazy show is still reality today, so there might occur some violence during a gig. This goes for all "Japcore" and "crusties" and "blast beat" and "s t r o n g style"...well, the Japanese just love these categories, ha ha! Anyway, I have seen it happen but it is just like someone gets occasionally smashed by microphone stand, the band throws something to the audience (a brick for example!), etc. But rarely it is intentional violence against some individual. It is more like shit luck if you're in the way when a fist flies to the audience? Well, so it seems but it doesn't mean I should be happy about it. In fact, I used to think it was something interesting but now I see it is just foolish behavior! However, the audience takes it easy usually, Japanese dancing is not very violent at all which I think is a good thing. Well, I just saw Judgment yesterday, which of course was excellent. It was funny to see Jha Jha (ex-Lip Cream) doing the vocals for them I mean he had changed very much from the '80s. Yesterday he was just a happy, easy-going guy doing peace-signs between each song, ha ha! You would hardly expect that from him during Lip Cream's stage... Indeed I have been lucky to see all these brilliant bands live over & over again. It is really shame so few of them never make it outside these islands! My best experiences have been with Tetsuarei, Paintbox, Warhead, Zone, Rocky & The Sweden, Crude, Gloom, Disclose, etc. an endless list really! Usually I also know most of those folks in the bands cause we have played/toured together and then I have been just really eager to find about those guys and pushed my way into them, getting to know them. I am really glad to see they are still doing it as a lot of them are like 35 years old now. Amazing isnt it?! I mean, we are not kids either (27-29 years old) but I wonder if Forca Macabra is still around in the next lets say ten years of time... I would certainly hope so. Growing old is fucking boring!

MRR: Since a lot of the time's on your records you don't translate lyrics can you tell me more about what you guys sing about and who write's all the lyrics is it all of you or just Oswaldo?

Actually, I did all the old lyrics lets say until 1994 or 1995, then Chakal took over the writing while me and recently Taurus, too have filled in sometimes some of our lyrics. The topics Chakal is dealing with are related to his psychoanalysis of this human race. Actually I think he writes very good lyrics. They are definitely personal but still biting and political which is the best combination I can see. Too bad he is getting more and more critical on himself, this means he has produced very few lyrics these days and we would definitely need some as we can always come up with some music easily.

MRR: Since you guys sing about a lot of the typical punk stuff (i.e war politics ect) what do you think about people who talk shit about band for singing about war and anarchy ect ect and say "fuck that Discharge did it 20 years ago be more original"?

Well thoese people are probably right. In fact, we don't have too many system/war lyrics in our set anymore, it was just the old stuff done by me. As I said Chakal has an entirely different approach, luckily.

MRR: Are you guys political outside the band? Are you involved in politics (i.e. go to rallies, vegetarian, vegan) any interesting story's about protest's in Europe since it seems like protests are more serious and effective over there, it seems like people get off there ass and do more than stand there with signs like here in the U.S.

Well, all of us still got some interest to stand in some demonstration once in a while but the days are gone when some of us would travel the other side of the country to protest against fur farming or Nazis. We still feel basically same about all of those issues but I suppose we have had our share of it. But I am

not to say we have abolished the whole politically oriented thinking. I think for example Chakal is still active in his area in his own way...and of course we are all still vegan/vegetarian. I don't see any way to change that, it is lifestyle I think. You don't think about it anymore you just do it... I am not sure if the European protests are exactly more effective or anything, perhaps they just get well covered in the U.S. since the issues like nuclear waste transportations etc. are really big and a nation like the U.S. can not ignore it really. We don't hear in Europe about the U.S.-protests unless it was LA race riots some ten years ago or now the IMF shit in Seattle...anyway, judging by those clips American demos are full of action and it is us over here who get nothing done, ho ho! My best memories must be form the time when I was living in Czech Republic (1993-1995), that time was a wave create of the Czech punk/hc scene and it was really exciting time in my opinion! We had tons of encounters with Nazis & cops & shit and often it turned out a mess, a lot of fights, places burned down and torn apart. People really full-on with their ideals and for example the death toll in the war between punks and skins was rising steadily. I am not sure how it now, I guess it must calmed down, the punk scene in Czech anyway it is not that hot anymore....But I suppose that's normal, after all, it started in Czech really after the revolution (1989) which means it reached it first peak some years after and perhaps is gonna flourish again in next 5 or so years....

MRR: What's the current state of punk/HC in Finland? Cause when most people think of Finnish punk/HC they think of all the old stuff like Kaaos, Riistetyt etc. So what's going on these days? What bands, zine's etc. should people everywhere else look out for?

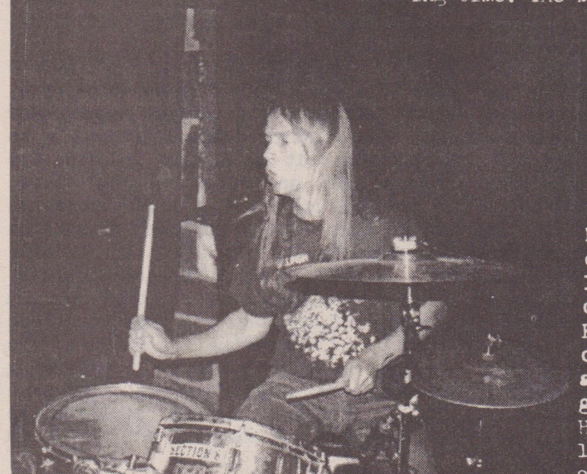
The current state well I think it is pathetic! If you look at the number of punks, you might expect a zillion of great fanzines and bands and a lot of cool stuff happening...well, bandwise there is actually nothing that inspires me, or actually most of the Forca Macabra members today. Of course, we are involved with a lot of the bands and individuals all the time since we do stuff together and it is no problem, since I keep always personal & business-related matters separately. We are happy to play with them together, booze with them, I am happy to put out a record for a Finnish band, and so on...well then what's the problem? Maybe I am just complaining for nothing...best is, if YOU check the scene out because there absolutely is shitloads happening in many different underground genres. A good thing I would like to point out is that we do not have a scene divided into categorizes even though naturally most folks label themselves as crusties or skate punks or real hardcores whatever, still most of the time it seems all different types of bands can play happily together and have good time. Skinheads are not really tolerated though but it is their own fault as most of them being fucking thick in the head.

MRR: Speaking of bands like Kaaos and Riistetyt what do you think of them along with Kohu 63 being back together and playing shows? Have you seen them or heard there new records what do you think of it? Do you see it as kinda insincere since they broke up so long ago?

By no means I see it insincere, it is their own business if they play or not, I am nobody to decide for that! Besides, Kohu actually never really split up as far as I can see. But, ha ha, of course, if I was in Kaaos or Riistetyt I would be ashamed to play these days. These bands WERE great but they absolutely are not great today if you see them live or listen to their new recordings. The kids today just out do the old farts, unfortunately. And that is very alarming since the state of hardcore is a pretty sad story nowadays. This only means all the bands were 1000x better 15-20 years ago! Sad but true. I have an idea what to do with all the shitty hc/punk bands around today but I think it would not pass the censorship of this magazine...

MRR: When I was in Finland I noticed is that the whole society in Finland ESPECIALLY the punk scene is really based on alcohol. I mean everywhere I went there was just drunk old guys passed out on the trains and on the streets and then at the punk shows EVERYONE was drunk and just passed out all over the place I mean most shows there was WAY more people outside drinking than watching the bands what's your opinion on this?

If your talking about Finnish shows it is perfectly alright if only Finnish bands are playing since they are not interesting. Sometimes some foreign band comes and you might like to check it out of curiosity but unless it is Tetsuarei or Armagedom I would not much bother, ha ha! Actually, seriously speaking I think it is better if punks paid attention to the bands because the bands want it anyway, we want it too. Far too many times we have played for only a handful of people since bottles & fresh air have been more attractive. OK, your right, Finland is dominated by an unseen force known as alcohol, it is causing a lot of sad stories in this country. There are just countless of stories about men losing it after some 10 days or hard drinking & pills.it ends up with a massacre, every fucking time! The most common weapons are knife & axe & shotgun. You can just imagine what you can achieve with them....



MRR: Do you think it has a lot to do with depression since everyone is unemployed isn't something like 75% of the population in Finland unemployed?

75%??? Finland's population is 5 million inhabitants, if 75% of them was unemployed who would keep the shit running??? The real figure is closer to ten percent I think. In any case it is rather high but the Finnish economy is taking up again, slowly but rather surely. But I am not an economist (luckily!)....

MRR: Do you think a lot of the times in the punk scene there that everyone is too drunk to get anything done? Cause it seems like a lot of the bands there have been bands for years and only have one or two release's or do you think that also has a lot to do with Finland being so out of the way and ignored like for example a lot of touring bands don't come to Finland since you have to take a ferry and you can only play like 3 shows and they feel the shows won't be good and worth there time do you think that's true?

Ha ha!!! If bands are around for ages and get just 2 records done like Selfish for example it is not because they or we are drunk most of the time, sometimes the bands suffer of overall dedication, line-

up changes, financial problems, not being able to produce "good enough" material for recording etc. As far as I see the only problems alcohol directly cases for the punk scene are at the gigs: havoc (eventually we will lose the place to set up shows), small fights/quarrels, something small stolen, and the worst perhaps, a demonstration breaking into a conflict because some drunks cant handle the pressure or the police provocation...The reason why bands don't come to Finland are usually like this: Finland really is far away, you need a day to come & day to go by ferry, this is also a big area so you need more driving inside the country, the prices (food, gas, trains, booze, everything basically) are high so band spends a lot of money, at least that is what they think of. Also it seems people still get sometimes surprised "wow, there is punk in Finland, really!?"...so these folks just don't see it making any sense to go to Finland because "there is no punk scene". I can straighten out these points here, lets start with the ferry - you can travel over day or night so actually you don't necessarily waste even valuable "gig day" by coming here, it is also cheap, a ride costs $15-20 only! Then, Finnish punks are very hospitable and take care of the guests so you can always count on places to stay, people to meet you, people to show you around, people to communicate in English (yes, you American losers! Ho ho!), people to prepare you food, people to provide you with homebrew alcohol...Also the gigs are mostly in the south of Finland so you don't have to move around that much. Booking 2-4 gigs for almost any bag of shit shouldn't be much of a problem. Finnish punks are not crazy buying your merchandise because we don't usually much appreciate such things but you can naturally get rid of some and to top of that thanks to the "high prices" the bands usually get paid quite decently for their efforts. But of course if hardly anyone shows up do not expect the organizer to pay from his own pockets! Then finally I can assure you once again there truly is a punk scene, very vital & active punk/hardcore scene that stretches all over the country. In fact Finland was one of the very first countries that punk hit really big time in the '70s!!

MRR: The other major thing I noticed in Finland was that EVERYONE had a cell phone what's the deal with that? I heard something like 75% of the population in Finland have cell phone's .How do you feel about cell phone's? Do you or the other members of Forca Macabra have cell phone's?

Magic number that 75%, eh?????? Well, of young people 75% is true but otherwise perhaps like 50% of the population, but this is not totally true since many people have two cellular phones and that counts officially as two separate individuals having their phones. Yeah "of course" every member has got his phone. I didn't get mine until some two years ago and I was long considered as an outcast thanks to that, ha ha! I think cell phones are a magnificent invention because thanks to the microchips planted into them the big brother can anytime locate our phones (us!) on the globe, and keep a track on our moves if we just keep them switched on. Let us thank the lord for this technical progress!!

MRR: On the subject of cell phone's how do you feel about technology taking over everything in the sense that everyone has a cell phone and everyone has a computer and computer's are replacing a lot of people at jobs.And these days bands are starting to just put e-mail address's on there records and not even putting there regular address.

Technology is not a blessing in disguise but the other way round I guess, a lot of people see it as a savior of this doomed mankind & planet earth but in fact the more deep we plunge into the world of high-tech the more dangerous areas were are dealing with. It wont need a big mistake in some genetic laboratory for example and we really might face an extinction in just a course of decades. As for the bands including their e-mail addresses only, wise up!! How the fuck you expect someone contact you from a place like Colombia or Malaysia?

MRR: Do you have a most memorable Forca Macabra show of all time and do you have a most memorable show of all time you've attended and what made them so special?

Well, Forca Macabra have done a BIG bunch of gigs through the years and there are very many interesting episodes I think. Some of them are memorable cause we have been too fucked up to play decently and some of them are memorable cause we have played really well. Of course, the portion of the fucked up shows was way greater lets say in 91-94 than it has been lets say since that. Also it is not just us but it equally the audience, the gigplace, the overall atmosphere, everything that has happened or will happen before/after the show really counts! I can tell you about a show we did in August 1993 in Finland, it was an all-dayer and we were lured to play last with some false promises or whatever. Stupid punks we are, we got really drunk before the gig. We had laid down all these plans to do a great show with some fireworks, burning a Nazi record on the stage, etc. and I think we pulled it all through but I am sure it was anything but convincing when four staggering drunk totally hammered guys thrash on the stage. In fact, I reckon we played like three songs after which Anthares fell down the stage pulling/pushing the Marshall along with him. He managed to climb back to the stage but had no more power to get up. Taurus went crazy at that moment and grabbed the guitar from Anthares and just smashed it over & over again to the stage until it was in thousands of pieces in the good old Lip Cream-fashion. Then he dropped down like a stone, completely unconscious lying over Anthares's equally immobile corpse. Alright then, since me and Chakal were worried of not getting paid since we played only that little, we kept going on as a duet (him on bass and me on drums/vox) for far too long which ended only when yours truly fell down the drum stage and passed out there. What a fucking insane night, ha ha! Then again, for example now during the recent tour in Japan we had some really insane gigs like a total chaos in the audience with tons of moshing & stage diving, fistbanging...anything a thrashcore bands can desire for, ha ha! Of the other bands that we have seen, well, I am not really sure what the other members would say about this but I guess the best bands I have seen must be some Japcore shit I mentioned earlier, Slayer and Motorhead if we talk about metal/rock and roll, and Post Regiment if we talk about hardcore out-

side Japan (pretty fucking dead, me thinks!). Post Regiment are seriously the best European band, god they are awesome!!!

MRR: I know some of your new songs you sing in English what made you decide to sing in English is it something your going to keep doing or a one time thing?

Yeah, it has been twice we did something in English. The first time it was because of Javier of Armagedom came over to Finland and he had some lyrical bits in English so we kept them that way....The second time we had really no choice, I mean, it is the song "Bitchfucker" from the new album, the title is so cheesy/shitty that it would lose a lot of impact if translated, then also we were in a hurry getting the recording finished (imagine that!) and not really time to get the lyrics translated (& being practiced once again)....As far as I can see in the future there might be a track or two in English, or perhaps in Finnish, but we absolutely don't want to chance the original concept of having the texts in Portuguese. Anyway, Javier might like to come to Finland soon again so perhaps we get again something cool done!

MRR: So can you give me the history of the Forca Macabra/Armegedom connection how did it all start? Didn't Javier go into the studio with you guys? Wshat is that going to come out as? I know you guys do a lot of Armegedom covers have you thought about doing a whole Armegedom covers record?

Yep, Javier came to Finland in 1999 and we recorded 7 songs of which 6 are on the new 7" put out here in Japan (Overthrow Records), anyway, we had been in touch by e-mail since 1996 I think. I am not totally sure but I think he accidentally bumped into our webpage are signed the guestbook. Or was it the other way around? Anyway we were totally psyched to get into contact with him and learn that Armagedom and Javier are still very much fucking alive & kicking! To our amazement Javier seemed to be equally psyched of a Finnish band truly respecting his work and we have had since that the mutual respect even though it is just us who ripping off his genial work, ha ha! Yeah, we have been doing their covers since the very beginning, the first one ever by us was Mentes Insanas from the brilliant "Silencio Funebre" LP. Since then we have played a dozen of their songs I guess, and naturally we have spoken about rerecording "Silencio Funebre", and/or doing an entire record with their covers only but seriously I don't think we are ever gonna do that. We are not really industrious with the band anyway and you need money for recordings etc. and that's something we usually don't have. Anyway, the next very serious goal of Forca Macabra absolutely is to finally make the tour in Brazil happen! We have just talked about it years & years but nothings really been done for it...

MRR: Speaking of covers haven't you done enough R.D.P. covers for a whole record as well? I know you have several released and one on the up-coming flexi. Did you get to play with or see R.D.P. any of the time's they have came to Europe?

Well, speaking of great gigs, yes, I did see them in Europe and they were fucking punishing, one of the best gigs I have seen. The same goes for Olho Seco actually! Umm, about RDP covers, there are perhaps not that many after all, well, I mean some 6 songs like to fill up a 7" easily but

Armagedom are definitely the band we have mostly covered. We also threw a song for their tribute CD put out in Brazil but who knows when that's gonna be out? Other bands we love to play in practice sometimes include Lobotomia and an old Finnish speed metal band Necromancer. By the way, the flexi was sold on the Japan tour only (500 copies), it has got 4 elsewhere unavailable tracks. But to your information, the first 1000 copies of the new LP on Mind Control will have the flexi as a bonus thing...

MRR: What happened when you were supposed to tour the U.S. why did it get canceled and is there plans of trying again if when do you think it will happen?

Yes yes of course we talk about that too but the main problem seems to be time & money. All of us have our own interests, we love this band but there are so many things we do besides the band so actually it seems to be very difficult to find a time for all the 5 to leave some place far for a longer time...anyway, touring the U.S. is something we also want to do....so I am pretty positive about it, we can make it happen if we really try. Well, if someone's feeling really wealthy, let us have the cash for the plane tickets or half of it anyway and it will for sure make us move our asses faster...ha ha! Well, the previous times (not just once!) got canceled because we realized it would be too difficult to find the time & money to go, I guess, then also now that I think of it, I think some family business was also involved...actually, has anyone of you ever noticed that girlfriends or wives have surprisingly much to say about our bands?! Is that the way it should be?!

MRR: So what's you plans as of now what's going on with future release's? What's up with the new LP on Mind Control? Are you already finished recording it? and what else is coming out?

Yes yes, it is the new EP on Overthrow, a split CD (4 unreleased cuts by us!) with Brazil's mighty ULSTER, an European cassette release that comps up some of recordings we have done in the recent years, some compilation shit in Mexico & Finland at least, then the most importantly the new LP on Mind Control. Yes, we finished recording it actually a long time ago, it just took some time to get the CD sent over to Jack...sorry, mate! It is actually great the support & trust this bunch of losers has received from him, wow! In any case, the artwork is "being done" -as far as I know almost ready. We might see the album wild on the streets this summer! Try to get one of the first one thousand, ho ho!

MRR: Is there anything else you have to say or add to the interview?

Well, since now it is the tenth anniversary of Forca Macabra this really calls for some celebration! I told you, we are gonna have a lot of stuff happening in the autumn, parties to remember the years passed by, some very special releases such as the stuff mentioned in the beginning of the interview and of course we are gonna keep moving on which means to come up with new songs! If you feel like you're one of the thrashcore legions, not even necessarily one of ours, but into thrashcore anyway, let us have your cheers from the U.S. or wherever you are....Big thanks to Timmy for this awesome interview and hello to all of our friends anywhere! Anyone interested, please drop us a line if anything!

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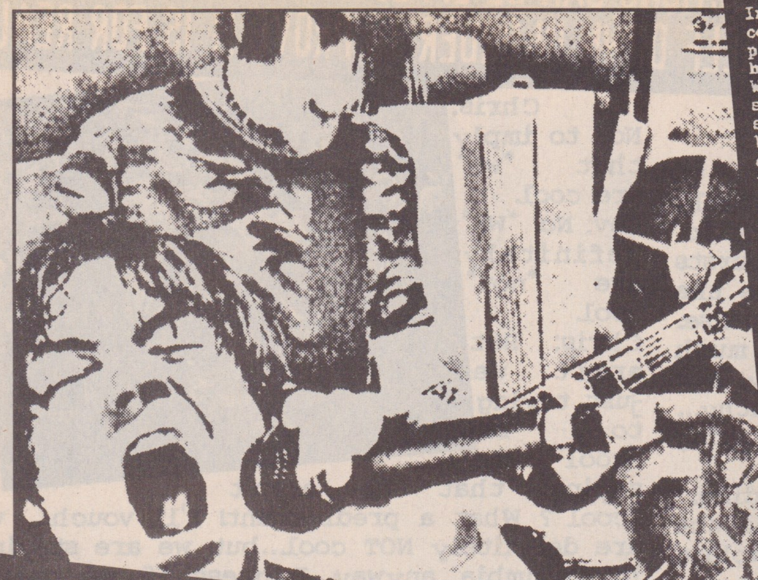
webpage:
http://www.saunalahti.fi/anthar1/fmindex.htmz



In years to come, the late nineties will be viewed in the context of the images which were assaulted upon the public by the media, a hectic spiral of computers, hip hop fashion, and the paradox of amoral conservatism... Within this murky morass of hyper-culture exists a street out of time and space. A cloud that the squares got shoved off of. The Santee Avenue scene of the late 90's has become synonymous with a sort of timeless youthful exhuberance. Polka dots and paisley stride by skinny mini skirts, leather and plastic, styles of the 40's tip their brims to the short pants and the big pants and the panting of the street wolves howling at the 1990's fashion plate. A million sights and smells. And here is the sound. I've had the pleasure of knowing these 4 young men through their inception as a group, through the first gigs, scene politics, invention and reinvention, abandoned concepts, losses and gains... these four men embody the magic of that singular moment in history that was the Santee Avenue happening. C.S. Bickel, a pleasant enigma, possesed of the ability to throw the most seasoned for a loop. K. Byrd, the stoic dynamo... behind the piercing eyes lay a hundred thousand swirling ideas ready to heave themselves upon the unsuspect. M. Thompson, instigator, extrospective, wiley-eyed wunderkind. He dubbed Santee Avenue "the velveteen toilet". Troi T.-one third man, one third machine, 2 thirds animal, four thirds consumate entertainer. Keith Moon, Ringo Starr, and Don Knotts all rolled into one.
Listen to their record. Pop some ppcorn and throw it all over the floor. Shut off all the lights. Wear spray paint as cologne and immerse yourself in the sound of SMASHISM.

-becky hamrick

GUYANA PUNCH LINE

INTERVIEW BY MICHAEL THORN

"...FUNNY HOW NO ONE EVER CONSIDERED THE JONESTOWN MASSACRE TO BE A CHRISTIANITY-RELATED CRIME."

MRR: HOW DID THE GUYANA PUNCHLINE COME TO FORM? WHO DOES WHAT AND WHAT DO YOU DO OUTSIDE OF THE BAND?

Chris: Kevin plays guitar, Matt plays bass, Troy plays the drums, and I tackle the yelling. The demise of Kevin's old band, .FUCKINGCOM (pronounced Dot Fucking Com), coincided with the demise of my old band, IN/HUMANITY. Since Kevin and I had been pals for about ten years, we thought we'd have a go at doing something together. Troy and Matt were in. FUCKINGCOM with Kevin. Outside of the band, we all have "day jobs" which we have been advised "not to quit" by people who have attended our shows.

Kev: That is pretty much all correct except for the part about me and Chris being pals.

MRR: TELL ME A LITTLE SOMETHING ABOUT SMASHISM? FOR ALL YOUR TALK, I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU BREAK MUCH SHIT- WHY IS THAT?

Chris: Smashism encompasses so many different notions. I think at the heart of it all, there's a feeling of desperation which can be equated with Smashism. Hopelessness breeds Smashism. You could almost consider Smashism to be an educated tantrum... which isn't that what Punk Rock is, really? Smashism is not simply about breaking shit... it can be about breaking down the will, or breaking down outmoded ideas, or breaking down preconceived notions. Smashism must break itself down to be properly considered Smashism, so therefore it has meaning in having meaninglessness. Punk Rock is like that too.

SMASHISM REALIZES THAT BODILY FUCTIONS CAN BE EFFECTIVELY USED AS INSULTS. SMASHISM MUST ALWAYS TEAR ITSELF DOWN IN ORDER TO PROVE IT IS FOR REAL.

MRR: EXPLAIN CLAPATHY AND JADEDISM; WHAT IS THEIR CURE?

Chris: Clapathy can be a symptom of Jadedism, but one must not be necessesarily jaded in order to be clapathetic. Clapathetics are only waiting for the bursts of noise to stop so that they can give the appropriate 10 second Pavlovian response. GUYANA PUNCH LINE needs their clap as much as we need their crap, which is to say: not at all...not at all. I see no cure for clapathy... other than maybe just going home and taking a hot shower.

Kev: (to Chris) You didn't explain Jadedism.

Chris: (rolls his eyes) I'm really beyond the point where I feel like I have to explain every fucking little thing.

Kev: That's what he means by Jadedism.

MRR: FRANK DISCUSSION OF THE FEEDERZ ONCE SAID "JIM JONES WAS A POSITIVE SOLUTION TO THE CHRISTIAN PROBLEM" (OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT), WHAT DOES THAT MEAN TO YOU; WHAT HAVE YOU DONE LATELY ABOUT SAID PROBLEM AND ISN'T WEIRD LIVING IN TOWN SO OVERRUN BY CHRISTIAN "PUNX?" WHY DON'T YOU MOVE?

Chris: Frank Discussion also said: "Crime is honorable... Art is a disgusting mess!". I draw a lot more inspiration from that particular quote. Jim Jones was definitely an interesting personality in that he grandly displayed the ultimate end of zealotry. Funny how no one ever considered the Jonestown massacre to be a "Christianity-related crime". As for the second half of the question... I'd never allow a trend

towards religion in the Punk Rock scene to push me out of my hometown. I'd much rather stick around and offer an alternative. Columbia's a cheap place to live... moving would be like giving up on a good thing.

Kev: Plus, everyone moves because they think things are so much better someplace else. Portland, for example... where it's easy to be Punk. That's a cop out. If everyone cool moved away, there'd be no one left to stir things up.

Chris: Not to imply that *we* are cool.

Kev: No. *We* definitely are *not* cool.

Chris: But aren't we just trying to be "cool" by saying that we aren't "cool"? What a predicament! I'll vouch... we are definitely NOT cool...but we are staying in Columbia anyway...I guess if we really were "cool" we actually would move to Portland.

MRR: ARE THE SO-CALLED SQUARES AMONGST US? IS THE LINE BETWEEN US AND THEM CLEAR ANYMORE? HOW CAN WE STILL CRY OUT FOR "MY WAR" WHEN WE CAN'T TELL THEM FROM US-HOW CAN WE TELL?

Chris: The lines have definitely blurred... but...I don't know... maybe my Bullshit Detector is more finely honed than other people's. I've always considered myself to be fairly intuitive. I think it's still really

FOR SOME REASON, PEOPLE KEEP SAYING THAT I'VE INJECTED HUMOR INTO MY LYRICS, ETC... I DON'T UNDERSTAND THAT. I'M NOT TRYING TO BE FUNNY...

easy to figure out who is for real and who is an asshole almost instantly. I can generally tell if someone is one of "them" within 5 minutes of talking to them. If you aren't a naturally intuitive person, a good test for people you are unsure about is asking them if they liked the movie "FORREST GUMP". If they say "yes", then they are definitely one of THEM.

Kev: Wait a minute! I LIKE "FORREST GUMP"! ....just kidding.

Chris: I knew you were one of THEM!

MRR: HOW AND WHY IS IT IMPORTANT TO INVOKE HUMOR INTO SUCH A TYPICALLY SERIOUS MEDIUM? WHEN AND WHY DID THE KIDS LOSE THEIR SENSE OF HUMOR IN YA'LLS OPINION?

Chris: For some reason, people keep saying that I've injected humor into my lyrics, etc...I don't understand that. I'm not trying to be funny... yet people keep laughing and laughing. They just won't stop laughing at me. I wish I were in on the fucking joke! I think kids in the Punk Scene started losing their sense of humor when they started worrying about whose sensibilities they might be offending. For some reason, a lot of people think that in order to be politically aware or active, you also have to be some sort of stoic, serious-minded thinker type. These people can't laugh at themselves. I mean...who can take yet another DISCHARGE-sounding song about napalm being thrown on war victims seriously? It's just beating a dead horse. I could take it seriously if it was written by a punk band in a fucking war-torn country... but for fuck's sake... these are kids who bought their vegan faux-leather jackets on their parent's credit cards...don't tell ME about the "realities" of war...cuz I'll just laugh in your fuckin' face. I think it's essentially a good thing to sing protest lyrics about serious issues... but if you can have fun with it, that gets my attention a lot quicker. I'm not saying to make a joke out of serious matters either... I'm just saying that people CAN lighten up... and if they want to be taken seriously, then they better not be full of bullshit... most people can smell bullshit.

Kev: In the U.S. most Punk kids come from the middle class. They don't even know about this kind of suffering. You can't make them relate to these things.

Chris: Right... but for some reason people pretend like they understand that kind of suffering... they suffer vicariously through their Punk Rock song lyrics. Kids in the U.S. need more *real* suffering in their lives.

MRR: TELL US A LITTLE ABOUT S.I.D.?

Chris: "S.I.D." is short for "self inflicted death." That's really more of a question for an IN/HUMANITY interview probably.

Kev: Yeah... this is a GUYANA PUNCH LINE interview... Since that question sucked, I have a question for the band. (to Chris) A lot of your lyrics seem like attacks on the scene itself. For example, "Tears on the Backpack" or "Political P.I.G."... Could you explain?

Chris: Excellent question, Kevin! I wouldn't say that any of the lyrics necessarily attack the Punk Scene in general...some may point out behaviors of people within the community that I think are silly or disturbing. In "Tears on the Backpack" I'm talking about that kind of vicarious suffering that Punks have such a longing for... Kids who cry at shows because everything is so peachy keen in their real suburban lives that they don't get to cry enough at home. "Political P.I.G." is sort

of about how activism is nothing but a social ladder for many folks... people who tackle a cause simply because it gives them an identity or gets them laid or whatever... I'm not saying whether or not a song like that was written about a single person or if it was written about behaviors observed in a group context... but I think people can relate... we've all seen folks in the community get real vocal about changing the world for a year or so until they fall out of the scene... all I can say for them is I hope all that flyering and picketing got you a good piece of Punk Rock ass... thanks for your contribution... bye bye.

MRR: PUNX AND SKINZ?

Kev: Do you want to know if this song reflects something we've seen in the Punk scene... or is it a silly joke?

Chris: "Punx and Skinz" is a song on the new record, "IRRITAINMENT". I think we came up with that song when we played a show with BLANKS 77. We wanted something that would help us "fit in". The song is dedicated to the tight

MAXIMUM★SMASHISM

> smashism means 1000 different things to 1000 different people, but at the heart of it is the notion that no matter how out of control technology becomes, the controlling forces can be brought down with a swifty swing of a stick.

clothing worn by many punx and skinz. We think they are hot!

MRR: TELL ME ABOUT THE NUDE PIT, THE MOTIVATIONS BEHIND IT AND THE FUNCTION OF THE ORGASM IN PUNK ROCK.

Chris: Nude pits are something that just happens at our shows. The 1990s were a very antisexual time for Punk Rock. Kids are becoming more interested in sexuality in a Punk context. It's very innocent though... just horseplay... like "spin the bottle" games at shows and the like. People are becoming less uptight. Without going into a whole book's worth of detail on this stuff, I need to make it clear...people have to realize that the circles we travel in are not nearly as focused on machismo as other elements of the hardcore scene... kids can feel safe in their play at these kind of shows... I wouldn't wanna jump into a nudepit at a SICK OF IT ALL show. We've sloganized it into: "machismo? no. Smashismo? yo." The orgasm is interesting... because at the moment of orgasm, all concentration is focused on the moment. All worries are vanquished. All laws and societal rules are forgotten. The moment of orgasm is a true moment of Anarchy that can be achieved by anyone in our society who has at least one free hand. Why haven't the Punks totally embraced that shit?!

MRR: SKATE THE STATE?

Chris: Also a song on the new record. It is about updating skatethrash in terms of musical form, and political expressiveness.

Kev: It should be pretty self-explanatory.

MRR: OLD GUY IN THE PIT?

Kev: Are you asking if that song has anything to do with me and Chris being the oldest guys at the shows?

Chris: Only we know what the song is really about!

Kev: You have to appreciate an old guy, considering most people get out of this music once they reach 21.

Chris: Right... as I recently learned from a local entertainment paper... Punk Rock is "kiddie music". Why on Earth would an old guy be in the pit?! Isn't that absurd!

MRR: I SAY SPRAY PAINT IS NOT A GOOD FRAGRANCE- BUT IS IN FACT A MESS AND GIVES ONE HEADACHES, HOW DO YOU RESPOND?

Chris: I've always thought there was something very sexual about the smell of spraypaint... maybe because I equate the smell of spraypaint with a sense of danger... a fear of getting caught... being afraid of getting caught is a turn on.

MRR: "BETTER OFF DEAD" IS THIS JUST AND EXTENSION OF "TEENAGE SUICIDE-DO IT!" AREN'T YOU WORRIED ABOUT GETTING SUED A LA JUDAS PRIEST?

Chris: I don't think that song is an extention of "Teenage Suicide- Do it". "Teenage Suicide- Do it" was a very uplifting and positive song. "Better Off Dead" is a really sad song about not wanting to deal with bullshit anymore. It's part of the hopelessness I was talking about. By taking feelings like that and making a song out of it, the feeling is tossed out into the cosmos. That's how Smashism works... you bust up the things that make your life miserable... you take those pieces... and make something new out of it... in this case, a Hardcore song with really trite and crappy lyrics!

MRR: IF YOU WERE ONE BAND IN DECLINE OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION; PART 1 WHO WOULD IT BE AND WHY? WHAT ABOUT PART 2, THE METAL YEARS?

Chris: CATHOLIC DISCIPLINE... cuz we are the band that no one is going to give a fuck about in ten years! Any band from part 2? Probably WASP... cuz I wanna be the guy in the swimming pool.

Kev: I wish we could be BLACK FLAG and pay like $5 a month rent.

MRR: CLOSING REMARKS, PLANS AND SNOTTY COMMENTS.

Chris: Closing remarks: Punish your parents every day for not using birth control. Plans: To write songs in a more "life-affirming" vein. Snotty Comments: Yoko Ono is 100 times more punk than Kathleen Hannah

Kev: I plan on eating this kim bob.

GUYANA PUNCH LINE

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SUICIDE

Comprised of Martin Rev on keyboards and Alan Vega on vocals, the two-piece punk rock band Suicide was formed in New York in 1970. The following is a written interview with Martin Rev done by Eric DeArment in March of 2001.

MRR: When and how were Suicide formed?
Martin Rev: Suicide formed after Alan Vega and I met during a gig I was doing with a group called Reverend B at a loft space gallery where Alan and I continued to experiment and hang out at night after gallery hours. We eventually decided to form a group. There were three of us at the time.
MRR: What were your musical and artistic influences?
Rev: My musical and artistic influences were '50s and '60s rock, '50s and '60s jazz, modern European and post-impressionist art movements. Alan was strongly influenced by the Stooges at that time as well.
MRR: From what I've read, Suicide's first gig in 1970 caused an audience riot. What exactly happened?
Rev: Actually our first gig, as wild as it was, did not cause a riot, but a few gigs later we upset a group of South American revolutionaries when Alan pulled the trombone valve out of one of the audience member's instruments when he spontaneously got up and started playing. Soon, chairs were flying, etc.
MRR: How did you get the idea of playing the same riff repeatedly?
Rev: Playing the same riff repeatedly just sounded right to me. I heard everything I needed in it and it had the feeling I wanted.
MRR: What kind of equipment did you use?
Rev: In the very beginning I played drums. I then added a keyboard with simple effect devices, keeping some of the drums as well.
MRR: How did audiences react to your performances?

Rev: Audiences were quite responsive, both pro and con, and confused and
upset as well.

MRR: Is it true that you guys were calling your music "Punk" and wearing studded biker jackets as far back as 1972? Did that influence the New York punk rock scene in later years?

Rev: Actually, as far back as 1971 we were calling our gigs "A 'Punk Music Mass' by Suicide" and wearing studded and torn leather and other stuff associated with Punk fashion. It probably had an influence later on, although we were actually electronic as well.

MRR: What were Alan Vega's stage antics like?

Rev: Alan would go into the audience and involve individual spectators physically and verbally, cutting and striking himself. It added to our intensity a lot.

MRR: Did Suicide have a hard time getting gigs?

Rev: In the early years, gigs were scarce, but we always managed to find them when we needed to. Later on with Max's Kansas City and CBGB's, they became a lot easier.

MRR: What kinds of musical and artistic goals was Suicide trying to achieve?

Rev: Suicide was just trying to express itself according to our individual needs of expression and make the greatest rock and rhythm-based sound and performance we derived.

MRR: What do you think of the current state of punk rock? What have you been listening to lately?

Rev: Punk is now in its second and even third generation, and there's some really intense stuff out there, even when it's not totally new, although sometimes it is. Lately I've been listening to the sounds around me, as well as scanning radio stations and different genres of music.

MRR: In what sorts of musical projects are you and Alan Vega currently involved?

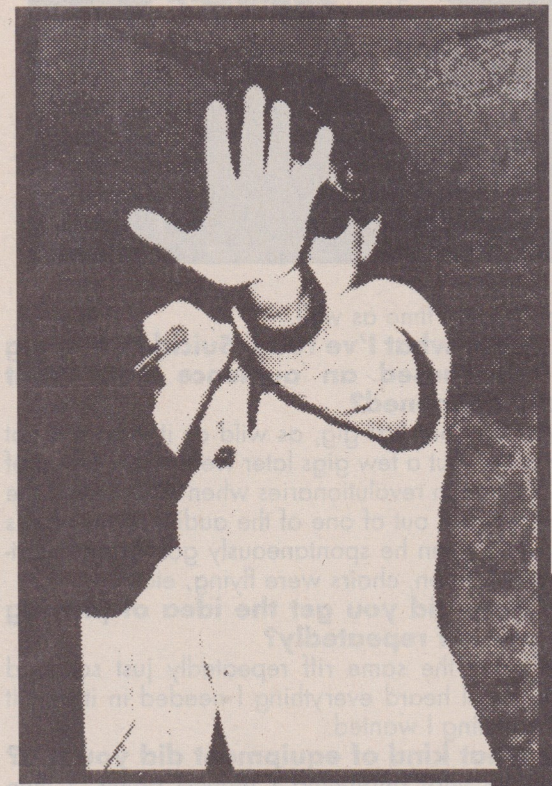
Rev: (Currently) we're involved in solo recordings on a regular basis and
occasional side projects like producing, etc.

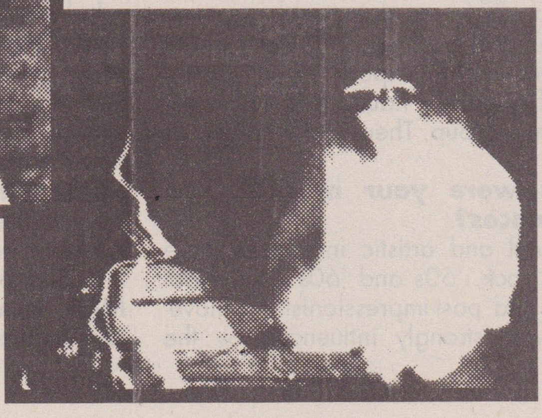
MRR: How can you be contacted?

Rev: I can't be (smiles). There's the e-mail address: rev@martinrev.com.

Martin Rev maintains a Website devoted to his current work at http://www.martinrev.com.

Suicide (Red Star, 1977)
23 Minutes in Brussels (Bronze, 1978)
Live (Franki, 1979)
Second Album (Red Star, 1980)
Half Alive (ROIR, 1981)
Ghost Riders (live) (ROIR, 1986)
A Way of Life (Wax Trax!, 1988)
Why Be Blue (Brake Out, 1992)
Zero Hour (live) (Restless, 1997)
Suicide (re-issue) (Red Star, 1999)





THE PENETRATORS

The Penetrators, 1980

Interview with The Penetrators:
The Kings of Basement Rock Return Interview conducted via email by Scott Bass (skillyb@hotmail.com)

INTRO BY PAUL: Garage Rock, and its subterranean cousin Basement Rock aren't new. But the phenomenon of the DIY record IS rather new, and its history is still being written. If the dictum of the sixties, according to Warhol, was that "In the future, everyone will be famous for fifteen minutes," then the promise of the eighties was that, "In the future, everyone will have a hit record." Sometime soon the title of "Godfather of DIY" will be awarded, and if the honor is justly bestowed, it will be based not only on who was first with the best self-produced tunes, but also for the degree of influence that was radiated to other players. I think Spike and Jack are well ahead in the running for this recognition, and if they don't end up with the crown, then it won't be for lack of royal blood. At the dawn of the millennium, Warhol's vision still rings true, thanks to the net: "In the future anyone can be world-famous with fifteen fans," and the Penetrators just keep on rockin'.

MRR: So how did the Penetrators get started?

JACK: Spike had been recording in his Basement-For Years-with a variety of people and styles (including myself at points). I believe in 1976-I approached him with the concept-that he and I should focus on a "Garage/Punk" Sound. That these joint efforts should be called "The Penetrators"-and furthermore that our first record label be called "Fred Records." In our first session we recorded "Gotta Have Her" and "Its My Life" and the rest is history.

CURTIS: I met Jack at Syracuse U. playing some piano in the dorm lounge... he asked me if I would sing for this guy named Eliot... I said "Uh, well okay." So he calls Eliot and I start singing "In The Midnight Hour" or something like that. Then I started helping him out in his studio, playing some bass and what not, I remember he had a song "My Brothers," that we put this horn intro on, he played sax, I played trombone...very ska-ish.

SPIKE: Jack, Curtis, and I and a bunch of other high school and college buddies used to get together in bands and try to get gigs and were constantly told we had to learn the popular 70's covers of the day in order to play out in the clubs. The 70's were really lame for bar bands, and I really didn't want to play anything but Stones covers or 60's garage faves like Dirty Water by the Standells unless forced to by economic circumstances. Our Ruff ën' Tuffy's CD is an homage to that musical preference of ours in a way. So while we were exploring playing out in bars and basically only playing out in people's basements for high school graduation parties, etc., I and a select crew of studio fanatics were also recording originals down in my folks' basement, trying to perfect our craft down to where somebody might appreciate it. We tried our hand at all the popular musics of the time, but the ones that really made it were the rock ën' roll tracks and those are the ones we released in '79 and ë80 even though half of them were recorded in '76. We made an acetate of "Gotta Have Her" and "It's My Life" in '76 - only 2 copies, and one was donated to my college's pub and stayed on the jukebox there for over 10 - 15 years till they took the jukebox out. It used to get played just as I walked in, so that may give you an idea of some of the hysteria or whatever I was going through during my senior year in college. I think Jack may still have one of those acetates, and Paul told me he knew who had the other one from the pub. Curtis and I also made 2 acetates of "The Scandalizer" and "My Brothers" in '76. We definitely kept Mr. Riposo busy that year. Only one critic picked up on "The Scandalizer" sounding a little bit dated for 1979, but we still love the guy anyway. This one's for you, Greenie.

PAUL: I first met Spike Penetrator in the fall of our freshman year of college. I was putting together a cover band for frat parties, bar gigs, and, eventually to play original material. Spike dropped in on a rehearsal and played with us for an hour or two. Nice enough guy, good Stones chops, but it didn't strike me that he'd played out in bands all that much. Didn't really know whether he wanted to play with us or not, but at any rate, I just didn't see all that much of him for the next couple of years.

In February of my senior year I returned from a semester away, to discover that Spike owned the whole campus music scene. He had totally reinvented my old band as it's new bassist/guitarist. He was producing and drumming with an ultra-slinky band of women named New Breed. He had the coolest radio show on the air, liberally featuring Lou Reed, the Ramones, and, of course, the Stones. "Gotta Have Her" b/w "It's My Life"(the old Animals tune) was looping incessantly on the pub jukebox. And most amazingly, frat boys were sloshing each other with Utica Club beer cups held aloft like lit matches, chanting "E-LI-OT ! E-LI-OT ! E-LI-OT !" to demand another play of "Gotta Have Her" at live gigs. I began to consider this whole business of making one's own record,

Before semester's end, Spike had contributed to two more projects, as drummer for Don Genaro, my perennial musical partner Dave Star's ensemble conjured up for a live radio broadcast with New Breed, and again as drummer for the jam band I had put together featuring my guitar teacher and his friends (Spike played two gigs and a rehearsal that day, with three different bands).

Spike teamed up with Dave and me some months later as drummer for Art, a band named, despite what some thought, after the owner of a local music store. Art was a band which should be best remembered as the only gigging original band between Syracuse and Albany in 1978, if opening for Santa Claus at a children's Christmas party in the Rome armory could be called a gig. We were slated to give our farewell performance playing between sets for the Flashcubes in Syracuse one snowy Děcember night before the disappointing departure of our co-guitarist Deanna for warmer climes. Dave and I wondered aloud what the point was in braving the storm only to break up after the show, but Deanna informed us that SHE and her boyfriend weren't afraid of the forty mile drive to Syracuse, and that she would be waiting for us there. So Dave and I headed to Spike's place, where the three of us spent the evening quaffing the local beverage and gazing thoughtfully out the window as the snow piled up.

MRR: There have been a number of people in and out of the band? Who are the Penetrators?

JACK: Who are The Penetrators? Well...Spike and I-are "The Founding Members"-BUT-Curtis Seals, Paul Bawol, -recently Mark Doyle-and some others have all made significant contributions-at various periods. (Lets not forget Fred Rapp-"former" president of Fred Records-either!!).
SPIKE: Well, Jack pretty much answered that one. Some studio drummers that didn't get much credit but who took on those chores to save me some time should be mentioned. Curtis played drums on Scandalizer and other unreleased tracks; Dave "Rock 'n' Roll" Ribyat, who still fronts bands in NJ when he's not a network administrator (funny how a lot of us are doing computer day jobs now instead of the stuff we used to do like fast food, warehouses, etc. so much for that lazy, stupid musician stereotype, maybe. Would you like fries with that program, sir?) played drums and other instruments on occasion; Steve Holland a drummer at the time for a band called the Toys was the drummer on "Teenage Lifestyle;" Jeff James southern son of a preacher man who had just moved up north and was recommended by some of my buddies on the job at the time did quite a few tracks for us, most notably "Rock 'n' Roll Face" and "Drive Me Crazy," but his mind was being distracted by all the young ladies chasing him because he had that Southern drawl, so he didn't quite work out beyond those initial sessions. Other folks who were involved included Ricks and Orbit with their Leopard Music and Fashion store: the first punk rock boutique in Syracuse. They almost got lynched by some of the anti-punk locals, but they kept the faith and stuck up for what they believed in. Something about those godless dangerous punks with their safety pins like that no-good Johnny Rotten, etc. Our drummer on stage in 1980 was Henry Brent, and you can hear his contributions on the Live at Kenny's album.

MRR: New York City is known for its early punk, was the same true for Syracuse, NY?

SPIKE: Syracuse had an incredibly cool, busy, and active local band scene, as you can imagine any major college or university town might have. A really great rock scene back in the 60's when were growing up there and lots of opportunities to play out once we got notorious in the late 70's. The mid-70's really sucked though because disco was competing for the nightlife entertainment dollars with the live bands, and most of the club owners figured they'd just play records instead of paying musicians to play live. More on that later. Syracuse was also a great town for soul music back in the '60's, much Like Long Island, Detroit, etc. were (Motown, Stax, etc.), and also for '60's punk and local release stuff.† It should definitely be mentioned that Carl Cafarelli who wrote the liner notes for our live at Kenny's album is keeping that spirit alive with his Rock And Roll Radio Show on WXXE-FM, playing music from those classic eras and new music from now that also has that same enthusiasm and energy. Syracuse is small enough to allow such a scene to develop, but not big enough where it gets drowned out by all the other big city noise and distractions going on.

JACK: In the late 70's...early 80's.... Syracuse was a "Power Pop" town-Bands like the Flashcubes and The Trend.... Everyone was quite supportive of one another...It was a hot, vibrant scene...I miss it....

CURTIS: Besides us, I think a couple of other bands came after us: The Dead Ducks (featuring a young Bobcat Golthwait), Distortion, who were all girl except for me singing at first, then this cat called 3-Bob...I think our only peers punk-wise were 1-4-5. The scene was pretty varied with The Machine and Hummer, My Sin, The Nuclear Accidents, Tangled Thought, and Dress Code.

SPIKE: One thing we did in '79 was release our first two 45's without playing out live, while all those other bands were playing around town and eventually self-releasing their records also. All of a sudden, it was like a shot heard round the Syracuse Quad (a hangout for the local college students and townies). We showed the scene that you could put out records without having to play out. That had always been our lot anyway due to the local scene before then and because I had been out of town for the previous few years (in Albany, Utica, Brooklyn, etc.). By the timing of the release of those records at the time, we were able to make a statement about the music on the records themselves, not just release a souvenir of a band that people had seen in their dorm or local bar. People dug that at the time, and other bands used our example as an impetus to put out their own records without even bothering to play out that much. Jack, having never left Syracuse, was the perfect barometer of what the local scene needed, and it was his initial idea to put the first records out in limited pressings. Actually, everybody back then usually limited their pressings to 500 copies or so anyway, which is why all those records are now so collectable. Who would have thought at the time they'd be worth so much 20 plus years later? We were just hoping to make a little money at the time and maybe get some publicity so we could get some gigs, which we did, but not much.

MRR: What would you describe as the band's influences? It seems that the Penetrators were playing trashy garage punk years before it became trendy.

JACK: Stones / Ramones / Animals / Iggy... I personally have never been able to keep up very well with "trends". I love GARAGE ROCK-I sing it from the heart-and I don't worry too much about "labels".

SPIKE: Besides the above obvious influences, 60's/70's reggae by such greats as Toots and the Maytals and Peter Tosh have also been influential in what we've tried to do with the Penetrators, at least in my mind. Bob Dylan, the Kinks, you know, the usuals.

CURTIS: I think I helped bring some soul element into it, but Jack was always into the old R&B soul shouters like Arthur Conley and Solomon Burke anyway. He had a thing for Eric Burdon, Iggy, and most definitely, the Stones. I thought we were definitely channeling the Stones!

MRR: There have been a number of other bands that called themselves the Penetrators, have you ever heard from any of them? Has that caused much confusion?

SPIKE: Not overly. Each band that has used the name has usually been from a different region of the country and has had a different style. Right now, for example, the Alabama Penetrators are releasing surf instrumentals; have a very large web presence with their mp3's, etc.; and are playing out quite a bit, but nobody would ever confuse them with us, so we say live and let penetrate. Some of the Penetrators from the 70's are still remembered, and I've corresponded with people who knew those band members and have even gotten copies of the records or CD-R's just so I could see how they compared with us stylistically or however. There actually is a whole page at our fredrecords.com website going into the details of the Penetrator phenomenon if anyone is really interested. What cracks me up is that Jack came up with the name, and it's kinda stuck with us despite all these other bands using it also. And there's always some new band out there, usually a blues or soul or jazz band that calls itself Blah Blah & The Penetrators that has the residency at some club for a few months, so web searches are always turning up new Penetrator sightings. Actually, the most interesting aspect of the Penetrator phenomenon is how non-musical it can be. From artillery shells to adult toys, there seem to be a lot of references to Penetrators on the web. Nike used to make Penetrator sneakers, and those were the only sneakers I wore for as long as they made them, so you can tell I take this penetrator stuff very seriously. A lot of semi-pro sports teams are calling themselves the (fill in town or bar) Penetrators, especially in slow pitch softball and darts. You could actually try to collect all the Penetrators sports merchandise as a hobby. Feel free to send them to us too.

MRR: How long has your website been around? You've got some vintage music videos on there!

SPIKE: Thanks for noticing. I think the website has been around for at least 5 or 6 years. It started as an AOL homepage and just grew from there. One thing that has been great about all this world wide web stuff is that it has served as a way for people who vaguely remembered us to just do a random search and get back in touch with us after 20 some years. I used to get letters from German and Australian fans raving about Gotta Have Her or whatever and wonder whatever happened to them and wonder how they got the record over there. The web has opened up channels of communication so that we can see just how those records got over to wherever and how many of those people's friends have also been touched by our music. Some write us and say that they heard our stuff on a cassette and that they couldn't believe an album had come out with all our greatest hits, etc. etc. It's nice when you can actually tell whoever that the record is still available or has been reissued and is fairly easy to get if you really want it, etc. etc. So right now, Penetrator mania is definitely a world wide phenomenon, and those who are into us are definitely into us and garage rock as opposed to those who are into the other Penetrators from wherever else who play whatever they play. It's been fun trying to track our spreading influence and fanbase through the responses and inquiries we get through the web and the various releases. The videos on the website are an extra little goodie we've put on there for our fans and for anybody who's interested in what the scene was like back then. We have a video from the Trend on there because people are always asking us about them. We knew them back then; enjoyed hearing them play in basements at parties on the North Side of Syracuse or wherever; and Jack used Paul their drummer on his Teenage Lifestyle video, so it's really a public service to the Trend fans that we put a video of theirs on our website. So far, nobody has complained or tried to shut it down. All our videos and some of our local TV appearances are on there in edited form, and there's even some stuff by some of our friends who we just thought people should see and hear. What good is having a website if you're not going to use it, right?

MRR: You guys have the distinctive honor of not only having the first record to come out on Italy's Rave Up, but also of being the only artist on that label with more than one release.

SPIKE: By the time this article is released, our third release with Rave Up

will be out. Pierpaolo has been incredibly supportive of us and our efforts and is also doing quite a service for punk and other music from back then. And if you're a vinyl fanatic, then Pier is definitely doing a service for you by only putting out all his releases in vinyl. We are incredibly happy to have all our releases either released or re-released in the form in which they were originally released, but we are also committed to the new digital formats and are keeping our options open for future releases in those formats. Ruff n' Tuffy's is an example of the Penetrators keeping up with the times and not just releasing everything they do on vinyl. New CD releases are definitely on the way, with possible simultaneous vinyl releases if the CD labels in question approve it.

MRR: Tell us about the upcoming live album.

JACK: Aha!!! -A question I can relate too!. Definitely a ROCKIN', HIGH ENERGY assault...Curtis' playing is incredible throughout..."Teenage Lifestyle" LIVE!!-well...DEFINITELY-a HIGHLITE!!!

SPIKE: The album owes a lot to the guy who allowed us to play at his club in Phoenix, NY, Mr. Kenny Roschia. He called himself the Godfather of Rock 'n' Roll, and everybody who played at his place, the Country Tavern, remembers him fondly. Hopefully, this record will bring back good memories of him and the music he loved for those who knew him back then, as well as be a great recording of what we were up to that summer on our Central New York World Tour. We played all our hits and some songs that have never been released on vinyl but which we loved to do on stage, like Arthur Conley's "Sweet Soul Music." That night we opened for Joe Whiting and his Bandit Band, and the album was recorded right from the PA's mixing board. No other gig were we able to get as good a tape or a complete show, so this tape is very unique and historic for those reasons.

The Penetrators, 1980

MRR: Now the band is back together? Tell me about the Ruff'n'Tuffy's CD?

JACK: We ARE BACK... BIGGER!!!! And BADDER!!!! Than EVER!!!.... The sound achieved on the "Ruff'n'Tuffy's" CD-reflects large contributions from: Paul, Curt Kemp, Dave Hanslowe—and words cannot describe how big a contribution Mark Doyle made to the sessions! I believe we achieved a HIGHER ENERGY, CLEANER, -and MORE PROFESSIONAL sound at "Tuffy's"—than we had ever achieved before.

SPIKE: 4 tracks, all rough mixes, and strictly for promotional purposes to test the waters for a major label CD deal. Incredible sound. The tracks will sound even better in the final mixes, so do not despair if you can't wait to get it. It will be worth the wait when the new stuff finally comes out. We redid Gotta Have Her and Teenage Lifestyle and also covered two of our favorite songs we used to do in our live shows: Little Girl by the Syndicate of Sound and Talk Talk by the Music Machine.

MRR: You guys are packing a secret weapon on this release, how did you hook up with Mark Doyle?

JACK: Mark Doyle-Is a local Syracuse legend who has worked with Cindy Bullens, Joe Whiting, Meatloaf, and many, many, others!! We were truly fortunate to have him on board for the "Ruff'n'Tuffy's" sessions.

SPIKE: What cracks me up is that some of our rabid fans out there, and you know who you are, have heard of us and every other obscure Finnish or Icelandic punk band from the 70's but probably have no idea or couldn't care less who Meatloaf or Cindy Bullens are. To those fans, Johan Kugelberg is a household name and deity. But seriously folks, Jack and I have known Mark and Joe Whiting for quite awhile, and Jack is definitely responsible for bringing up the idea to Mark for playing at our recording session. It was a great session and Mark may even want to play at some future sessions or reunion gigs if his busy schedule or commitments allow him to. That would be really cool.

MRR: Mark, What was it like recording with a "Garage" Oriented band like The Penetrators after having worked with so many "Professional" acts?

MARK: That session was a whole lotta fun. It really reminded me of how it felt when I first started playing guitar, getting together with a bunch of guys in a humid little room with no air-conditioning, pissing outside because there was no bathroom (I'm describing both my early years and the conditions at their present-day recording studio!) It was all about the fire and the feeling, as it still should be.

MRR: What do the Penetrators have planned for the future?

JACK: Well were workin' on a New Studio album, that were all very excited about!!...Personally—I'd like to see us tour Europe or Japan—I hear "Punk", and "Garage"—are very big there now. Yea—I could really get into that!

SPIKE: Ditto. The new album will definitely be a gas. We keep getting invited to play all our European fans' home towns, so that might happen, and playing Japan for incredible amounts of money would be cool too, except that I hear Big Mac's cost $35. over there, so maybe that money isn't quite that much after all. Anyway, the future is always up to something, and the Penetrators have big plans for it.

MRR: Mark, you've been in the business a long time... How tough is it for a band like The Penetrators to get a recording deal...and what advice/suggestions would you give them-on how to achieve this?

MARK: If by a recording deal you mean a major label, it's impossible. They really don't want to know about anyone over 30. I think it's important to be realistic, research your labels, don't approach anyone who isn't interested in the music you are doing. Find a brave independent label or establish your own website and sell it yourself.

MRR: How can people contact the Penetrators?

spike@fredrecords.com and jlipton1@mediaone.net for Spike and Jack respectively (make sure Sony and Atlantic see this part.) Paul Bawol can be reached at arcane@borg.com. Curtis Seals can be reached through curtisseals@hotmail.com.

ROSTER:
Jack Lipton - Lead Vocals/Eliot "Spike" Kagen - Guitar / Paul Bawol - Bass / Mark Doyle - Lead Guitar / Curtis Seals - Drums and more

DISCOGRAPHY:
1979 (early) Gotta Have Her / Baby, Dontcha Tell Me 7" (Fred Records)
1979 (later) Teenage Lifestyle / Rock'n'Roll Face 7" (Fred Records)
1980 (early) The Scandalizer / Drive Me Crazy 7" (Fred Records) with guest vocals by Curtis Seals (keyboardist / vocalist / studio / live) & Christian D'Orbit
1981 Spike! Ep - 4 trax - Life Stinks, Brooklyn, #1 Band In Town, Love Ya Honey (LS & #1Band on Kings album in different versions).
1982 Shopping Bag video - played on local music video shows in Syracuse
1985 Teenage Lifestyle video - played on local music video shows in Syracuse
1985 Big Hits and Remixes Cassette on Fred/Round Dog cassettes - hits remixed and rare cuts still unreleased on vinyl.
1988 Kings of Basement Rock Lp (reissued early 2001 Rave Up)
1999 Teenage Lifestyle booted on KBD #19
2000 Penetrators 7" Ep (repress of first two singles) (Rave Up)
2001 Ruff 'n' Tuffy's CD Ep (Fred Records)
2001 Live at Kenny's Live LP - live gig from 1980 - on Rave Up - with 2 rare studio cuts.
200? More from Tuffy's sessions, more new trax, the future is just around the corner, maybe we'll play in your town!

LINKS:
www.fredrecords.com - Fred Records Homepage
www.garageband.com/artist/the_penetrators
www.arcaneaudio.com/gotitruf.htm -Ruff n' Tuffy's
web.tiscalinet.it/raveup - Rave Up Records
You can hear the Penetrators in regular rotation on Scott's weekly internet radio show Gift Wrapped Crap found online at www.antennaradio.com

Live! in the Maximum Rock'n'Roll

LOOK

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Les Sexareenos

MRR: How are Les Sexareenos different than the Spaceshits? Both bands seem to be on a similar tangent musically.

Bridge Mixture: Les Sexareenos play music specifically for partying while the Spaceshits only had the same effect now and again. I mean, I loved the Spaceshits, but it was just getting old, songs were too complex, the energy was failing...I know I wanted to keep playing rock'n'roll, but maybe switching instruments and relearning it all in a more primitive form was what we needed to do. Sparks flew.

MRR: What happened after the Spaceshits broke up that brought you together as Les Sexareenos? Who was in the Spaceshits that's also in Les Sexareenos? Where'd the rest of the band come from?

Bridge Mixture: Les Sexareenos was something we were thinking of doing before the Spaceshits' last tour of Europe. Blacksnake (Spaceshits bassist) decided to stay in Germany, so it all made more sense to us to start playing as Les Sexareenos. Colonel Lingus plays bass and sings in Les Sexareenos, but in the Spaceshits, he was known as 'Skid Marks' and 'Casino' and played drums. I play drums and sing in Les Sexareenos, but in the Spaceshits, I was known as 'Needles', 'Creepy' (and other stupid names) and was the singer. Choyce was being primed to be the next Spaceshits' lead guitarist, but isn't on any recorded stuff. He's also the bass player for the Daylight Lovers, and used to also be 'The Warden' in The Irritations. 'Work With Me' Annie plays Farfisa in Les Sexareenos. She used to be in the Tempo V and the Atomic Pranksters.

Colonel Lingus: Rock-and-roll incest never hurt anybody. Lets just say both bands all sleep in the same bed (it's just easier to clean up the mess the next morning).Bridge Mixture: A Spaceshits tour of Kenya is still in the works.

MRR: Why did Blacksnake stay in Germany?

Choyce: He laid an egg.

Bridge Mixture: He met a shaman, started casting spells, fell in love...He just liked it there I guess. People are more open to his brand of nonsense there. In Montreal, people resented his shamelessness. Blacksnake deserves the attention he gets there now in his new band, King Khan and the Shrines. He's got a great family there.

MRR: What was the best part about playing the Las Vegas Grind last fall? Any good Las Vegas stories?

Bridge Mixture: LasVegas was kinda fun, cuz we were piled like 15 in a room with Greg Oblivian AND the Deadly Snakes, etc... (cuz we were all on tour together). Lots of drunken stupidity (as you could imagine). But the Grind was a bit tame. Lots of dressed up people, too many bands. It WAS a lot of fun, though, even if we went on super early.

Choyce: On our way to Las Vegas, our van broke down in the middle of nowhere, so we didn't get to see the Grand Canyon. By the time we got to Las Vegas, our brains were about to explode with anger, but we got to the hotel, got some drinks, I scored some goodness and a guy gave me free ecstasy, so all was good.

Colonel Lingus: We met up with some old friends, got fucked up, and I personally lost $20,000 on strip poker. The best part was hanging out with ol' pals the Deadly Snakes poolside at the hotel, drinkin' whiskey out of boots. Also, meeting up with a bunch of East Coast hipsters, and hiding out in our hotel rooms while the party was going on downstairs was kinda fun (we're a very extravagant crowd).

Annie: The worst was all of us in that room. Since it seems Vegas has this fucked up policy of boarding up windows because of suicides, you can imagine the lack of oxygen after an hour.

MRR: Had any of you ever been to Las Vegas before? Did it live up to your expectations?

Annie: It's crazy hot!

Choyce: I'd never been, but I thought it was pretty fucked. I didn't know they pumped oxygen into the casinos to keep people awake, which is why you see all these old folks up all night wasting their money away.

Bridge Mixture: It's sad.

Choyce: We saw old couples crying by machines...it's pretty weird.

Annie: I still can't believe that some people live all year long in Vegas and try to have a real life in a cardboard city full of magicians.

Bridge Mixture: I think it's a funny place, but it *is* ridiculous. We met some good people. The Grind was okay. It's more about just getting disgusting and looking at funny shit.

Choyce: It was fun getting drunk and high and walking around.

MRR: Then you played Cavestomp right after the Grind. How did playing Cavestomp and the Grind differ?

Annie: The people went crazier for us at Cavestomp.

Bridge Mixture: Cavestomp was at a smaller venue, and it was more East Coast. Less fashion shit, I guess. But it was pretty much just a show, and not a stimuli-smasher like the Grind (it helped that we were in Vegas). I had a lot of fun at Cavestomp, cuz we hung out with some strange people we never could have if not.

Choyce: At the Grind, we didn't spend that much time watching the shows, coz there was other shit going on like drinking, swimming...

Colonel Lingus: Cavestomp was a smaller event, but just as much fun.

MRR: What you mean Cavestomp was more "East Coast?" How are the East Coast and West Coast different? And how does Canada fit into that picture?

Bridge Mixture: I don't know what I meant, really. The only place that is really 'West Coast' to me is LA. It's too fashion-oriented and 'kwazy', but we did meet some cool folks there. New York is New York. It's fun cause it's dirty and relaxed.

Choyce: It's all similar. I like the States and like both towns for different reasons. I'm not patriotic at all. I don't really give a shit about that stuff. If a place is fun, it's just fun. A lot of Canada is pretty square and conservative. I like Montreal coz it's more liberal, but it's like anywhere – there are cool people and there are assholes.

Bridge Mixture: I gotta say, Quebec is fun, because everyone likes to party. In a lot of towns, the young kids are into good shit, not Top 40 bullshit. Canada is pretty lame, but some towns are okay. Same with the States. As long as people have fun, we have fun.

MRR: What about Europe?

Choyce: I haven't played Europe except for Spain and that was fuckin' cool. I'll go anywhere.

MRR: So, what kind of strange people did you hang out with at the Cavestomp?

Choyce: All sorts of folks. A guy from the Monks and other folks. It's sorta weird bein' round guys 50 years older than me, but folks were pretty cool and we met some cool kids.

Bridge Mixture: Lots of people from all the bands that were playing, and all sorts of characters from around, just getting smashed and stupid.

MRR: And how was the rest of that tour?

Colonel Lingus: Amazing. The scene may be small, but you get a chance to meet the some of the coolest kids living in the strangest places. It's quite a trip.

Bridge Mixture: That tour was okay. Being with the Snakes and Greg made it a lot of fun sometimes. But it also makes you realize just how bad the situation is for rock-'n'roll right now. That metal-flavoured shit is big now, but trends die. I just hope r'n'r doesn't die with it.

Choyce: Canada was total shit, except Vancouver was a good show, and Winnipeg, where all these little mohawk-punks were going crazy coz we played Blitzkrieg Bop about 5 times, and Christina Ricci was there smashing bottles. The drive through Canada was dull as shit, and it's full of conservative squares.

MRR: And you guys also went to Europe? Where all did you play?

Bridge Mixture: Yup. We just got back from playing in Spain. Spain is funny, because there isn't really any techno or hip-hop kinda radio stuff. It's all 'rock'. Punk is a valid music there. But there are cliques and shit, like anywhere else. It was a blast, though. I still want to go to Japan...Anywhere really.

Choyce: We did about 8 shows here and there.

Colonel Lingus: In Beds across Spain and the Basque region. The Rioha region wine was stupendous, and the tripe was deee-lish.

MRR: Any particularly memorable shows...or, what was the best part of the tour?

Annie: I don't know if it's a good thing, but I noticed that the Spanish have a certain twisted fascination with ham. They actually have museums dedicated to it!

Colonel Lingus: Our last show, in a small town near Valencia, was kinda cuckoo. The kids were going crazy, and there was this fat naked guy with a toilet brush trying to sing 'Fever' ala Patty Page in the microphone. Everybody was so fucked. The whole thing was completely unrealistic.

Choyce: The worst, and probably best night, was on New Year's coz we were stranded in the middle of nowhere outside of Madrid and spent about $140 on taxis to get to our show. We got to the show, and went onstage at about 4 or 5 in the morning, but by then everyone was already completely loaded. Everybody danced, and we ended up having a blast.

Bridge Mixture: The two most memorable shows for me were that New Year's show and that show outside of Valencia. New Year's was crazy. Cabs were impossible to find, people were going bonkers...nutty. Then it hits midnight, and the place, Madrid, sounded like a fuckin warzone! It was cool. Then we made it to our show, where the bar was open and delicious. Mixed drinks are 2/3 alcohol all over Spain. Just the way

"Les Sexareenos play music specifically for partying"

I likes it. Anyway, we went on at 4 am (!) and played until 7, I think. We were **WRECKED**, but people went **INSANE**, so we just kept playing and playing...amazing. Valencia was insane. Packed again, and everyone, again, was smashed. We were improvising Los Saicos covers, people were grabbing mics, singing, falling into everything, dancing...Rock'n'roll mania. Wild!

LOOK

Choyce: The better you play and party, the more people feed you food, drugs and alcohol. The villages were the best. They were way better than Madrid. It was pretty nuts.

Bridge Mixture: Ya, the food, drinks and drugs were great, too. Some cool people...the bad parts were all just stupid things that are pointless talking about.

MRR: Why do you think Spain in particular goes ga-ga over rock 'n' roll?

Choyce: I think it's coz it's warm and they do tons o' blow and shit. Some people told me it's coz there was a dictator once, and when that ended, people went apeshit and punk hit big in Spain...I dunno. I guess the people like to party and have a good time and the music is good for that.

Les Sexareenos

Bridge Mixture: It's really not considered a second-rate music. Music is music there.

MRR: What tapes spent a lot of time in the tape deck while you were on the road?

Bridge Mixture: Well, we didn't have much say over what went in the deck in Spain. Our driver took care of that most of the time. But if you're asking what would have been on, geez...

Choyce: The first Stax boxset, Bubbles Vol. I, Best Vol. II, Rock'n'Roll Fever (Specialty Records comp).

Colonel Lingus: Bubbles Volume 1, Bloodstains across Alaska, Neil Hamburger-Funny Phonecalls.

Bridge Mixture: Every tour...that 'Ugly Things' comp...a lot of mixed tapes, I guess.

Annie: For half of our US tour we had no tape deck, so you can imagine how many times we heard Elvis.

MRR: Are there any bands that you consciously make an attempt to sound like? Any bands you do your best NOT to sound like?

Colonel Lingus: No.

Bridge Mixture: I don't think there are bands we are consciously trying NOT to sound like. It would be pretty hard for us to sound like a funky metal band, for instance, cuz we don't dig anything like that. We just play the music that comes naturally from the influences we have. If you are just playing real natural rock'n'roll, there isn't gonna be room for the bad shit. People compare us to certain modern groups sometimes, but I think that comes from *having the same influences as those bands*, not trying to sound like those bands.

Annie: Of course, I would've loved to be the next Jerry Lee, but I don't have his magic touch. And besides, my 12-year-old cousin already has a girlfriend.

Choyce: We try not to sound like all these bands that claim they play rock n' roll but sound like arena-rock bullshit or metal. It bothers me how everything is called rock n' roll coz it's not true. If you play in a death metal band, you wouldn't say that you play jazz music coz it's not the same thing. We just try to play straightforward rock n' roll.

LOOK

MRR: So, is rock'n'roll is in trouble right now? Do you see any band coming to rock's rescue? Or do you think it's doomed to die a slow, miserable death?

"...And I stole her (Christina Ricci's) Gucci sweater."

LOOK

Bridge Mixture: Rock'n'roll's always gonna be in trouble, but who really cares? I think some major 'figures' in the 'rock'n'roll' scene really stabbed the true shit in the back by starting to tout the metal-revival shit as 'rock'n'roll'. What does that actually make the REAL rock'n'roll when this metal fad dies? It kills it, I guess. But as long as I'm having fun playing it and listening to it, I can't worry about what others do.

Choyce: To each his own taste. Some stuff I'm not into, but I still think there's good shit coming out. When I first heard punk, what I liked about it was that it had nothing to do with arena rock shit. But you still find pockets of kids all over the world that really like punk or rock'n'roll and shit and play that shit and like to have a good time, get fucked and they're really into no bullshit rock'n'roll and punk. It seems wherever you see kids that are crazy about rock'n'roll. Who gives a shit if it ain't gonna take over the bullshit video stations.

Bridge Mixture: We're not gonna quit, because it's dying. We're more like Polysporin.

MRR: One of my favorite things about Les Sexareenos is you not only go after the wilder side of '50s and '60s rock'n'roll, but you fucking NAIL it. There just aren't bands like you guys who can get the crazed energy that those old bands had. Is there a secret to it? Why do you think you guys got it when so many other bands who shoot for it fail?

Bridge Mixture: I think we succeed, because we DON'T try. That's just how we sound. The only difference from us and bands from that era, is that we have a punk influence. But really, that's just the natural progression of rock'n'roll in most cases. I listen and love rock'n'roll from the 50's and 60's as well as punk and some other stuff, but I know that when I'm playing with Les Sexareenos, it's just gotta be a certain way.

Choyce: I don't know. I think we just try to play straight up rock n' roll. If I'd want to re-invent music or be an innovator, I'd play prog-rock bullshit. Rock n' roll is the best, so why fuck with it?

Colonel Lingus: Maybe we were chosen by god or maybe it's genetics, but whatever it is, these ginknosh biloob pills seem to be doing the trick.

Bridge Mixture: And my magic moccasins.

Annie: Don't take yourself seriously. We don't. Bridge Mixture: Ya. Just have fun.

MRR: How did you get into older rock'n'roll?

Choyce: I like a lot of punk stuff and later rock n' roll, but I don't get people who claim they love rock n'roll but don't listen to any older shit. It's the fuckin best. When I started playing (music), and heard stuff like the Desperate Rock n' Roll comps and guys like Eddie Cochran, it was... It was raw, fun and no bullshit.

Colonel Lingus: From bands like Supercharger, the Mummies, and the Devil Dogs. Magazines like Kicks, Wipe Out. Labels like Sympathy, Norton, Crypt, Telstar. People like Nardwuar, Blair (the sixty second swinger), my friends. Women like 60, 70, 80 years of age.

Bridge Mixture: We've all been into older rock'n'roll for a long time. I know I was into old punk and hardcore since I was like 13, and that shit was just a natural thing to look into. Once you find it, you know it's all punk, and punk is all rock'n'roll. It's all the same, but the older stuff is just more fun, more wild. It makes you want to yell and dance and look at chicks. It makes me feel good.

MRR: Do you think that by just paying rock'n'roll, not fucking with the formula, you're just rehashing shit that's been done a million times?

Choyce: I dunno, and I don't really care. It's not like we're living in the past and shit. I like punk, early hardcore shit, and tons of stuff. I know that rock'n'roll has gone through changes. I like 70's stuff and newer stuff. I just don't get why a lot of people don't care about some of the early rock'n'roll. It's good music. It's got soul and it's fun. You'd figure someone who likes rock'n'roll would like some of the earlier stuff.

Bridge Mixture: Rock'n'roll is formulaic for the most part, and that's what I love about it. Rock'n'roll ain't about progressing too much, or else you become Genesis or some shit.

Choyce: I just remember when I first really heard rock'n'roll – be it sixties, fifties or newer shit – I thought it was the best. I still do. Nothing compares.

MRR: Are there any other bands playing this kind of music that you guys think are worthwhile?

Colonel Lingus: The Deadly Snakes from Toronto, Les Sequelles from Montreal, Les Mustangs from Chicoutimi, my new band the Del Gators...

Bridge Mixture: Ya, and the Lyres are still cool, sometimes. The Neckbreakers still get me dancing live.

MRR: If you could play with any band from the '50s or '60s, who would it be? Why?

Colonel Lingus: The Monks or the Stones, just because they've inspired me to do so many stupid things, it would only be fair for me to choose them. Bridge Mixture: Too many bands, man.

Choyce: If we were actually in the 50's or 60's, I'd like to play with Bo Diddley, Otis Redding, Jerry Lee Lewis, Bunker Hill, James Brown and the Flames...

Bridge Mixture: That's right! I meant bands from back then, playing BACK THEN. There's not too many bands I'd want to play with from then today. Most times it really ruins the image you've imagined being cool.

MRR: I heard Christina Ricci was at one of your shows. What was that about?

Choyce: She was there for the show, but not necessarily to see us. She was going out with some guy from Winnipeg, and she was real drunk and going pretty crazy. I didn't know who she was until after the show when we invited her back to our hotel room. It was sort of a shithole hotel attached to a bar. She came up and these local punks were telling her to fuck off coz she was a celebrity and she'd just answer back... She seemed alright, and the folks at the bar seemed used to her getting loaded and breaking stuff.

Bridge Mixture: You have to imagine, this was a show in Winnipeg. That's the funniest part.

Annie: And I stole her Gucci sweater.

MRR: What are your plans for the near future?

Annie: To have fun.

Colonel Lingus: We will be opening a retirement community for girls under 25 and maybe have a new record out in late spring. Bridge Mixture: We have new singles out Telstar and Sympathy, plus we're in the process of finishing a new album (with more singles) that'll destroy the first one. I hope we get to tour Europe more, as well as Japan, New Zealand and Australia. That's about it...personally speaking, I just want to make it out of this winter without killing myself.

Choyce: No plans.

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Discography:

Live! In the Bed LP (Sympathy) 2000
Finger Party 7" (Sack o' Shit) 2000
Can You do the Nose Mustache? 7" (Telstar) 2001
Out to Sea 7" (Sympathy) 2001

LOOK

"Don't take yourself seriously. We don't."

RED MONKEY

interview by michael thorn

MRR: So what is a Red Monkey? Tell us about yourselves- how you got started, who does what and the story of you as a band till this point?

Pete: Marc picked the name Red Monkey from a list of possible names made by Rachel. At this point the band was Marc on Drums, Rachel on bass/vocals and a guy called Pete (from Vengance of Gaia) on guitar. He stopped turning up to practices, so they drafted me on guitar (I had played drums in Rachel's old band PUSSYCAT TRASH and had been running the Slampt Organisation with her since '92, plus we had done AVOCADO BABY together, so we Rachel and I were used to playing together, but with Marc's drumming added, we immediately started heading off in what was for us totally uncharted territory. We're still experimenting with our sound, as you will hear on the new LP "Gunpowder, Treason and Plot", our 3rd album out Summer 2001 on Troubleman.

Marc: There's no secret meaning to the band name - I suppose I liked it because "Red" suggests anger and "Monkey" suggests mischief. It seemed appropriate to the kind of music we wanted to make.

MRR: Tell me about the song "This Medium is not the message." Is it possible to "turn it around" and how do you suggest we go about doing it?

Pete: The song is partly about finding the strength in oneself to resist the sense of powerlessnes which capitalism requires from its workers. This is something one certainly can "turn around", since feeling a sense of power as opposed to feeling powerless is primarily a matter of psychology. To me, it is also essential to go from there to demonstrating your power, with direct action, insubordination or any form of political protest. Choose your weapon. I'm not going to tell you what to do, nor how to live. That's up to you.

MRR: How important is it that your lyrics be translated into other languages and why?

Rachel: To translate into other languages means something. English is just one way of thinking about life. I was partially raised in rural Wales amd I was taught in Welsh at school sometimes. It is a very emotional, old school language whereas English is quite intellectual. Perfect for a scientific denial of body and nature and emotions type of culture. So, different languages are important in different ways, they articulate different cultures and ways of being. All our translators are our friends, so we could negotiate the transportations wherever necessary.

MRR: So explain the title of the last lp "Difficult is Easy"- whatsthat all about?

Rachel: "Difficult is Easy" is pretty straightforward really. It means what it says, notions of difficultness are perceived barriers to trying, which doesn't mean I'm a shit hot bassist (!), but it does mean that I'm going to try for that hard to reach note, a tour on the other side of the world, a crop of homegrown leeks, a squat in the centre of Newcastle.

MRR: What is punk to you all?

Pete: I guess it has been a way of life for me, mostly.

Marc: Punk Rock seems to me to mean whatever people want it to mean. I haven't got the time/energy to waste on coming up with my own definition - I don't think it matters. I'm drawn to music and radical beliefs/ways of living life, and not very interested in categorising myself or the music I play.

Rachel: "Punk" is anything and everything and it really doesn't matter at all. If you move outside of "punk" circles the word means nothing at all. I would say I am a punk" sometimes in punk circles, but what I mean is I am independent (from usual society) of thought and deed. "Anarchy" is much more fun than "punk".

MRR: In "Power and Dependence" you talk about the mental health care industry- could you be so kind as to expand upon the lyrics. Do you dispute that there are actual chemical imbalances within peoples brains which can be fixed through medication? What sort of alternative forms of care for mental illness do you advocate/propose? If mental illness even exists- does it?

Pete: I guess the crux is, how do you know that it is an "imbalance"? What does it mean to say that a person has been "fixed" with psychiatric drugs such as Prozac? For these words "imbalance" and "fixed" to have meaning, they rely upon a notion of "balance" and implicitly upon a notion of a "correct", "normal" person. Does this person exist? In my opinion, they do not. Trying to "correct" peoples emotions with drugs is a blind alley, unless you can define what it is to be "correct". I have had several direct experiences of very close friends having "schizophrenic" episodes (although "schizophrenia" is also impossible to define, and therefore a nebulous concept) and every time I have felt that at the heart of their problems was a bogus idea of "normality" or "sanity". Hey, there's no purity! That's a fact! Maybe people find it a depressing fact. I don't. I find it a liber-

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ating truth. Having said that, I don't enjoy seeing anyone in distress, particularly people I am close too, and therefore if they feel that drugs can provide some relief, I think that is a reasonable decision for them to make. It's certainly no solution, infact it is probably merely a distraction from the real anguish, but I like to smoke pot, I like to drink, I like to drink coffee, and I like to counterbalance these drugs with water, fruit juice and wholesome food if I'm feeling unhealthy, upset or confused. So I use drugs, and at times I deliberately control what I put in my body in order to maintain my own sense of "balance". The crucial point is that I make that decision myself. Whereas I think one can reasonably say that pharmaceutical companies and the doctors they employ (directly or indirectly) use elements of coercion to peddle their
product. Does anyone seriously doubt that pharmaceutical companies have a very dark, sinister side? Finally, I feel that the idea of "mental illness" protects the state (or rather the statuis quo), or it can do. Many people are prescribed psychoactive drugs because they are "paranoid", or because they believe "everything is wrong", or because they think they see evil all around them, or because they feel an anger they can no longer control, or because they have "hallucinated" something which "can't be real". Is it impossible

that everything really IS wrong? Who defines what is "real"?I think the song may have offended some people who suffer from depression and/or "mental illness". If so, I apologise. I certainly don't want to further undermine people already facing great difficulties in their lives. As for Glaxo Wellcome, eat my shit.

MRR: what is a family to you?

Marc: I think a family is a bunch of people thrown together by chance who then have to figure out a way of dealing with each other.

Rachel: Family is biological relations who can frustrate and annoy you and you love deeply. Family is also the people around me who support me and the people I love and support. Through being in bands I have acquired a vast and worldwide family and I can find a place to stay in many international cities and podunk towns.

MRR: Do squats still exist in the UK? is it still a viable option(for living or performance space)?

Pete: There have been two significant squats in Newcastle in the last six months, both in the centre of town. They have provided living space for homeless people, free cafes (Food Not Bombs), several gigs, cabaret nights, drama space, poetry nights, film nights, a space for meetings, a library. Both were evicted within one month, but more longterm squatting is possible in the UK and does still happen.

Marc: Yes, they do exist. They are a viable option as long as people need a place to live, or a space to express themselves, and there are empty buildings standing around. I don't know how long this will be possible thanks to the new anti-Terrorism laws over here - the police recently evicted a squat in London and declared that it was the headquarters for a group of anarchist terrorists.

MRR: Some people view ya'll as a sort of a "post riot-grrl" band (whatever that means)- how signifigant was that movement to youpersonally- and what sort of lasting effect do you think that it hason the punk scene if any?

Rachel: Riot Grrrl was significant to me. It was a space to articulate alot of frustration and anger. A place to find my voice and work through alot of different emotions. I also made friends with women and hung out with them too, which I hadn't done much of before then being quite a tomboy-ish type. It did allow women and girls access to a stage and people did listen. Although a lot of guys (and girls) don't understand what that actually means. You have to see someone you identify with on stage before it even seems like a possibility. It's a very deeply buried part of you psychological make-up. Riot Grrrl and its impact left a very lasting impression on me! And in certain circles it seems as though its agenda (ie. pro-femaleness) is still very much alive and kicking. Each individual is meaningful, and, well, I don't know if we just attract a higher percentage of "political" types to our gigs, but many people want to discuss politics, green politics, gender politics, with us. But hey, I always think it's strange when "punks" aren't into gender politics. It's just so fundamental to how people

relate.

Mac: I wasn't involved in Riot Grrrl but I was aware of it through the mainstream media. Consequently, I was suspicious of it - it seemed like another London-centric fashion thing. Despite this, it still had a profound effect on me personally and made me re-think the whole issue oif gender as regards music. I think to criticise Riot Grrrl because it didn't completely change the world is naive because it underestimates the enormity of the problem it addressed. Punk hasn't changed the world either but it's changed the lives of a lot of people who have been involved in it (myself included).

MRR: A bike punk? Why bikes? Do you think you could go on tour with just bikes?

Rachel: You could tour with just bikes, it has been known, but it would take a while. I would also need to build a trailer for my amp. Bikes are an awesome mode of transport, you zoom along at reckless speed and get exercise and you don't produce pollution. I can't see why someone who lives near a road wouldn't have a bike to zoom around on. I myself only use cars at times of crisis, like touring, and they make me ill too. Dehydrated and mouth ulcer-y.

MRR: Upcoming plans (tours, records, etc)? When the hell is that split with submission hold coming out?

Pete: The Submission Hold split is out now.

Rachel: We tour for 2 weeks on the US east coast in July. LP on Troubleman out then too.

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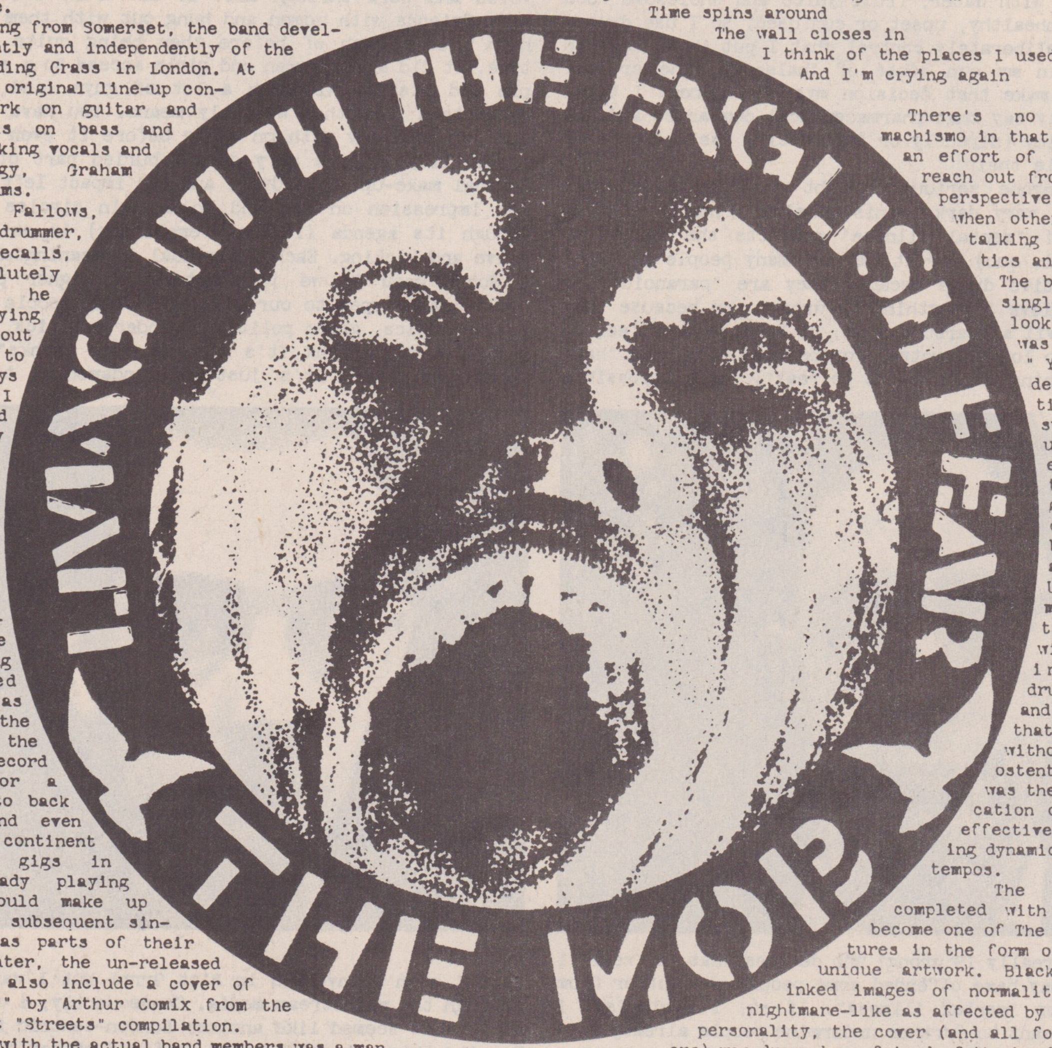


BY LANCE HAHN

By the time the Mob recorded their "No Doves Fly Here" single for Crass Records, the band had already existed in one form or another for some three years. From their early days as support for hippy band, Here & Now, the band had always been coming from a perspective outside of the punk rank and file of the time. From their first recorded note to the last, the band added a perplexing element of exhilaration in the face of despair and grief to the then clouded by sloganeering landscape of the anarcho punk scene.

Hailing from Somerset, the band developed concurrently and independently of the scene surrounding Crass in London. At the time, the original line-up consisted of Mark on guitar and vocals, Curtis on bass and occasional backing vocals and child prodigy, Graham Fallows on drums.

On Fallows, future Mob drummer, Joseph Porta recalls, "He was absolutely the best - he started playing when he was about six. Listen to the way he plays "Witch Hunt". I always hated trying to play that song, because without him it just sounded limp-wristed."

By the end of the '70s, The Mob were a functioning live unit playing self-organized local gigs as well as on the road. Without the benefit of a record to support or a record label to back them, the band even made it to the continent in '79 for gigs in Holland. Already playing songs that would make up parts of their subsequent singles as well as parts of their album years later, the un-released material would also include a cover of "Is God A Man?" by Arthur Comix from the Beggars Banquet "Streets" compilation.

Along with the actual band members was a man named Captain Max. Mark's close friend from the start, he became a fixture at every-gig the band did and was probably as well known as any band member.

Recalls Porta, "No history of The Mob should omit Captain Max. Max was Mark's friend and ally throughout, and as far as I know is with him still. 96 Tapes released a cassette of Captain Max and the Flying Pigs, which was Me, Curtis, and any others who felt like it, with Max singing piss-take covers of old rock and roll songs.

"He also traveled as roadie for Zounds to Europe, and is a far more prominent figure in the Mob's personal legend than me - I think he put up the money for "Youth/Crying Again". He was there all along. I was just the drummer for the last couple of years."

The bands first chance to record and show the rest of the world what they had been cooking up over veggie stews and squatted rehearsal rooms came in 1979 when they recorded the songs "Crying Again" and "Youth" for their debut single. Partly due to their isolation from the "music industry" and partly because of their desire to be isolated from the "music industry", the band formed their own record label and released the 7" single on their own. Released in April of 1980, it became the first release for the newly christened, All The Madmen Records.

An anxious record, the a-side certainly represented where the band was coming from. With musical elements almost reminiscent of "Plastic Surgery" era Ants or really any number of late '70s punk / garage bands, the song is strangely catchy but mostly successful because of it's immediacy. Maybe it's the forceful drumming... Maybe it's the simplistic recording... Maybe it's the young band full of nerves recording for the first time...

Whatever the reason, the song works in it's own unique way. If the song is musically still entrenched in older ideas, the lyrical content was certainly juxtaposition from a different perspective.

I stare at the wall disguising my fall from elation
With a knife in my back, the radio blares and I fall down
The sign on the door is scaring me more...
Time spins around
The wall closes in
I think of the places I used to know
And I'm crying again

There's no punk rock machismo in that poetry. It's an effort of some kind to reach out from a visceral perspective in a time when other bands were talking about politics and slogans.

The b-side to the single was more a look towards what was to come. "Youth", despite its title, was a subdued and understated exercise in the middle ground being documented between punk and reggae. Using rudimentary guitar parts with reggae influenced drum rhythms, and a bass line that was busy without being too ostentatious, this was the first indication of the bands effectiveness utilizing dynamics and varied tempos.

The record was completed with what would become one of The Mob's signatures in the form of completely unique artwork. Black and white inked images of normality that seem nightmare-like as affected by the artist's personality, the cover (and all following covers) was drawn by a friend of the band named Wilf.

Porta, "As for the artwork, that was all done by a chap from Yeovil called Wilf. Most of the faces he drew are fairly accurate portraits of people from the town that he knew, and his specialty was accurate drawings of helicopters, which constitute the local industry at Westland's in Yeovilton."

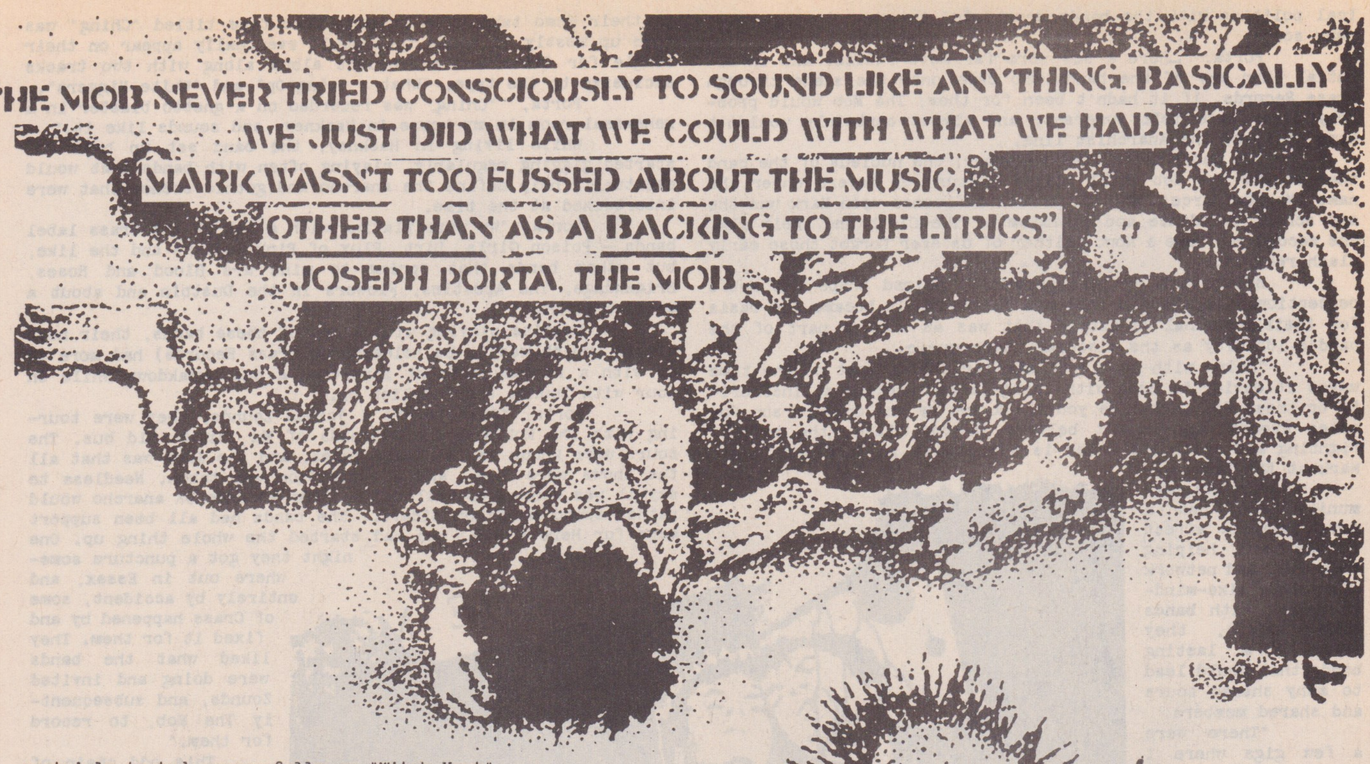
The label made one pressing of the record and sold it. No thought went into the idea of pressing any more. The band's self-deprecation might have had something to do with no repress.

Recalls Porta, "I think they made 500, but it was pretty dreadful. The best thing about it is Graham..."

The same year that the band recorded that first single, they also made their first trip abroad to the continent. A short tour of Holland under their belt and the first indications of momentum began to develop beyond and around the band.

Rather than do a second pressing of "Crying Again", the band decided to quickly release a follow-up 7" before the end of 1980. "Witch Hunt" backed with "Shuffling Souls" became the next single with no sophomore jinx in sight. Rather, it's the single... it's the song that first truly defined the Mob as band with a very unique and identifiable sound.

"Witch Hunt" is a driving piece of aestheticism though probably unconsciously. Musically, it's a bullet of a punk song with a constant, almost "Sister Ray" type rhythm punctured by vocal emoting and against an un-phased rhythm section. The guitar and vocals play with dynamics while the rhythm section stay focused in their determination in getting from point A to point B. But the rhythms have a life of their own. I think it was the drummer from Can who once said that the hardest thing in drumming was making a 4/4 beat interesting. That's a truism that's



certainly tested successfully on "Witch Hunt".

Lyrically, the song is a further step into the Mob "other world". A black and white, post-apocalyptic world of paranoia and despair… and that's not much hyperbole:

Stubbing out progress where seeds are sown
Killing off anything that's not quite known
Sitting around in a nice safe home
Waiting for the witch hunt…
Still living with the English Fear
Waiting for the witch hunt…

It's a lyrical mirror at point blank as the song uses "other world" images of alienation as a metaphor for "real world" alienation. Its Kafka stripped down to a three-minute punk song.

The single became the band's breakthrough record going through at least four different pressings. Now with a broader base of support, the band decided to take what they had learned and what they were doing and apply it to the great unknown of London, away from the safety of home.

London, for the Mob, meant connecting with other like-minded anarchist bands in a scene now in full throttle. Moving to London in 1981 was eye opening, both good and bad.

On the one hand, the band members were drifting apart. They were no longer tied together with the band being their sole focus in life.

Said Mark back then in an interview for Kill Your Pet Puppy fanzine , "…(we) have drifted further apart through having more opportunity to develop our own individual things. In the sticks you're tied together through isolation, in London you can spread out much more."

On the other had, the band were part of a larger community of like-minded people and this is just one reason why they were saddled with the tag "hippie punks". Their early gigs around London largely consisted of opening slots for Here & Now , an anarchist band associated Hawkwind and Gong as well as "punk" bands such as the Astronauts and ATV. Here & Now's influence can be traced back to the earliest days of the band injecting their rad-

ical politics with the bands developing interest in the young punk scene.

Porta, "...Here & Now were far more radical and influential than any of the bands who came onto the scene through Crass Records. If it hadn't been for them, The Mob would probably never have left Somerset, and almost certainly wouldn't have followed the Anarchist line.

"Up until late 1976, remember, the nucleus of the band that became The Mob still played Status Quo covers under the name 'Magnum Force'. The first real influence upon Mark was the art school decadence and dynamism of The Clash and their ilk. The second was Here & Now. Neither of us ever forgot those early Clash records...."

Being part of this community helped shape the Mob's perception of music and audience dynamics. It became the basis for their communal lifestyle that was as much a part of the band's identity as the visceral, dark music.

"Being with people of similar belief most of the time makes it easier to cope with things like loneliness, insecurity or these feelings like you think you're the only person for miles around who doesn't believe in the state, the police, fighting and football; which is how it was in Somerset," said Mark at the time.

But the community also had a more tangible affect on the band, helping them meet and network with other like-minded bands. With bands like Zounds, they would form lasting bonds that would lead to many shared tours and shared members.

"There were a few gigs where I played in both, as I was on-off stand in for The Mob for a year or so." says eventual Mob drummer Joseph Porta. "It was never a problem."

In fact, at one stage, the band's housing situation (or lack thereof) was sorted out with the help of Zounds.

Porta, "When they returned to London, in 1981 (they went back to the West Country for a few months in between) they moved into Hackney in a converted 40 seater bus. Zounds came back from a horrible gig in Middlesborough to find them parked outside my house in Brougham Road. Two kittens called Tai and Ching moved in with them. Eventually, once they'd fixed up the plumbing and the electricity, they moved in to number 74. Brougham Road was a whole street of squats in E8."

Whatever conflicts existing between the two bands tended to stem from ideological perspectives rather than from typical between band rivalries and jealousies.

Porta, "Actually there was some enmity between Zounds and The Mob, stemming from the 'Weird Tales' tours. Zounds' more mature rational perception of anarchism and politics didn't mix well with The Mob's 'vivid but vague' approach."

Moving to London meant eventually losing their drummer, who had been a big part of the band's sound. But fortunately, Zounds drummer/trainspotter Joseph (often spelled "Josef" back then) Porta was happy to do double duty. He also was a refugee from Somerset who had moved to London in 1979 to find his future as a drummer.

Says Porta, "My first band was back in Somerset - Valley Forge - it was a ghastly punk band that played in local village halls. When I moved to London in 1979 I joined the first band with a vacancy, which was a Mod band called Attitudes. They taught me to play. I wasn't that keen on the music, but I just wanted a band, and they were the first ad I answered in Melody Maker. We did a dozen or so gigs, but rehearsing twice a week for a year with a disciplined group of musicians was really good for me."

Porta's first duty in the band was recording with them on their demo tape. The 11 song demo tape titled "Ching" was made up mostly of songs that would eventually appear on their single for Crass and subsequent album along with two tracks exclusive to the tape, "What's Going On" and "White Niggers".

Porta, ""Ching" was recorded on a ghetto blaster in a rehearsal room in my house in Hackney, and sounds like it."

While living in Hackney, the band set up base and started gigging regularly, playing often with bands that would eventually help define the anarcho and gothic scenes that were intertwined at the time.

Porta, "We were playing with a lot of the Crass label bands - Poison Girls, Dirt, Flux of Pink Indians and the like, but other bands that spring to mind are Blood and Roses, Brigandage, The Apostles, Flowers in the Dustbin and about a million others."

Despite playing with a lot of these bands, their next single (which was to be released on Crass Records) had more to do with a random incident involving a bus breakdown while on tour with Zounds from earlier on.

Porta, "Just before I joined Zounds, they were touring with The Mob and The Androids of Mu in an old bus. The tours were known as The Weird Tales, and the idea was that all the shows were free, and a collection was taken. Needless to say it was doomed to failure, as your average UK anarcho would rather spend money on cider... The bands had all been support acts for Here & Now, who had started the whole thing up. One night they got a puncture somewhere out in Essex, and entirely by accident, some of Crass happened by and fixed it for them. They liked what the bands were doing and invited Zounds, and subsequently The Mob, to record for them."

This odd chain of events led to the bands most famous single. "No Doves Fly Here" backed with "I Hear You Laughing" was released on Crass Records in 1981. The single was part of a series of singles released by Crass by like-minded bands, which in 1981 included Flux Of Pink Indians, Annie Anxiety, Captain Sensible, The Snipers and Dirt.

A cautionary tale of a post-nuclear landscape, the song is a bag of lyrical alchemy transforming melodramatic clichés into vivid pictures of horror and personified despair. The imagery of the song is powerful and plays on a depressed and, maybe, paranoid imagination. It's not inevitability. Mark Mob was no fortuneteller. But it's an unsentimental look at a possible future that runs stridently counter to the propaganda of all mass media.

The buildings are empty
And the countryside is a wasteland
It never was before
And we never asked for war
The playgrounds are empty
And the children limbless corpses
They never were before
And we never asked for war
No one is moving and no doves fly here
No one is thinking and no doves fly here
No one remembers beyond all this fear
No doves fly here

The song "No Doves Fly Here" has become an anthem of the movement, very telling of the song's power as it's a slow number so highly celebrated by the fans of "loud, fast rules". Taking the songs dynamics to the extreme, the song moves from sparse and almost whispered vocals to the brash noise of pounding drums, pounding guitars and an offsetting keyboard track. The bass line is almost dub-like in it's counter rhythm and repetition. It's sort of a mixture of Bauhaus "Hollow Hills" and,

I don't know, Eric Dolphy blasting over Mingus. The song is a self-deconstruction by its counter parts. The subtle moments help over-emphasize the loud and vice versa. Despite that, the band themselves were hard pressed to point out any actual influences at the time.

Porta, "Funnily enough I have hardly listened to music at all since I started playing it. About the only tape I recall having back then was Patti Smith's 'Horses' - which rules - and a Glenn Miller compilation. All my punk 7"s, which I'd assiduously collected over 1977-78 had long since been sold or stolen by then. I don't think I ever really listened to much of the Anarcho-punk stuff. The Adverts, Clash, 999, Alternative TV and the like were my idea of punk bands at the time."

The record was recorded at Southern Studios with Crass' Penny Rimbaud at the controls. In addition to all the post-production work, he added the keyboard passage featured prominently in the song.

Porta, "One thing about recording with Crass was the meticulous attention to detail. Penny was a great producer, but also liked to be in control, so bands were seldom at the mix, and you were apt to find your record coming out with unexpected overdubs of crying babies on them. I suppose the main difference was that working with Crass you weren't on so tight a budget as normal, and could take the necessary time over a project. I think they had shares in Southern Studio. I believe that some of their recordings took months."

From the start, the band had always had some sort of political identity. Now, with the public connection to Crass, they found themselves surrounded by like-minded thinkers who constantly in a state of redefining terminology as a part of their ideological commitments. With their abstract and often ambiguous lyrics, The Mob gave little to analyze and critique in terms of politics. But the band certainly identified themselves as anarchists to varying degrees.

Mark, "I'd like to see a society built on trust, where everyone trusted everyone else until they couldn't be trusted anymore, then carried on trusting them anyway. Eventually this would instill enough trust into people so they could give it back. I can't do it myself yet. I'd like to. If this is anarchy we're anarchists."

Joseph Porta was slightly less idealistic, "I don't think there was much beyond a kind of fantasy. For me, any fond memories I have of that scene are very personal. It was so insular - how anyone can talk about an anarchist society that excludes anyone who doesn't have the right record collection is beyond me. There were a lot of sincere people, I don't deny it, but there was also a lot of hot air. Sure, we all did the same gigs and got interviewed by the same fanzines, but we were all just talking to each other. What is the point in trying to change the people who are already the same as you? Yes, I felt very connected to something, and I loved it at the time, but looking back I can't quite see how it had any more real value than any other clique."

Between recordings and performances, the band found themselves involved with other anarchist-oriented projects including the famous gig at the Zig Zag in Westbourne Park as well as taking part in the Wapping Anarchy Centre.

Said Mark at the time, "I feel the Anarchy Centre means/meant so much in that a community has developed and can grow (as it has) whereas a community like Crass's is closed off and can only lead by example rather than through cooperation… I like the idea, as I said, of taking a highly colorful version of the Anarchy Centre around the country so that people who couldn't get there when it was around could get exposed - this is my main dream anyway. Maybe not with The Mob but I'd like to see it happen…"

By 1982, Mark was putting his energies (at least intellectually) towards this endeavor. While it never came to fruition, Mark's idea of an anarchist, travelling circus was certainly a colorful vision… Especially coming from a guy writing lyrics like "I wish I could love. It must be fun to love…"

"I've got a vaguely formulated plan which involves getting a couple of converted buses, jugglers, fire-eaters, etc. and doing a tour that's more like a circus… Cries of 'hippy' from the cheap seats… but who cares? Punk is individual. I'll only consider myself punk if the word means individual. If it means leather and studs you can keep it."

A dream never materialized, though Mark felt strongly enough to do test runs by taking the Mob on several tours on the continent. Though the response may have been enough to put the band off of touring for the rest of its existence.

Porta, "I went to Belgium and Germany with them in 1980/81. The response was pretty much the same - people took a lot of speed, drank a lot and looked intense."

The free concert at the Zig Zag Club was a bit more of a victory. On December 19th, 1982, a free gig was organized in the squatted Zig Zag Club. While initially organized by Crass, the event became a collective effort involving most of the bands playing.

Said Andy Martin of the Apostles; "The Mob provided a culinary service in the shape of the inevitable vegetarian stew (which was most welcome and actually quite delicious) and huge vats of tea. Flux Of Pink Indians, Dirt, Zounds, 4 Minute Warning and Youth In Asia provided much of the initial assistance, support and help to open, secure and prepare the venue, turn on the electricity supply and ensure that the fire-doors were operational and so forth. Of all the multitude of bands who played that evening, here are the ones I can actually remember from a list scribbled in multi-colored chalk on a large blackboard which gave the running order; Youth In Asia, Rubella Ballet, Hagar The Womb, Conflict, The Mob, Dirt, Zounds, 4 Minute Warning (*They didn't actually play - Lance*), Flux Of Pink Indians, Lack Of Knowledge, Rudimentary Peni, The Apostles (and by Pan, we were terrible that night and in front of five hundred people too... I thought my pants would never dry) and Crass, of course. The equipment for this event must have given someone an extreme anxiety complex from which they may still not have recovered."

It was also at this time that Mark became involved in organizing gigs the Centro Iberico in West London. A space run by Spanish anarchists who generously lent it out to him and others for gigs and events, the place was visited by hundreds and became the spot Conflict chose to record one of their early benefit live record for their Mortarhate label.

Recalls Andy Martin, "All the people involved in The Autonomy Centre were involved here although by now Crass and Conflict were involved in their own problems (especially legal ones due to their records - police ones included) and the ubiquitous Kill Your Pet Puppy Collective occasionally took over completely which meant there was less actual organization, far too much chaos but generally more fun! The bands who played there were similar to those who played The Autonomy Centre but were perhaps a little more varied in idiom: Rudimentary Peni, The Mob, Part 1, The Sinyx, Rubella Ballet, Twelve Cubic Feet, Cold War, Amsterdamned, The Apostles, UK Decay, Dirt, Assassins Of Hope, The Eratics, The Cult Of The Supreme Being, Conflict, Riot/Clone, Blood & Roses, Youth In Asia and many more. Nearly all the events here were concerts although there were two film shows and a few theatre events which were very amateur but none the worse for

that. There were, of course, continual theatre performances but since these were often part of the usual behavior of the audience they don't really count."

By the end of 1982, The Mob was ready to take a break from their extra-curricular activities (the Centro Iberico only lasting from April to August of that year) and begin work on their first full length record.

Mark, "... the songs on the album, "Let The Tribe Increase", were written over a space of three years... Some of the songs, like "Our Life Our World", were written one line at a time over a few months, whereas songs like "Witch Hunt" took maybe 20 minutes... The ideas are conveyed by the music, which speeds up the process, but they'll travel anyway it seems. Different people come into the audience; stay awhile and then new people come and go. It all carried on flowing, though sometimes it's sad not to see old faces, everyone must move on. The ideas will survive long after the music stops."

The record was recorded over four days in December of 1982 at Spaceward Studios.

After having mentioned to him that I thought it was a great sounding record, Porta responded, "It does have its moments. I remember we had trouble recording a scream for the start of "Witch Hunt". We all tried to do a convincing one, but they all sounded pathetic, so the engineer mutated them into that funny wind noise. "Roger" was fun. That found its way on mainly due to a shortage of real songs. Five of us had a mike each and just talked bollocks over it. Spaceward was great. It's an old school in a tiny village in Cambridgeshire, miles from anywhere. Getting out of London for a week was a real plus."

"Let The Tribe Increase", is possibly one of the bleakest visions of the future ever committed to tape. It's a record that works in and out of context for different reasons.

First of all, the music is a merger of everything previously known about the band mixed with further explored dark regions, which certainly explains their appeal to Goths. While never actually specifically referring to the sex/magick themes and archetypes of bands like Sex Gang Children or the like, the minimalist arrangements and foreboding vision of songs like "Our Life Our World", "I Wish" and "Never Understood" could easily be interpreted as doom on the verge of irony.

My shadow falls across an empty floor,
Discarded remnants of an age no more
And as I fight to find an empty place
The yawning gap among the bodies fit my face
I gave my life for something never understood

Those songs in particular marry the tone of the music with a bleak lyrical vision un-relenting and, ultimately, un-sympathetic. This creates a lot of room for upbeat and faster tracks like "Another Day, Another Death", "Slayed" and "Gates Of Hell" to come across as defiant in the protagonists struggle for existence despite all lost hope.

I woke up screaming from the nightmare that's begun again
Cold tears of sweat streaming down my face
I slipped up again
The radio it played
And sound was whirling in my heard
Another day, another death
Ice cold needle that splits my every breath
The cold and frigid wind that blows through every crack
The wild and tortured dream - the straw that broke the camel's back
We slipped up again
And I wanna know why

Is "Another Day, Another Death" about being a junky or is that a metaphor for something less specific yet more personal? Either way, the songs are an example of doing a lot within a simple framework. They're solid, though very basic, punk songs played by an imaginative rhythm section. Referring back to the earlier Can anecdote is at this point recommended...

Porta, "You couldn't get much more straightforward than The Mob - Mark wasn't exactly a busy guitarist, and a lot of his songs only had two chords. I think Curtis' bass playing was a big feature in the band's sound. He was pretty good. Without him the music would have been featureless."

Secondly, it's important to understand the context of when the record was released. 1983? Do you remember the music from that time? MTV and happy smiling new wave and metal? The US Festival? Hey, people were pretending that Vietnam never happened and that life was one big coke party... Certainly if you were white and privileged... "Let The Tribe Increase" was a desperate gasp of fresh air in the stilted homogenous world of '80s pop music.

Our life our world mapped out in scars
Carved on wrists and back of arms
Which paint in blood on sheets of white
Of children never quite at home
Our life our world flows down rivers in the street
Made up of blood, made up of meat
The cigarette burns on tortured arm
The cigarette burns into tortured arm
Slowly roasting in the heat

When the record was released in 1983, it had been two years since the bands previous record. But as a band not driven by traditional rock-n-roll or entertainment methods, the band weren't too concerned.

Mark, "We're not driven by any desire to attain success, we just do it because we enjoy it, we've got something to say or whatever. And because others enjoy it too. We recorded "Witch Hunt" three years ago, and there's only been "No Doves" in-between that and the album. It's likely to be another six months or a year before there's another Mob record of any description... It's highly unlikely we'd get into an album / single / tour / follow-up single etc situation..."

The record was released to positive reviews much to the indifference of the band.

Mick Mercer, "... Ticking off society while winking coyly with the Crass camp, they are capable of far more than The People In Black will ever be, for although their ideology is similar their melodic approach finds a wider appeal. The voices imply honesty and commitment. The reviewer's smile was a wistful one..."

Johnny Waller, "...Despite such oppressive titles as "Another Day Another Death", "Gates Of Hell" and "Witch Hunt", the music is surprisingly - and stunningly - accessible, with every twist of vocal venom as clear as a (hell's) bell..."

Tony D, "...Here are evocative images unafraid of fragility and optimism, the freedom of a madness which places more value on concerned awareness than on whys and wherefores of political theory, a freedom beyond the various vociferous causes belabored elsewhere in the anarcho-punk carnival..."

But, the band was left largely un-affected.

Porta, "Mark wrote all the songs, so I can't really say much about that. There was a lot of rubbish being talked and sung by a lot of people at the time..."

He also commented, "The band were very well received by people, on account of Mark's bottomless charisma. Not much interest from the music press, as we were tarred by the Crass brush, but we were getting on fine without them."

But at the same time, the audiences that The Mob and other anarcho bands were playing to were becoming more and more scrutinized. Not only from the outside, but from within as well.

Said Andy Martin, "The code of dress was strict and woe betides those who dared to be different. In fairness, there were occasional bouts of individuality and imagination but these were only barely tolerated by the majority. This applied only to the Crass and Oi fans however. The glossy Punk Lives types had only to look as ridiculous as possible to be accepted which at least displayed a degree of spirit and attitude not found in the Crass and Oisters,"

Said Tom Vague, "Next in line are my fellow country bumpkins The Mob. I remember going to Yeovil once to see Chelsea and the Cortinas. They hadn't heard of punk there then so I don't know

when the Mob happened along. Oh that's being a bit glib and I think they did write tome years ago when they were doing "All The Madmen" fanzine. Likewise I caught them in Bath a couple of months ago and I was met with a similar scene only the band's name was different and the atmosphere was more violent."

Regardless, "Let The Tribe Increase" was an indie success. Whereas "No Doves" got the band recognition on a massive scale (massive by indie standards anyway), "Let The Tribe Increase" not only proved that their previous success wasn't entirely reliant on Crass Records. But also it expanded the scope of what they were trying to communicate in those records. Consciously or unconsciously it was a message (if mostly ignored) to mainstream '80s culture. The Mob was the bad vibe at the party.

The success of the record allowed the band, Mark especially, to focus a little more on All The Madmen. For the first time, the label was able to focus energy into non-Mob projects.

"If I never pick up a guitar again I'll probably be quite content, start using the label for putting out stuff by other people, which has been my dream," said Mark.

The labeled moved ahead and released the "I Don't Mind" 7" by Andy Stratton , "All Done By Mirrors" LP by the Astronauts, "Freaks Run Wild" 12" by Flowers In The Dustbin and "Rape" by the industrial band, Zoskia .

1983 also meant sporadic gigs for the band. Three of these gigs were recorded, often without the band knowing it, for release in one for or another.

A gig on January 22nd at the LMC with the Apostles (who helped organize the club along with the East London Workers Against Racism) was released as a split live record and a bootleg.

Porta, "Someone just thought it was a good idea, although we did try to get the live LP stopped, as the sound was so awful we thought it would just be a rip-off for people who bought it expecting something worthwhile. It just got bootlegged, and there was no way we could stop it."

Another gig was recorded in May of that year and was released as a split live tape with The Faction and D & V.

Lastly, the band "officially" recorded their performance at the Meanwhile Gardens on May 25th. "Officially" meaning their soundperson, Protag, recorded the gig off of his P.A. which he provided on most occasions. Eventually, three of these tracks ("No Doves Fly Here", "What's Going On" and "Gates Of Hell") wound up as bonus material on the posthumously released 12" version of "Crying Again/Youth" on All The Madmen.

But despite all of the activity, by the time the band were getting around to recording their fourth and final 7", the band were all but done. By 1983, the band was at their peak of popularity. But more idealistic callings were pulling the band apart.

In August of that year, the band recorded "Mirror Breaks" and "Stay" at the same studio where they had recorded "Let The Tribe Increase". Though maybe not as well known, "Mirror Breaks" is one of the bands most beautiful moments and completely unlike anything else in the band's catalog despite the fact that the song in it's original form dated back to when the band were still in the West Country. This time the bleak imagery, still sharp at this point, were thrown up against a wall of pure pop music… almost reminiscent of the Wedding Present.

Porta, "The Mob never tried consciously to sound like anything. Basically we just did what we could with what we had. Mark wasn't too fussed about the music, other than as a backing to the lyrics. I've never thought of that record as particularly pretty. I like it - which is certainly not true of all the records I've made - but I don't think it's that different from any other Mob record."

Consistent until the last, the lyrics to "Mirror Breaks" paint a grim picture conjuring up different images from anyone who spends any time with it. I've heard people say that it's about state sponsored terrorism. I've heard people say that it's a metaphor for the anarcho punk scene. I've also heard people say that it's about child abuse, which is certainly understandable with some of the wording not unlike a children's song.

You may think I don't know anything
You may think I've got it wrong
But I know what it means
When I hear the hangman whistling his song
And the knives so sharp in Whitehall
Are the knives they keep for us?
And the only weapons we've got
Are our hope and fragile love?

Three months later, on November 19th, The Mob played their final concert at the Doncaster Co-op Hall. Though at their peak, Mark had lost interest in the band and Joseph had begun writing songs of his own, one of which The Mob had begun playing at their last few gigs.

Porta, "Mark got bored, and wanted to go off and live in a van somewhere. I haven't seen him for over 15 years. Curtis was in Blyth Power for three years, but no, we don't keep in touch… I think The Mob had had its day - things were going really well, and if we'd wanted to cash in on it we probably could have. I think its best that it ended when it did."

POSTSCRIPT

Immediately following the break up of The Mob, Joseph Porta started the band Blyth Power which he has drummed and sung for up to this very day. The band had originally released music on All The Madmen (which continued to exist until the late '80s) with uniquely creative catchy songs about everything from history to trainspotting (at least with references to train stations), a phenomenon I asked him about…

Porta, "Our name is legion, for we are many. Captain Sensible is one - his record label 'Deltic' is named after a type of diesel loco. Both the bassist and guitarist in Blyth are long-standing practitioners, and we're always meeting people at gigs who dabble… I stopped between 1977 and 1983, but got back into it. Now I still practice it whenever possible, and have a growing collection of photographs of the Deutches Bundesbahn as well…"

When reflecting back on the anarcho days, he does admit that at first there was a lot of reacting against the old scene in the early days of Blyth Power that was also a bit of a safe-haven for some veterans of the anarcho days.

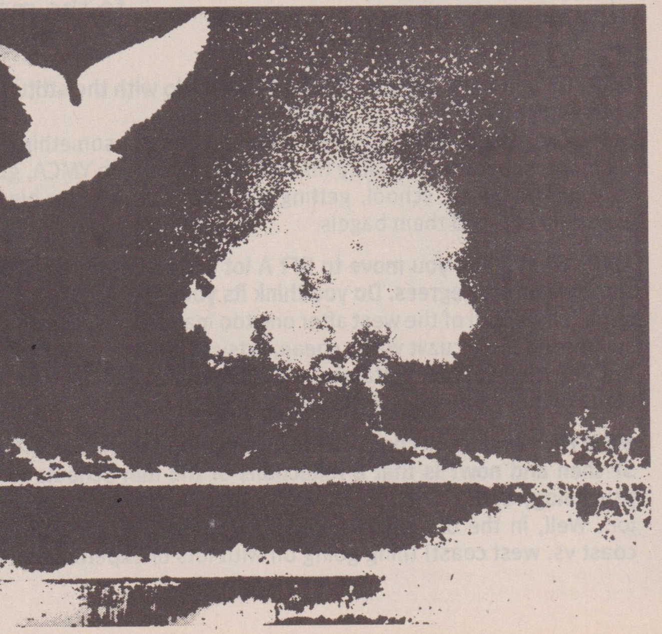
Porta, "I think Sian (Lost Cherees) and Curtis (The Mob) were the only two. You're right though; there was a certain amount of re-action against the scene in the early days of Blyth. That's probably why no one liked us… One effect that scene has had on our music is that there are a lot of fossils who still think we owe it to them to sell records for NO MORE THAN 75P and to play pointless benefits for nothing. This is my livelihood, and it really pisses me off when they come in whinging about the door price, and then spend a fortune at the bar. Do they owe us a living...?"

DISCOGRAPHY

Vinyl
"Crying Again" 7" (All The Madmen)
"Witch Hunt" 7" (All The Madmen)
"No Doves Fly Here" 7" (Crass Records)
"Let The Tribe Increase" LP (All The Madmen)
"The Mirror Breaks" 7" (All The Madmen)
The Mob / The Apostles "Live At The LMC" split live LP (bootleg)
"Crying Again" 12" (All The Madmen)
"Let The Tribe Increase" singles double LP (Lazy Dog Records)

Cassette
"Weird Tales" compilation on Fuck Off Tapes includes the live tracks ""Youth", "Crying Again", "Never Really Cared" and "Frustration".
"Ching" demo
e Faction / D&V split live tape

CD
"No Doves Fly Here" on the compilation "A Sides" (Crass Records)
"Let The Tribe Increase" singles (Rugger Bugger / Broken Rekids)



Jon Moritsugu

Interview by Lance Hahn

MRR: Basic banalities; how did you get into from? Had you done any film before school? Did you major in semiotics/linguistics?
Jon: I started getting interested in film in high school - y' know, made a couple super-8 films with friends. In college, after burning out in the history department, I started doing the film thing. As far as semiotics, yeah I studied it, but only 'cause it was required in order to get into the production classes.

MRR: How do you reflect on your days at school? Do you think there's a certain part of you that is still rebelling against the academic establishment?
Jon: School was o.k. I definitely had problems with the "academic establishment," especially the heavy, mind-numbing theoretical shit that was required. It seemed like people got off more on "talking about art and culture" than actually "making it." Pretty boring. My biggest dream was to steal all the film gear from the semiotics department and then burn it down.

> "Jon Moritsugu and I have the same birthday. We're both from Hawaii. We both dig what the other is doing heavily. For me, he sums up underground film in the '90s and beyond. We got a chance to do this interview before the release of his latest film, Scumrock. Much respect to the man!" **–Lance Hahn**

MRR: Do you think living in NYC had a lot to do with the attitude of your earlier films?
Jon: Yeah, probably. I didn't live in NYC too long... something like six months, but it was quality time as I was living in a YMCA, going to a fucked-up art school, getting mugged, etc. Ah, the big city experience! Loved them bagels.

MRR: What made you move to SF? A lot of people there are transient to certain degrees. Do you think its your final stop?
Jon: I felt the call of the west after one too many east coast winters, so I moved to SF cuz it was a cheap, artsy, and there was a SCENE. But shit changes. SF certainly is a different sort of city now - no plans to move but it is always a possibility.

MRR: How would you compare the underground scenes of NYC and SF then and now? Is that a reflections of the film schools or the psychology of the city?
Jon: Well, in the old days, there was a distinct NYC vs. SF (east coast vs. west coast) thing going on with lots of experimental and underground shit coming outta both cities. NYC stuff was a little more confrontational/in your face while Cali stuff was more hippied-out. Unfortunately, "corporate culture/control" has decimated the film scenes on both coasts. Both cities are now fucked-up and almost totally lacking in cool shit.

MRR: A lot of underground filmmakers spend time looking for a major distribution deal. You've been more successful than most doing it yourself. Isn't your style of business unprecedented in film?
Jon: I am completely cynical about "major film distribution deals." Just like the "major label record deals," they are structured to put fucking stars in your eyes and then screw you. So after a coupla years of dealing with legit distribution, I decided to start self-distributing my own stuff (though I still work with smaller non-exclusive distributors). I was tired of doing most of the work (booking the films, collecting the money, handling press, shipping the prints) but getting paid virtually nothing (and getting paid last)... People are finally wising up in the film scene and doing shit on their own and without corporate backing. In fact, several larger films have turned down mainstream distribution deals in order to do the "self-release" thing.

MRR: Some once describes your shit as Dischord like. Your DIY business style does have more in common with the larger indie and punk labels. Do you think you've been influenced by this? There is a lot of similarities between the business practices of you and FUGAZI/CRASS?
Jon: Actually, the American underground/hardcore scene from the early 80's is what inspired me to take more control of my films and their distribution. Since the film scene was so slow to change, I looked to the music scene for a "model" of self-distribution. Yeah, labels like DISCHORD, SST, TOUCH & GO, bands like MINOR THREAT, GI, CRASS, , etc. - they definitely influenced me. I liked their no bullshit, personal approach, their ability to still get the goods to the people at the right price (IE no $20.99 CDs), and ulti-

mately their firm belief in their music, man.

MRR: What is Scumrock about?
Jon: Scumrock is my new feature that I am in the middle of editing right now. It's a sprawling epic... about rock-n-roll winners and losers, pretentious art-obsessed kids, back-stabbers and people gettin' old and freaking out...wall-to-wall rock and noise soundtrack..... yeah, this movie is fucked up and great.

MRR: Is this the first film you've shot on Digital Video? Do you think video will entirely replace film?
Jon Moritsugu ^ I actually shot on HI8 video, you know, old school analog gear. I want to drag video through the sludge in the gutter, you know, degrade it! FUCK DIGITAL VIDEO!!!!! At this point, I feel that DIGITAL VIDEO is only a "consumer" revolution, y'know, like when CDs first came out? I don't believe the hype and don't believe this new format is making shit more "democratic." Plus, HI8 gear is incredibly cheap right now because its considered "outdated." I don't think video is ever gonna completely replace film. They are completely different mediums and film will always be around. Sorta like vinyl, yeah?

MRR: Who are the people in Scumrock?
Jon: Scumrock cast: Amy Davis (was also the director of photography), Jason T. Rail ("J" in Fame Whore), Victor of Aquitaine ("George" in FW, also in MFX & Terminal USA), Peter Friedrich ("Jody George" in FW), Izabela Wojcik ("Mr. Peepers" in FW) plus newcomers Kyp Malone, Courtney Stephens, and guest appearances by: Craig Baldwin, Danny Plotnick, Valerie Soe, and Lance Hahn (!!!). Woohoo!

MRR: What is the writing process like? Is there improvisations, etc?
Jon Moritsugu ^ The writing process usually takes a few months. I try to be as specific as possible with the dialogue and actions during the rewrites, but stuff sometimes mutates. I've found that pre-planning is completely crucial and I do try to control as many elements as possible to keep the project focused and moving. I also try to keep improvisation to a minimum. However, life is great at throwing unpredictable and completely random shit at you on the day of the filming. I try to be prepared for that.

MRR: Have you ever thought of putting a book out of your scripts?
Jon Moritsugu ^ I think that's a great idea. I'm glad you think the writing holds up on its own.

MRR: How has distribution been with Fame Whore**? It's your most technically accomplished film and your most accessible. Has it been your most successful?**
Jon: Distribution for Fame Whore has been all right! I agree that it is my most accessible flick - strong storyline and characters, higher technical values, etc. Check this out - this movie was also up for Academy Award consideration! I shit you not. But unfortunately, it was kicked outta the running cuz of format (it played in Los Angeles in 16mm and not the required 35mm)! Fame Whore has just been released on video and I'm totally excited about this.

MRR: There are a lot of stories about the hassles with Terminal USA **and** Mod Fuck Explosion**. Could you tell us a little more about the stories behind the production?**
Jon: Well, uh, let's just say both films were quite challenging to make. I suppose an extreme low point in Terminal USA was about a week into production...we were on a vampire schedule (work from 7PM to 9AM) and the hassles from the executives had just started (this was a project for PBS broadcast). And the whole cast and crew (like 35 people) was jonesing for meat cuz we had vegan caterers, so one of the producers goes out to buy our "dinner" (3AM) and returns with Chinese food, except the only thing she brings back is cartons and cartons of chicken necks! Chicken necks and nothing else! Dude, it was totally fucked up when everyone realized that was our dinner!
As far as Mod Fuck Explosion., one of my cinematic dreams was realized when we filmed London's fantasy sequence in a meat garden constructed from 800 pounds of rotting meat. However, we had to get rid of it immediately afterwards because it was starting to really heat up! I remember driving around the city late at night with Jen, the art director, and a pick-up truck filled with almost half a ton of meat, looking for a "cool" place to get rid of it. Needless to

Shot from Moritsugu's Sleazy Rider

say, we dumped it in back of a police station.

MRR: Is Scumrock **the first film you've done since teaching at SF state? How long have you been teaching there?**
Jon: Yeah, Scumrock is the first flick I've made since I've started the SF state gig. I've been teaching a low-budget film production class there for the past three semester, and let me tell you, it is a kick corrupting minds and turning them onto the cool underground shit.

MRR: Do you force any of your students to work on your films? How would you characterize the kinds of people you teach?
Jon: Nah, nobody is forced to work on my films, it's not like, "oh yeah... now to pass the class you gotta do this work on MY film...." I definitely have gotten some really great help from students(acting, crew, etc), especially on the latest project. As far as these students go, they're all very cool people. some of 'em are definitely questioning the ways movies are made and trying to figure out more efficient/economical/less bullshitty ways of getting stuff done.

MRR: Would you call Scumrock **a "rock opera?" Will there be any Ken-Russell-isms?**
Jon: Scumrock is definitely not a rock opera and has nothing whatsoever to do with rock operas! Also, it has nothing whatsoever to do with Ken Russell.
MRR: Except for your cameo, you're not really in Fame Whore **while in** Scumrock **you're one of the main characters. Do you like acting or is it just a necessity for certain films?**
Jon: In Scumrock I play a fucked-up underground filmmaker! HA! I actually do get quite a kick from acting. Not only is it adrenalizing, but it's also a really cool way to laugh at yourself, don't you know.

MRR: What do you miss the most about Hawaii? What is the one thing you would transplant in SF if you could? Believe it or not, I really miss Zippy's with Grace's running a close second.
Jon: Man, to be totally honest with you, I miss my parents the most. They're chillin' in Hawaii, having a good time. The second thing I miss is probably the nature there. Incredible. If I could transplant one thing from Hawaii to SF, it would definitely be Pidgin English. I dunno, I just think SF would be a much better place if everyone was saying "da kine" and "brah" more often. Yeah, Lance, I totally miss Zippy's too. Their ZIP MIN is ono!

MRR: Do you see a lot of current Hollywood films? Have you ever thought of going for it and trying to play the game and make a big studio film?
Jon: I see an OK amount of Hollywood films. It's not like I am avoiding Hollywood films just cuz they're from Hollywood. As far as trying to make a big studio film - I've heard it is quite a process and at this point, I would rather not get involved in the "process." You know, life is short; you gotta go for what you believe in. Time is precious so don't waste it on shit that you don't respect.

MRR: If a studio gave you free reign and a multi-million dollar budget to make whateveer film you want, what would you do?
Jon: Well, I would probably make an extremely lavish; high-production value movie that would be the MOST FUCKED-UP thing to ever hit theaters.

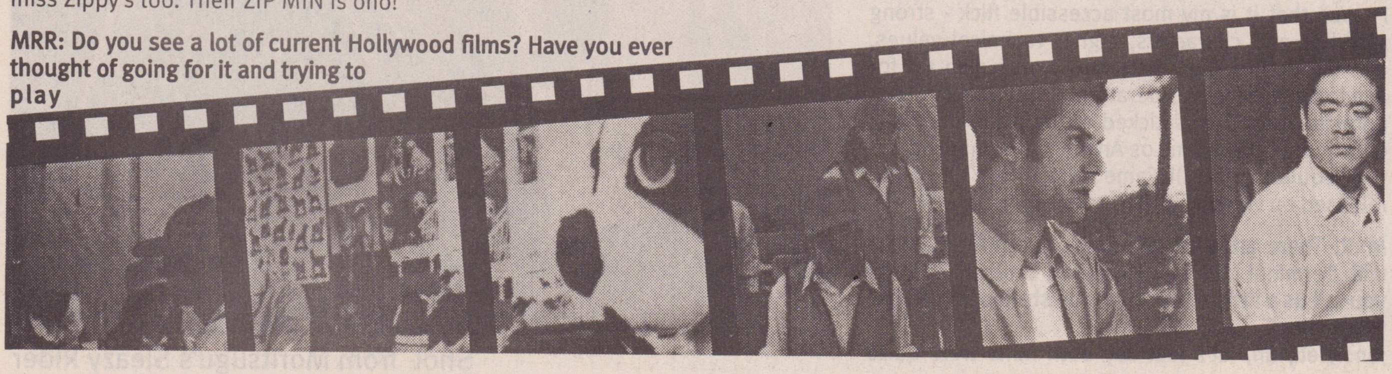
MRR: What do you think of that danish "dogma" thing? I guess I always thought that all hand held camera and natural lighting had more todo with necessity than aesthetic value.
Jon: I've always been a fan of manifestoes and I think the "dogma95" manifesto is alright. Actually, have you seen "dancer in the dark," Lars von Trier's new flick? He's one of the dogma writers and in this film he totally disregards his own manifesto. That's a pretty cool goof move.

MRR:^Is there anything you,ve ever totally regretted? What do you think is the best thing you've done?
Jon: Ok, so there's nothing I'VE TOTALLY REGRETTED, y'know, it's not like I've murdered people to create my "art" and shit... as far as the best thing I've done.... well, I would have to say I've been able to make my movies my way. That's a pretty big thing in my opinion.

MRR: What are you 5 fav movies?
Jon: (in no particular order) Liquid Sky, Kustom Kar Kommandoes, Vinyl, Querrelle, Aguirre Wrath Of God. Ok, so this list totally changes all the time too.

MRR: What's the worst movie you've ever seen?
Jon: The Romeo and Juliet remake (with Dicaprio) was one of the shittiest movies ever. Really. Don't see it.

MRR: What's the next step for you? Are you already planning out your next film or are you still caught up in Scumrock**?**
Jon: I'm definitely thinking about my next film, but right now, I'm in the middle of editing Scumrock and putting together the soundtrack. Also, I've just released Fame Whore on video so that's another side project, you know, getting the tape out into the world.



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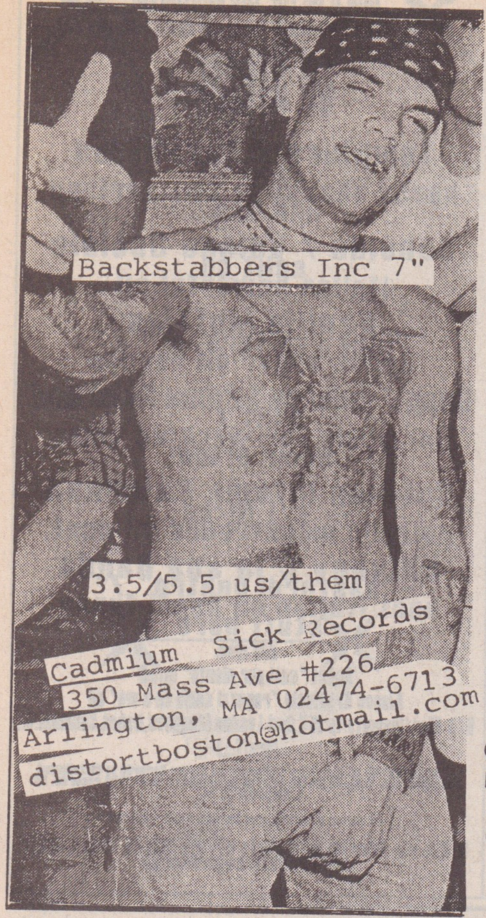

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14 (late) chicago fireside bowl w/sin orden, kill your idols, american nightmare
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16 menomonie WI rolling wheels w/ 7 days of samsara, U.S.V., defacto oppression
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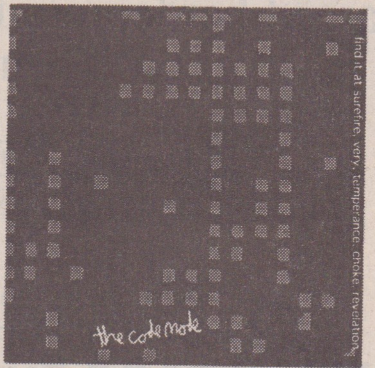

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BOOKS

Real Conversations 1 • Interviews by V. Vale
224 pages • $12.95
RE/Search Publications • 20 Romolo #B
San Francisco, CA • 94133

The first in a series of interview books by V. Vale (of the RE/Search series), this features talks with Henry Rollins, Billy Childish, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, and Jello Biafra. Vale's method of interviewing, letting the subject babble at will, makes this read more like a monologue than an interview, but that is a good thing.

Rollins is the first subject, and I was more than a little surprised to find that I agreed with the majority of the things he said. While I still contend that Henry relinquished his right to comment on anything regarding contemporary punk when he graced the glossy magazines of the world clad in a black muscle T (in an ad for The Gap, silly), his words of wisdom concerning the world at large are well thought-out and intelligent. A large portion of the interview focused on the publishing industry, but the dialogue was interesting to me, who has no connection whatsoever with said industry. Rollins' company—2.13.61—suffering, as are independent publishers worldwide, at the hands of the Barnes and Nobles-ization of America and a public that is reading less and watching TV more, has begun to rely more on internet sales for survival, as small bookstores that take risks continue to disappear. Surprisingly technologically friendly, Rollins places a great deal of hope in the internet and its ability to connect like-minded peoples with out the interference of the corporate media. His commentary on punk rubbed me wrong, as I knew it would. I have little room in my heart for "medium" bands who pack 800 seat venues night after night and "barely eke out a living." Words obviously coming from someone whose last real experience with DIY punk rock ended when the first press of the SOA No Policy EP sold out.

Musically, I have little interest in the work of Billy Childish—it's just not my cup of tea—but his interview was fascinating to me. Punk since punk was a baby, Childish is famous for his work with Thee Headcoats, Thee Mighty Caesars, and others, as well as having written several books and his renown as a painter. For someone who bowed out of British punk rock on the introduction of mohawks and studded jackets, he maintains more punk ethics than most who fly the punk flag more prominently. He is still committed to DIY releases, small, intimate shows and lo-fi recordings. His philosophy is keep it simple, intimate: "It's best to try to communicate in a real way to a few people—properly—rather than give millions of people McDonald's fare." A large portion of the conversation dealt with the continual corporate buyout of anything that has underground support, hence the reasoning for keeping art small and under the radar of the overground media. "An alternative culture can be turned around in months and used for advertising"...was that a Buzzcocks song I just heard in an SUV commercial? Why yes, I believe it was. The importance of art was the other point emphasized, and I was thrilled to hear an "artist" discussing the absurdity of so much that is called "art." The importance of copying and learning was given more weight than the eternal search for something original, which too often ends up with some self righteous fart telling us that because his turd is on a canvas it is art...whereas everywhere else it would just be shit.

The high school bedroom punker in me was excited to read the Jello Biafra interview, and I got exactly what I expected. Lots of ranting about the evils of the WTO and the Republicrats in DC, as well as discussions about the recent DK trial in which three quarters of the Dead Kennedys obtained the rights to the DK catalog, stripping them away from Biafra and his label, Alternative Tentacles. Biafra's active involvement with the Green Party and the campaign of Ralph Nader was interesting, as I never pegged Jello as one to get involved in "real" politics except to make fun of them. As expected, much of Biafra's portion of the book was about the "Corporate Curtain" and the chain stores that are eating up America. The corporations that buy the politicians that then funnel tax money back to the corporations, and the evil Big Brother conspiracy that is not at all as far fetched as we might like to think. Those familiar with Biafra (most reading this mag, I would guess) will not be surprised by any of the subject matter, but the format was vastly different than his spoken word releases (which do tend to meander a bit) in that he had a guide, Vale, who made him switch gears every so often, making for a more coherent conversation.

The odd man out in this bunch, it would seem, is Lawrence Ferlinghetti, legendary beat poet/writer, current San Francisco poet laureate, and founder of City Lights Bookstore. There's not a punk rock bone in his body, yet I found his short interview to be the most interesting in the book. The conversation focused not on the book trade, as I would have expected (Vale left that to Rollins, I suppose), but on the general state of the world; overpopulation, anarchism (how amazing it was to hear about a garbage man in 1950s San Francisco stopping by City Lights every week to pick up Anarchist weeklies), current US politics, and the afterlife ("I'd be lucky if I came back as a horse, or maybe a dog...but I wouldn't want to be a bug, for instance, or a rock— it would be so limited if you were a rock!"). Ferlinghetti seems rooted and concise, and his thoughts were both thought provoking and affirming. I find it inspiring that an 80 year old man still holds true to convictions he formed much earlier in life. He is just as punk as those who precede him in the book; he just is not as well known for blowing people's ears out.

Like most RE/Search books, Real Conversations 1 flies by, and the manner in which the subjects were "interviewed" allows each of the subjects to discuss issues, as opposed to just answering questions. Each person in the book surprised me, and usually pleasantly. Instead of conversations with underground "celebrities," this is a series of talks with intelligent, informed men who have refused to be sucked in by stardom, and have managed instead to stick to their guns for decades, an admirable feat.
—Robert Collins

Little Tenement on the Volga • C.S. Walton
147 pages • $13.00
Garret County Press • 828 Royal Street #248
New Orleans, LA • 70116

Someone remarked to me recently, while listening to some radio ad about dental insurance, that Russians are the only ethnic group that the media can still openly mock and get away with it. This series of ads featured "Olga," an aged, fat trapeze artist; "Alexi," a stupid strongman; and some others I can't remember. In addition, Russian fashion has been mocked for decades. The general stereotype of Russia went from dreary and corrupt, under Communism, to dreary, corrupt, and ruled by Mafia under capitalism.

In her book Little Tenement on the Volga, C.S. Walton reports after spending most of a year in Samara, a town that sounds like Stockton, California, that unfortunately these stereotypes are pretty much true! Walton, a British woman of about 27 at the time of the writing, lived in a "kommunalnya," a subdivided apart-

ment house where each family gets one room, and all share the kitchen and toilet. From this vantage point—sharing extremely close quarters with 20-25 people—Walton gathered details about the daily lives of regular Russian citizens that are fascinating, if also completely depressing. The men are drunk all the time, the women are fucked up, abused, and also drunk; there is much petty violence, and no relief or respite except from more alcohol.

Fascinating, too, is the portrait of Russian bureaucracy. It is epic. We have nothing like it here, no matter how much people complain about the IRS, the INS, the DMV, or even being in court. Walton describes the endless waiting, whether in lines for groceries (a different line for each item, like an egg or a container of yogurt) or the stonefaced runaround at City Hall to try to get one's "domestic passport" registered or updated. Her neighbor in the tenement states, "Now you see what the Soviet system has done to our people. The bureaucracy weighs us down from cradle to grave. There is nothing we can do except wait and endure."

The greater thesis of the book is to describe the complicated transformation from communist state to capitalist state, in 1991. Walton shows how Party officials began and nurtured a Black Market economy beginning in the 1950s—and how, seeing the imminent shift, those same elite established proprietary connections with the most profitable industries, so that upon privatization they'd still be at the top. She also describes how the Black Market under communism remained completely intact after perestroika, but simply grew, so that under capitalism it is still illegal, still unacknowledged officially, and still the real economy. Walton describes how everyone—I mean everyone, from teens to babushki—is involved in Black Market commerce, even to a couple of carrots on an upturned crate that one could buy without standing in line; or by being a placeholder in one of those same lines, standing in line for someone else. Everyone sells stuff, but nobody makes anything—it's all re-selling. Imagine an industrialized town of 1.5 million, with pretty much everyone taking turns being the guy with a few broken trinkets on a blanket at 16th and Valencia. Not just homeless guys, everybody.

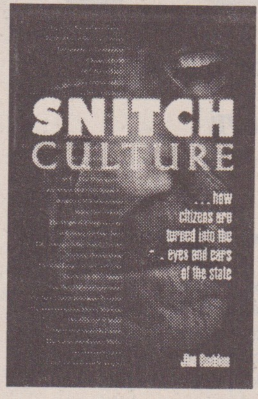
This book is so illuminating in this regard—because we toss around words like communism and capitalism as if they are finite or discrete terms. But realistically, neither exists in a cultural vacuum. So here in the US, we have never seen capitalism disassociated from imperialism. In China, it's capitalism, totalitarianism, atheism, and communism as well. Not to mention cultural ephemera resulting from centuries of shared history, layers of castoff religious movements, racial strata, etc. You can't just separate out a strain of capitalism or communism. The Soviets initially tried to implement a pure or theoretical version, and it quickly evolved into an almost random elitism, with corruption as a relief valve for creative endeavor.

Similarly, the fulminations happening in Russia now have nothing to do with American or European capitalism, or any other capitalism in the strictest sense. And that reflects back, intriguingly, to reveal the other ideologies we have in play here in the US—e.g., Christianity, adventurism, obsessive individualism, and racism.

But for all that, the political philosophy in Little Tenement on the Volga is actually pretty lightweight and anecdotal. And that leads me to the book's flaw. There's a lack of focus here, in terms of what Walton's trying to say. I mean, the facts and vignettes are amazing, but at the end of the book you still have no idea why she went there in the first place. Why there? It's never clear. There's a journalistic tone here, that is disrupted by Walton's personal experiences, but she keeps those experiences fairly superficial. Walton hooks up with a Russian boyfriend, who even shacks up with her. She mentions it to illustrate her point about men being spoiled by their mothers, and hopelessly traditional in their instant progression from relationship to marriage. Walton dumps the guy when he suggests it. But we never know what was attractive about him in the first place! Was he good in the sack? Was he a drunk like everyone else? He's just a cipher here. It makes Walton seem very detached, in the tradition of colonial anthropology —"I came, I observed, I left." Her alleged objectivity is never questioned or positioned here, which makes a reader somewhat suspicious.

The one chapter that departs from the one-liner observations and the pop sociology is where Walton allows "Lina," a spunky seventy-something "spiritual advisor" to speak for over twenty pages without interruption. It's an amazing tale about surviving the German invasion in WW2, the Russian repatriation, and the Cold War era, in a series of narrow escapes, exciting adventures, bizarre marriages, tragic accidents, and schemes. Along the way are her observations on power and politics. It's ultimately a story of triumph, I suppose. Not some rags-to-riches hokum, but a rich ode to her ability to find or create loopholes—an ability which seems missing from the rest of Walton's cast of doomed characters. You have to wonder if this resourcefulness of Lina's wasn't more prevalent, and maybe Walton, in her journalistic desire to construct a particular picture, wasn't interested in it, which makes the choice to live in such a depressing place for so long even more baffling. —Greta Shred

Snitch Culture • Jim Redden
233 pages • $14.95
Feral House • PO Box 13067, Los Angeles, CA • 90013



"Snitches get stitches." A simple message, but in a world where your word is sometimes all you have, it's pretty serious. The world that holds rats, stool pigeons, Judas's and informants in contempt has slowly collapsed in upon itself and is now almost non-existent. A world where people are encouraged to turn in family, friends, co-workers, and neighbors has taken its place. Jim Redden takes a look at this world, a world that rewards the weakest of all human traits, a world that is right outside your door; maybe even in your own home. That's right, the Big Brother that is watching may be your brother!

"Tying an unpopular activity to a popular cause is good propaganda and one of the most effective tools for recruiting new informants and justifying more surveillance programs." Read that again and then ask yourself how the government accomplishes this goal. Give up? Think about the Wars in the US; the War on Drugs, the War on Crime, the War on Terrorism—the general public buys it with a little spin from government and the press. It all tastes so sweet until you look a little deeper and realize that everyone is a casualty of these wars. Friendly fire, anyone? Welcome to the world that Jim Redden is living and working in. Welcome to the world that we are all living in. In his look at this world, Redden questions the role of snitches, their fallibility, and why their word, which should be suspect at best, is taken as gospel so often. The answer will come as no surprise: money and jail sentences.

Redden shows how the D.A.R.E program and other government policies encourage children and family members to turn on each other for the good of the nation. He also exposes how these snitches are paid big bucks and sometimes allowed to commit heinous crimes themselves with no repercussions because they are assisting the government to fry (allegedly) bigger fish. Redden also details how almost everyone is being watched to some extent during their everyday life and mostly without their knowledge. The deep and ever-growing roots of the snitch culture in America are examined and put under a microscope in this book.

The author details how the government tries to justify its surveillance of left wing groups and their causes, and how this surveillance has gotten heavier since the WTO and Republican and Democratic conventions of the recent past.

One key item that Redden examines is the difference between a whistle blower and a snitch. Karen Silkwood and Frank Serpico were whistle blowers, Sammy the Bull was a snitch. Redden exposes how the whistle blower, usually a person who is exposing true evil, is often left out on a limb by the government while the snitch is allowed to run roughshod.

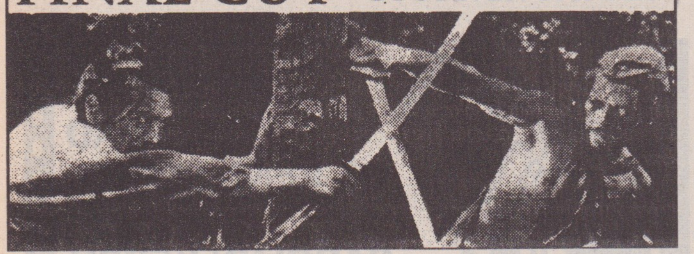
Closing out this book are a series of case studies that range from the history of anti-crime snitching to the Black Panther party and Italian Mafia families being torn apart. Case studies that show the questionable way in which the government fought crack as well as how it abused forfeiture laws associated with (alleged) crimes.

A book like this is filled with information and is not an easy or quick read. It takes some time and thought to get through it. But if you carefully read this book, you will find it an enlightening and unsettling look at the how the tendrils of the state reach out to your life and the limit your freedom.

As with most of the Feral House titles that fall within the expose genre, this one is well footnoted and documented, making its accusations that much more difficult to refute. In a culture where the government would like the masses to believe that "it's all for your own good," this type of documentation and footnoting is a must. With Snitch Culture, Jim Redden, Adam Parfrey and Feral House have delivered another blow to the mainstream press, and the government—exposing how they lie and deceive the people they are supposed to be protecting. —Trent Reinsmith

MOVIES

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI



HARDCORE IS A STATE OF MIND

Baise-Moi has been translated as "love me," "fuck me," or "rape me" depending on the context. In this movie, it means all three, and sometimes at the same time. It's one of those rare French art films that actually got banned in its own country. Places like Canada can only see an R-rated version at film festivals, if at all.

What's the big deal? **Baise-Moi** is a feminist rant that stretches its the Thelma and Louise formula well past its snapping point, a scabrous satire that goes as long as there are people to fuck and assholes to kill. Though shot on digital video, **Baise-Moi** has the gritty look of expired 16mm film blown up to 35. This cheap, grainy look complements what's to come.

It's the loosely told tale of two loose women, one a prostitute, the other a porn actress. The prostitute, Nadine (Karen Bach), is fed up with a whiny roommate who's ruining her vibes. So she strangles her to death. On another side of town, Manu (Rafaella Anderson) has just been sodomized in a gang-rape. When her brother refuses to give her money from his cash register, she dispenses with the nice talk, pulls out a pistol, and wastes him. By accident, or maybe fate, the two women meet, which is like making a fire and tossing in accelerant.

When you're desperate, cash comes easy. Following a well-heeled woman to an ATM, Manu spies the PIN number, then shoots the woman to death. Later, Nadine and Manu are invited to The Libertine Club (a seedy dive with padded booths and free sex), on the presumption that they'll let the men do whatever they want with them. Fat chance. Incensed, they execute everybody there -- men and women. The last guy, the sniveling jerk who invited them, gets a .45 slug up his ass. One thing you have to say about the girls: they're equal opportunity psychopaths.

After they kill somebody, their only regret is that they can't come up with the kinds of cool lines they hear in movies. With practice, they get better. Guys who satisfy then in bed leave without incident. But woe to those who are pushy or inept.

When the women's faces start appearing on "wanted" posters, their nihilism turns inward, and they begin to plan their suicides. Their aesthetic is uniquely French. "Self-immolation," Manu muses, "is pretty pretentious." Shooting themselves -- well, everybody does that. They end up playing it by ear.

None of the on-screen sex is simulated, the advantage in having adult movie actors in your cast. But by the time the movie is over, you begin to wonder about the point of it all. Interviews with the filmmakers, Virginie Despentes and Trinh Thi, seem to indicate the movie might have been made for shock value (there's a lot of punk rock on the soundtrack for effect), or maybe as an offhand feminist statement. Regrettably, the directors don't harvest much out of their shock value; their targets are indiscriminate, and the general feeling of rage is hard to buy.

"It's a funny movie," Trinh Thi says, "and nobody understands."

Well yeah, towards the end there are a few amusing quips. But like the their anti-heroes, the directors shoot everywhere without seeming to know quite where they're doing.

In its own clumsy way, **Wadd: The Life and Times of John C. Holmes** offers its own take on "The Elvis of Porn," the one porn actor everybody knows by name. It does a prodigious job sorting fact from legend, and with this story, that's half the battle.

One legend has it that he was a UCLA grad who found he could make more money (and have more fun) in porn than a real job. Not quite. According to his agent (who admits helping to create most of the fake press), Holmes didn't even graduate from high school. Naive, and married to his teenage sweetheart, the future porn star wasn't really good at much of anything. The one adjective most used to describe the early Holmes was "sweet," but that would change.

Holmes realized early on that being 13-1/2" was his only hope for immortality. Hardly good looking, he won parts in porn films against the request of his wife, taking on the screen name "Johnny Wadd." His films were plot-driven vehicles, and his female partners were alternately thrilled, awed, or terrified at the prospect of doing scenes with him. Some flatly refused. One claimed that he could never be fully erect because the sudden diversion of blood might make him dizzy.

After a while, he began to believe his own press releases until he couldn't separate fiction and reality. When L.A. vice arrested him, he became their prize informant, according to one detective, helping shut down competing porn productions all around Los Angeles, Holmes began to fancy himself as a real-life Johnny Wadd, and relished his undercover status. One Holmes legend was that he would travel to England

every year to service a rich socialite for $10,000; when Holmes tried to pass the line off to his agent, the agent had to remind Holmes that they'd made it up. "Oh, yeah," Holmes would realize after a few minutes.

So okay, the man wasn't exactly swift, but his problems would escalate when his drug use moved from chronic pot smoking to coke. During a film shoot, he'd disappear for hours at a time, free-basing while his production crew searched everywhere (and often find him huddled in a closet). In one therapist's view, the formerly "sweet" man turned psychopathic, and the his almost cliched descent into personal ruin would cause him to manipulate even his closest friends. He took on a jailbait lover, pimped her to get fixes, and would lie, cheat, and steal for a drug supply. After he was diagnosed with HIV, he sunk to the low of having unprotected sex in Italian porn features. Miraculously, he didn't infect anyone else with the virus.

You might walk into **The Life and Times...** with the expectation of hardcore thrills, but in the end this R-rated documentary is a painfully sad. As a tale of excess and self-destruction, it has the kind of punch **Baise-Moi** could only wish for.

On the other hand, **Amores Perros** -- Mexico's recent nominee for Best Foreign Film -- is the real thing, a gritty, grimy powerhouse. Alejandro Gonzalez Inarrito's film is like **Pulp Fiction** transported south of the border, in the cloning process substituting rough, feral energy for the former movie's wit. At over 150 minutes, every second is arresting.

Two things hold its multiple narratives together: love and dogs. It begins with a screeching, hair-raising chase through the streets of Mexico City. Octavio (Gael Garcia Bernal) and a pal are careening through intersections, their dog bleeding from a gunshot wound, their rivals just behind them, guns a-blazing. This one chase, rendered in a jittery **French Connection** style, turns out to be the backbone of the film. Every grim event to come stems from its grisly conclusion.

Octavio's older brother Ramiro (Marco Perez) is a creepy thug who makes his money either working as a shopping clerk or knocking off convenience stories. But Octavio has orchestrated a plan to steal away his older brother's battered wife, and use his brother's mastiff for fighting other dogs in illicit (but lucrative) dog fighting matches. When he starts making money, everything starts to careen out of his control.

The second narrative moves up a few pegs in the class scale. Valeria (Goya Toledo) is a fabulously successful model who's just moved into a roomy loft with her boyfriend. When she gets caught in a car accident (another victim of Octavio's cross-town car chase), she lands in a wheelchair. Complicating matter, her fuzzball dog falls into a deep crawlspace under the floorboards. It doesn't, or can't respond, and all the couple can hear every night is the whimpering of the dog and the sounds of hungry rats.

In the final segment, El Chivo (the famous Emilio Echevarrio) is a scraggly-maned former guerrilla hidden away in the backstreets of Mexico City. Revolution no longer occupies his thoughts; now he's a contract killer operating under the protection of the cops. Isolated in a dank corner of the city, his shack filled with adopted dogs, he's been commissioned by a white-collar poltroon to settle a Cain and Abel rivalry. But he has other plans -- which include escaping from the underground.

Amores Perros needs its changes of pace, but works best as a gritty tale of urban animals scraping lives for themselves in a world where love is sometimes the only redeeming trait of a character; sometimes, the characters make you wonder if anyone's worth rooting for. Like a dogfight, **Amores Perros** is a case study in survival of the fittest, and love delivers casualties as grimly as any street violence.

Comments? E-mail me at spinali@postmark.net

BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

I LIVE FOR A GREAT HALTER TOP

I hate film festivals. I hate everything about them. I hate buying tickets in advance. I hate waiting in line. I hate the pretentious idiots that run and attend the screenings. I hate that person who gets up before a film and "explains" it to you before you see it, usually giving away most of the plot. It's like being in film school again. Although, the most annoying part of the San Francisco International Film Festival is that commercial they show before every film. I never understood the idea of advertising to people who are already sold. You know when you are watching cable TV and you see a million ads for cable TV versus satellite dish. Duh, I'm watching cable do you still need to convince me it's better?

Film festivals never seem to be organized. I've never set one up myself, but it doesn't seem like it should be that hard to give out tickets and collect them at the door. Most people already have tickets so that just leaves collecting the tickets. It never seems to go smoothly. People are milling about confused and no one seems to be going into the theater. My friend and I arrive a half hour before the film start since you are warned that your seat will be sold if you do not arrive at least twenty minutes prior starting time. When we get there the line is from the front door up the block, around the corner, down the next street, around the corner and half way down the next street. By the time we are let in the line starting to turn the next corner. The film is sold out. It was supposed to start at 10:15 so at 10:20 they start letting people in.

Every year I get completed annoyed with the film festivals in this town. Every year I swear I'm never going again. Then the next year rolls around and there is something I want to see. I like seeing the films, but there is too much bullshit to deal with. This year it was **Baise-moi** (Fuck

Me), a film that received a bunch of hype based on the fact that it was banned in France. I was interested, though being as skeptical as I am, I have a feeling being "banned in France" means that they just couldn't get anyone to show it there. I've seen that tacit work with bands so why not films? My curiosity peaked when I heard it was about two women who go on a sex and killing spree. Sounds great to me. I justify attending the film because I figure I won't have another chance to see this in a theater. Of course, the annoying guy who introduced the film informed everyone that it was picked up for US distribution and will be shown at the Rocs Cinema in SF the week after the festival. I would have waited.

Baise-moi is half porno film, half snuff film. My friend and I joke that it's the first sold out porno film we've seen. I'm amused that there are little old ladies in attendance. The advertising for the film always pointed out that hardcore sex would be shown. One of the first scenes is a brutal rape scene. During this scene a woman a few rows behind us starts to boo. Someone yells at her why don't you leave? She stays. After a few minutes she screeches out, repeating some of the dialogue, "You fuck like a zombie." A guy yells, "Will you shut up? Some of us are trying to enjoy this." That elicits a large laugh from the entire balcony. It's an uncomfortable juxtaposition with what's happening on the screen, but relieves a bit of the tension of having to watch it.

Baise-moi isn't bad, but it isn't great. It's fun to watch the women go around killing men simply because they are sleazy humans. They don't discriminate either. They kill rich men, poor men, old men and young men. The women are pretty ingenious with their killing sprees. The best scene is when they get dressed up and go to a sex club. They are very attractive so men start to come up to them. One tells a man to get lost. He won't. She pulls out her gun and starts to shoot the place up. She saves the man for last and in the best and most disturbing way kills him. Even though that scene is the most disturbing. It is worth seeing the film for it.

I am surprised at how many sex films are being passed off as art these days. **Center of the World** is another film that received a bunch of hype. If this movie were made for cable no one would have cared. It would have just been written off as just another softcore porn film. **Center of the World** has the same old story. There's a poor woman Florence. She's a drummer who makes her living as a stripper. There's a rich man Richard. He's a millionaire computer whiz ready for his first IPO and he's lonely. She's not interested in him, but he likes her so he offers her $10,000 to spend the weekend with him in Las Vegas. She grudgingly accepts his offer with some added stipulations. Then we get to watch them do their mating dance for the next hour.

It is passed off as a "real" film. Both characters are multidimensional, but they are not people with whom I would want to hang out. Each is holier than thou and too egocentric to realize or care what they are doing to the other person. Florence needs the money so she's justifies doing it, but regrets that he assumes she is a whore. Richard tells Florence he loves her and when she doesn't reciprocate, he takes her anally. Then he is insulted that she loses respect for him. There are some side plots thrown in to add some drama. The ex-lover of Florence, Roxanne a single mother who is a dealer at Caesars and has relationship problems. Richard's business partner who encourages him to get "laid" and then gets pissed off 'cos he misses a meeting. None of it equals an interesting movie.

If anyone considers **Center of the World** a turn on, I'd be shocked. Two very self-centered people trying to get each other off. It's one of those films were the audience keeps giggling and you know it isn't because something on the screen is making them uncomfortable. It's because you are embarrassed for these actors. It's so bad, it's funny.

One of the best movies I saw at the film festival was **The Natural History of the Chicken**, a documentary focusing on people and their relationships with chickens. Personally, I love chickens. I collect things with chickens on them. I would have a pet chicken if I didn't live in SF and if I knew my cat Bleu wouldn't kill it immediately. He can be amazingly quick on the kill for such a lazy cat.

Mark Lewis who has made some other great animal documentaries: **Cane Toads, Rats, and The Wonderful World of Dogs** made it. If you've seen any of those films you know what's in store. Lewis finds some people with very unique experiences. The most memorable is the woman who raises chickens on her farm in Maine. Every day she lets the chickens out of their pen to run around the farm. One day a sudden snowstorm hit and she and her dog frantically try to gather up the hens. One is missing. She is found under the front porch completely frozen. The woman brings the hen in the house to find a box to put her in until she can be buried. Then the woman notices a pulse on the chicken's neck. The woman immediately starts to revive the chicken. She warms her up and then gives the chicken CPR bringing the chicken back to life. The whole scene is shown in an amazing re-enactment. It's pretty incredible.

I really enjoyed **The Natural History of the Chicken** because Lewis really appreciates these people's experiences. Even when he is poking a little fun at them you can tell he really likes them. The film focuses a bit on chickens raised for consumption or eggs lying. He only uses small clips that seem to serve as comparison to the chickens we are focusing on. The factory chickens are overcrowded and sickly looking. The chickens that live on farms and in houses are very healthy have lots of space and make their owners very happy. This device is a nice reminder to the audience that even though we laugh at these people, these chickens are much better off. Lewis respects that. -Carolyn Keddy

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, I want to see it. Send a copy to me c/o MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760.

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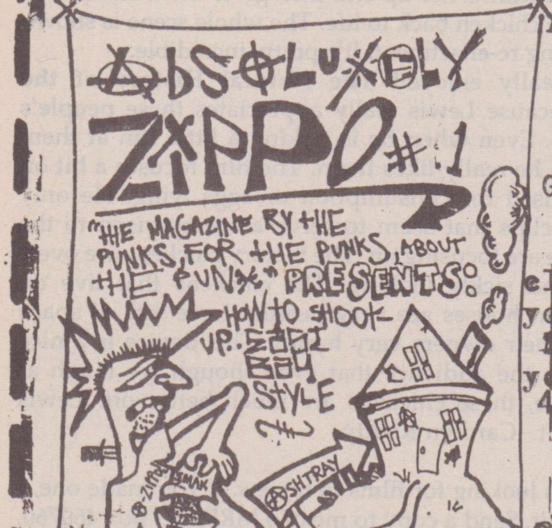

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walken - s/t 7" (3.50 ppd)
an onslaught of crazed mayhem, technical wizardry, and profound beauty. described by heartattack as "a heavier Dillinger Escape Plan". we like it a lot. watch for them on tour this summer.

the pine - s/t 7" (3.50 ppd)
heartfelt melodic beauty incredibly similar to that of evergreen. a little more rockin', though, to satisfy a new generation...this is essential...

harbor - "valley of sound return" 7" and "memory" 7" (3.50 ppd)
incredibly introspective stuff akin to calm, duster, maybe even nirvana. john teams up with marc bianchi from calm on one of the songs too... (buy one get the other free)

under a dying sun - "these stitches" CD (3.50 ppd)
limited to 100, this CD is a reissue of sorts of the now out of print one song EP....these may go quick.

still kicking:
.the shivering - "behind broken eyes" CD (6.00 ppd)
.nexus 6 - s/t CD (6.00 ppd)
.staircase - s/t 7" (3.50 ppd)
.vulgar pigeons - "genetic..." CD/7" (8.00/3.50 ppd)

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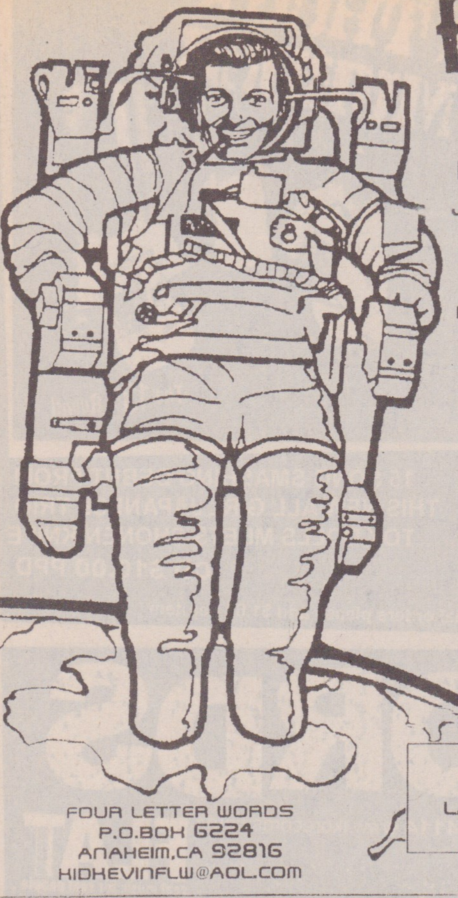

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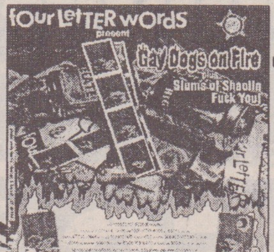

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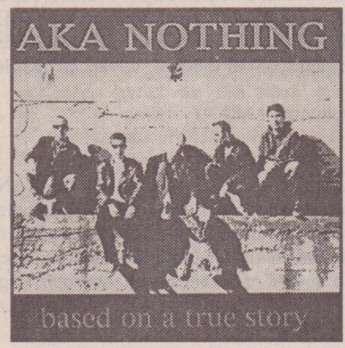
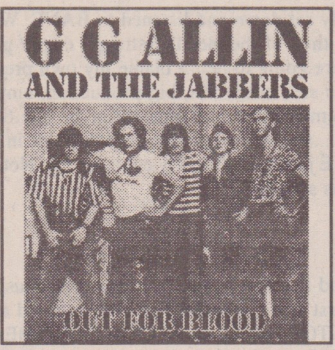
A.O.B - "Stop To Sorrow" LP
Stop To Sorrow was originally released in 1997, and A.O.B didn't miss a beat from their 1996 EP *Multinationals on Parade*. A.O.B executes classic, metal-punk that grooves, meanders and embellishes their political lyrics. *Stop to Sorrow* creates an ominous atmosphere and battle cry for political punks everywhere! (HM)
(Ruin Nation c/o Stefan Willenborg, Vossberger Ring 54, 49393 Lohne GERMANY)

ACIDIC SOIL - "Soil Contamination" EP
Wow, I saw the cover and was expecting bad metal, and what I got was rocking, metallic UK-inspired hardcore from Japan. They cite the ENGLISH DOGS as their influences, and they are dead on. Reminds me of bands that I loved like ALTERNATIVE ATTACK from Europe. This is rock-laden hardcore that is super metal. Fans of mid-'80s UK punk-gone-metal, get this. Best tribute I've heard of that style I have ever heard. I hope they have big hair. (MW)
(Human Records, Shinji Wakabayashi, 30 Nakajima-cho, Memeyama-cho, Fushimi-ku, Kyoto, 612-8005, JAPAN)



ADDICTION - "Punk Alien Razar" LP
Seeing THUG MURDER last month reassured me that streetpunk is thriving in Japan, and this release by the ADDICTION, Osaka-City's "punk rock attacker," does the same. This energetic, broken-English, leather jacket interpretation of early UK punk, comes complete with the "tightness" and "speediness" promised by their press sheet. Ten songs for anyone intrigued by the humor of Japanese Punk sung in English and quality fast-as-hell streetpunk ala the FORGOTTEN, the EXPLOSION, and the STITCHES. (EM)
(MCR Company, 157 Kamiagu Maizuru, Kyoto, 624-0193 JAPAN)

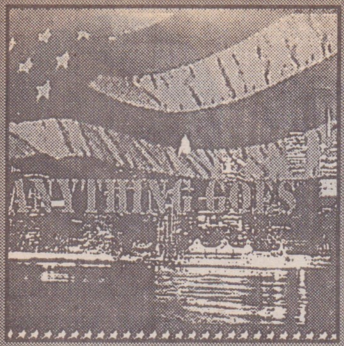
AKA NOTHING - "Based on a True Story" CD
The annoying snotty vocalist really takes away from the mediocre melodic punk with RANCID-like choruses. This is so-so. (SR)
(Record Labelation, PO Box 3089, San Leandro, CA 94578)



GG ALLIN & THE JABBERS - "Out for Blood" EP
Third pressing of 500 copies of early ('79-'82) shit first released in '97 in editions of 1000 and 500 (yes, it's that confusing), making this hardly rare, and the crapped out blue and black xerox sleeve hardly'd keep you up at night, but heck, we're in it for the music, man. The then NH-based GG whips out five competent or incompetently competent treasures: "Out for Blood" is trad, "Sixty Nine" is clunkier and therefore more charming with its meandering bass lines, coupla live tracks served up sludgy in a DEAD BOYS vein, and lastly "Fags in the Living Room," a home recorded rant that'd best be appended to the reissue of ALVARRO'S classic *Drinking My Own Sperm* LP which probably ain't ever gonna happen. (HY)
(TPOS, 12 Mill Plain Rd, Danbury, CT 06811)

ALT TC/20 MINUTES DE CHÂOS - split LP
I think its cool how bands in different countries can collaborate with each other to such an extent as they do (I reviewed a similar split EP by two Latin American bands last month) despite obvious language barriers, while bands here (with some exceptions) tend to stay within national boundaries. ALT TC hails from Greece and plays mid-tempo political hardcore, with a musical style similar to that of early CHOKEHOLD, and with a certain-something reminding me of STRUGGLE. They also talk about things that seem uniquely Greek—like when the "protector" of a farm of cows dies on the island of Greek island of Samos. 20 MINUTES

DE CHÂOS is from France and, like ALT TC, has a strong political influence.Their sound is a bit faster, and has a more crust feel to it. Hey, they throw in a DIRT cover, so what does that tell you? (SP)
(BP 536, 21014 Dijon, Cedex, FRANCE)



ANYTHING GOES - "The Party's Over" EP

Yo, straight-up Jersey hardcore! Break out da fuckin' Champion hoodie, stomp da floor, and think about joining the krishnas because all your idols are doing it—then change your mind and drink a Guinness, cuz fuck it, Choke's not straight anymore either. These six songs could've easily been recorded in 1987 instead of 2001 and that's not a bad thing, it's good. Reminds me of a little less melodic and a little more pissed off GORILLA BISCUITS. Any one of these songs would've fit in nicely on the *Where the Wild Things Are* NYHC comp except GORILLA BISCUITS would have switched lyric sheets with SHEER TERROR. This shit's good, know what I'm sayin'? (AS)
($4ppd., Broken Glass, 1688 Fairway Dr., Jamison, PA 18929)

APERS/TRAVOLTAS - split EP

The APERS do their snotty pop punk thing a la QUEERS or even GROOVIE GHOULIES. Why are the vocals mixed so low? This could pass as two instrumentals on a crappy stereo. The TRAVOLTAS just plain kick ass! One of the best pop punk bands around these days. Great harmonies, great songs, and just the right amount of power pop influence. (RL)
(Stardumb Records, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC Rotterdam, THE NETHERLANDS, stardumbrecords.com)

AUDIENCE OF THE END - "Consume. Die." EP

Heavy, dark and metallic hardcore that has influences from ZORN or early CONCRETE. Some black metal parts come out of the blue and really spice things up. If you dig German-metallic HC with multiple moods throughout, snag this. Features ex-members/members of DELIVER ME and KUNG FU RICK. From what I understand, they are no more. (MW)
(Killing Room Floor, 914 N. Richmond, IL 60622/Secession, 2340 W. 24th St, Chicago, IL 60608)

AUTHORITY ABUSE - "March of the Cobra-Kai" EP

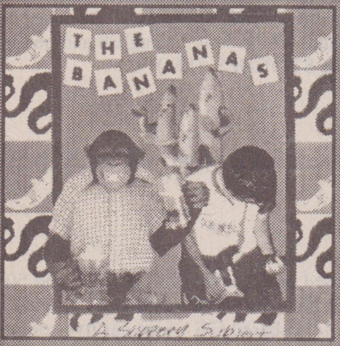
A Lengua Armada release, so I was immediately pumped. No disappointments either—short, quick and engaging hardcore outta Illinois. Cover looked like they had second thoughts—cover art pasted over previous incarnation of cover... makes one curious! This was fundamental hardcore—nothing distracting, no weirdo metal overtones... which always works when executed with energy and precision, as they have here. Lyrics cover the personal/political arena—betrayal, racism, and the like. Awesome stuff. (TM)
(Lengua Armada, 1010 1/2 Riverine Ave, Santa Ana, CA 92701)

AVARICIOUS - "Archi" 10"

Great mid-tempo anarcho-punk from Switzerland/England with excellent quiet female vocals singing mostly about anti-capitalism. This is definitely for peace punk fans. Excellent! (SR)
(Strongly Opposed, PO Box 692, Wolverhampton, WV1 1XP, UK)

AVSKUM / REALITY CRISIS - "Waiting for Another Bloodbath" split 10"

Man, do I love fucking AVSKUM! Just as good today as when they first pop on the scene ages ago–straight forward catchy VARUKERS meets ANTISYSTEM hardcore that just get your head bopping! Factor end some anti-war and "this world is so fucked" lyrics and I'm hooked! All hail Sweden! Flip it over and Japan's very own REALITY CRISIS brings us their potent d-beat attack made even better by the ominous AMEBIX-esque intro. Totally driving and powerful! Awesome breakdowns and solid production, complete with fiery lyrics attacking the war machine which dominates our lives and the alienating nature of our modern "advanced" world. Killer record! (MT)
(Answer, Has Bld No. 2 B1. 5-49, Osu Naka-Ku Nagoya City, Aichi 460, JAPAN)



BANANAS - "A Slippery Subject" CD

I'm not commonly assigned peppy, poppy, choppy punk rock of the type purveyed by the BANANAS, meaning that I might not have the proper vocabulary to accurately describe their sound to the uninitiated. Here goes: fast. Loud. Nasal vocals (apparently delivered by a singer suffering under the burden of an infected sinus). The BANANAS are hyper-teenaged fun minus the dark and grimy undercurrents (with the possible exception of "Revenge Fantasy #427"). Tim Yo woulda called it "funnypunk" a couple of decades back, but there ought to be a better word for it now. (JH)
($5: Plan-It X, 5810 W. Willis Rd, Georgetown, IN 47122-9117)

BANE/ADAMANTIUM - split EP

I'm embarrassed to say this is the first time I've actually sat down and listened to BANE. When they first started making waves, it was right when I was so sick and tired of the metallic-straight edge / post-hardcore scene. Their two songs are not as bad as I thought they were going to be....I blame my own prejudice on that one. They cover basically all the ground that the sXe scene saw in the 90s, big production, emphasis on metallic guitar riffs, but still containing some of the hardcore elements that was apparent in the late-80s. Good song writing. ADMANTIUM are a little too metal for my tastes....and while I would have dug this in 93, there has been 8 years worth of variations of this style...and riding the E just doesn't really cut it for me. Not bad, just not my style. The hints of melody in BANE won me over on this split.(MW)
(Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

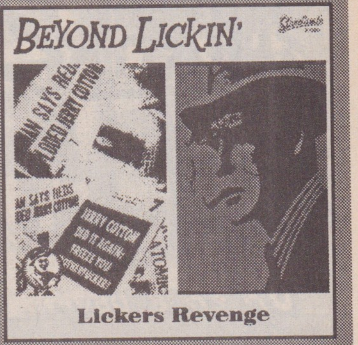
BEEF WELLINGTON - "That's Me/Never Go There Again"

Friday night at Maximum Rock 'n' Roll headquarters and I'm barely able to retain consciousness. The combined effects of long hours, Brand X analgesics, and the worst sinus infection I've ever suffered are taking their toll. This single isn't helping matters any. BEEF WELLINGTON remind me of LIGHTNING BEAT-MAN playing his set at half-tempo on the bottom of an Olympic-regulation swimming pool: primitive, plodding, and

willfully tuneless. There are times when this strain of bottom-heavy bilge is just what the doctor ordered, but this certainly ain't one of them. Pass the Robotussin, hold the chaser. (JH)
(dBs, PO Box 2550, 3500 GN Utrecht, NETHERLANDS)

BEYOND LICKIN' - "Lickers Revenge" EP

This is a weird little 7" from the Netherlands. It veers wildly between garage rocking, reverb damaged numbers to straightforward '77 style punk. I dig the spirit of these songs, although the singer's voice can get a little too whiny at times. There are four songs in all, with something like a 50/50 rate of good kick-in-the-pants material. Not a bad ratio these days. Worth a listen. (BG)
(Stardumb, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC Rotterdam, NETHERLANDS)

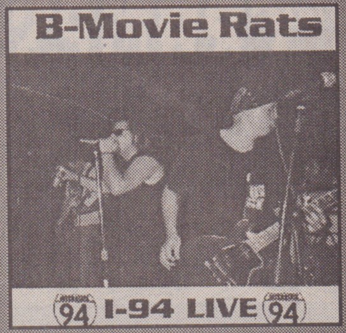


BIG MEAT HAMMER - "Please Keep Portland Clean" CD

Well pedigreed bunch of aged punks—four of the five members woulda been footnotes in the annals of punk, if you catch their band histories in the liner notes—and they still wear GBH t-shirts! These now Portlanders prove their snazz tastes by peppering their 28 track disc with GG ALLIN and PINK FAIRIES covers, while their own tracks ripple with the same guitar leads and beefy production values that punk first rejected. Decent if not overly competent trad punk that shines on "Butcher Boy"; the singalong of "Bite it! You Scum!" puts it in anthem status; the inspiration's waned over the years, but these guys are obviously still having a good time. (HY)
(BMH, PO Box 7971, Portland, ME 04112)

BITE - "Off The Hook" CD

Not to be mistaken for the Canadian BITE, this BITE has been playing around Frisco for a few years and now sports a debut CD. This glammy, rockin punk style doesn't do much for me, but there's plenty of hooks and female attitude to be compared to THE RUNAWAYS or THE DONNAS. If that's your thing, check it out. (HM)
($9.99 ppd: Dirty Disk, 594 Valencia St. Suite 10, San Francisco, CA 94110, bite@valise.com)



B-MOVIE RATS - "I-94 Live" CD

Really good sound on this CD. I have an older single by these guys that this made me slap on and it's quite good; their songs hold up in a hollerin', solo-based, rawkin'-punk style ala NEW BOMB TURKS circa 1996. I'm not a big fan of the biker-rock gritty vocals here but that's strictly my problem. This is the sound that many Euro bands love and imitate with dire results, although I can't see these guys playing too many Italian squats in the near future. (RW)
(I-94 Recordings, PO Box 44763, Detroit, MI, 48244)

BOILS/DISORDERLY CONDUCT - split EP

The BOILS's first song has sort of annoying repetitive rudimentary guitar chords, but it's absent from the second. Shout-out punk with oi influences. DISORDERLY CONDUCT has two oi songs about taking charge of the streets. These bruisers have the better side of the disk. Overall, it's just mediocre. (SR)
(Squigtone, PO Box 38, Newton, NJ 07860, squiggy@nac.net)

BUZZCOCKS - "Another Razor In a Different Face: Live NYC '79" LP

Pretty great sound, apparently procured from a WNEW radio broadcast taken from a show at Club 57, catches the band in peak form searing thru the hits, most of the *Singles going Steady* tracks forming the core plus cool oldies like "Fast Cars" and "Boredom" and some new (at the time) ones like "Mad Mad Judy". In between song patter included and much appreciated. Very nice sleeve design with a great live shot on the front - the usual great packaging you now expect from the Italians. Ryan Richardson should go study abroad there...(HY)
(Pulsebeat-Music, 46, via Santa Cannibalina, I-20100 Milan, ITALY)

BY ALL MEANS - "End the Beginning" EP

Please do not confuse this with the great Italian political hardcore band of the same name. That band is amazing, and I highly recommend seeking out either of their albums: awesome presentation, awesome lyrics, and powerful hardcore. This BY ALL MEANS plays tough guy rock that at times (like when the slap bass kicks in) reminds me entirely too much of KORN. Don't have the slightest clue what they are singing about, as they couldn't be bothered to include lyrics, but they do say "no thanks" to "the people who denied they spoke English." Basically, this release is worthless. If you want to hear a good band, look for BY ALL MEANS from Italy, or BY ALL MEANS from North Dakota, those two bands are well worth your time. (WN)
(apparently these geniuses could give a shit about those of you not upwardly mobile enough to have computers, so their email address is: byallmeans@buildrecords.com)

CASUALTIES - "Stay Out of Order" LP

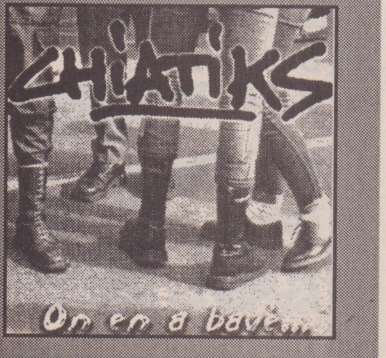
Some things always will have a place in the scene: multicolored mohawks, chants of oi, and the use of "punx." The CASUALTIES incorporate all the aforementioned things into this record and still come out standing tall. Actually, *Stay Out of Order* is by far the best thing the CASUALTIES have done. Please note, if you are 15 or above the lyrics may seem juvenile but if you are younger than 15 this record could piss off your folks. Long live the punks! (JF)
(Punk Core, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953)

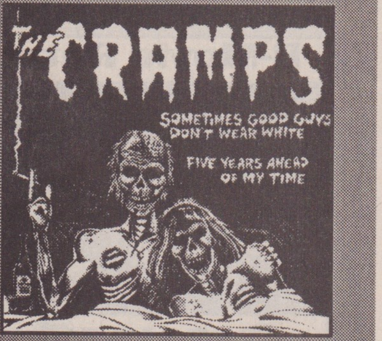
CATHETER/FORCED INSTINCT - "303 Grindcore" split EP

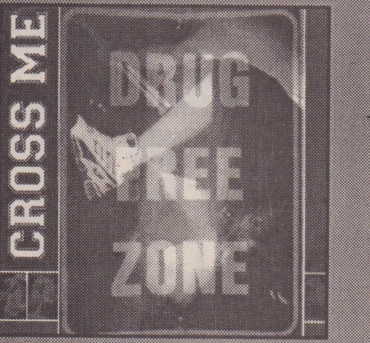
If you are even remotely a fan of brutal grinding hardcore mayhem, then you should already love CATHETER. Something about the thin air up there; just makes folks plain angry. Or maybe it's the weed. They deliver the goods once again (including an SOB cover)...possibly the best band in the US playing this style. FORCED INSTINCT are from the same neck of the woods, and their attack is more downtuned, traditional grind. Fast as all fuck, with male/female cookie monster vocals, and they fuck shit up live. Great record. (WN)
(PO Box 615, Westy, CO 80036 or PO Box 480930, Denver, CO 80248 BPREC5@aol.com)

CELEBRITY ROAST - "They Misunderstood the Knife" CD

Ten blasts of high energy punk fucking rock. No fancy haircuts, no solos, no pretensions, just great fucking music. There's hooks that remind me of JAWBREAKER (but way faster), there's blazing melody like the







BARFEEDERS, and there are great lyrics too. Ignore the awful cover (sorry, but it's pretty bad) and get this record, you will not be disappointed. (WN)
(Creep, PMB 220, 252 E. Market St., West Chester, PA 19382)

CHIATIKS - "On En A Bave'..." EP

This French skinhead band has a catchy melodic Oi! sound that brings back good memories of the WARRIOR KIDS and SNIX. The music on Face "A", "Liebe Lied" is slower Oi! with good sing-a-long choruses. Face "B" is faster and really catches you with the Oi! hooks and great guitar work! "Baston" is a superb example of French Oi!. "Union Force" has a saxophone player featured prominently with shouted vocals. This is a good record sung in French with quality melodic Oi! permeating the whole project. This material was recorded in 1998-1999. (BR)
(Cranes Blases Records, BP 85, 75561, Paris CXI2, FRANCE)

CLEATS/WEDNESDAY NIGHT HEROES - split EP

The only thing I can say about the CLEATS is that their song is really really slow. I think the surf version of the PIXIES "Wave of Mutilation" was faster than this. No wonder it's five minutes long. Is this a mastering error? I have it on 45! The slowest street song ever. WEDNESDAY NIGHT HEROES is FORGOTTEN/RANCID-type stuff. This stuff is done to death but they are decent. (RL)
(Longshot Music, #606-233 Abbott Street, Vancouver, BC, V6B 2K7, CANADA, longshotmusic.com)

COLT – CD

German emo pop punk here. A lot of jangly guitar which kicks in the fuzz a la DINOSAUR JR. or J CHURCH. Lots of dissonant octaves too if there is such a thing. This has a good textured sound going on with powerful outbursts mixed in. A nice change of pace. (RL)
(Monostar, maybachstr. 114, 50670 Köln, GERMANY, Mr.Fit@gmx.de)

CRAMPS - "Human Fly" EP

I lost my virginity to the CRAMPS so I will forever hold a special place in my pants for them. Here you got a fun little single for that sick little CRAMPS collector in your life. Includes "Human Fly", "Love Me", and "Voodoo Idol" packaged in slime green and black comic poster. (DL)
(Hot Spot Records, no address)

CRAMPS - "Venus 1980 Live" EP

These four live renditions of CRAMPS classics, which include "Drug Train," "Under the Wires," "Garbage Man,", and "Louie Louie," are uniformly excellent performances of the band's unique brand of mutant rockabilly. The only drawback is cassette-quality production, which is too tinny to make the tunes shine. (SS)
(no address)

CRAMPS - "Sometimes Good Guys Don't Wear White/Five Years Ahead of My Time"

I don't know what's up with this bootleg, because there is minimal info, but from what I can gather it seems to be two songs from a recent concert. The production is pretty decent, but the songs are pretty pedestrian covers. At least "Five Years Ahead of My Time" has a cool razorblade guitar part. Otherwise, this is very unnecessary. For the most die-hard fans only. (BG)
(no address)

CROSS ME - "Drug Free Zone" EP

It looks like CROSS ME are from France, yet according to the information that came with the record, two of the guys are actually from Germany. Anyway, there is a photo of the band from behind and between the four of them the shirts read YOUTH OF TODAY, JUDGE, PROJECT X and Smorgasbord Records. Hmm, I wonder what this is gonna sound like. With songs like "Booze and Lose" and "Drug Free Zone," and lyrics like "here and now straight like an arrow," it is obvious that these guys are all about showing their XXX pride. In all honesty I thought this was a pretty strong release. And though everything was pretty predictable, I really appreciate the fact that they have a song attacking homophobia. Now that is a topic that most straightedge bands never touch on. Check them out! (RC)
(Commitment, Klein Muiden 38, 1393 RL Nigtevecht, NETHERLANDS, poisonfree/commitment)

CROSSTOPS - "Yuppie Killaz/Six Days on the Road"

Clean country punk. Way too clean, in fact, rendering this pretty much a so-so novelty record (it shore ain't no LESTER "ROADHOG" MORAN & HIS CADILLAC COWBOYS). You've got a potentially good schtick, fellas, don't be afraid to take it TO THE EXTREME (note: I can't believe that *MRR* doesn't have JON WAYNE's *Texas Funeral* LP, still the high water mark for country punk). BUCK OWENS would never have been able to afford to buy the Crystal Palace without putting some soul in his music, and you might as well emulate him if you can't get jiggy with the prim-o-tiveness of GID TANNER's RED HOT SKILLET LICKERS (the DICKEL BROTHERS are already doing a fine job of that, anyway). Remember, aspiring cowpunkers, WWBD? (DD)
(Crosstops, Box 410701, SF, CA 94141-0701, crosstops.com)

DAS OATH - "Körper Kulture" 9"

OK, so all I have to do is say that this is ex-members of CHARLES BRONSON, DEVOID OF FAITH, MAINSTRIKE, MONSTER X and million other fucking quality hardcore outfits and you kids will go cream your fucking jeans. Still trying for the early MADBALL (hey there is a cover of said band included) meets early JERRY'S KIDS and suceeding. Hey if it means anything I like the recording on the EP better—as it's a little more raw sounding than this. Limited to 500 version for their East coast and Midwest tour of the U.$.A. so good fucking luck! (MT)
(Coalition, Newtonstraat 212, 2562 KW Den Haag, THE NETHERLANDS)

DEAD END - "Killing The Messenger" EP

Ten songs of fast, tight posi-core from Sweden. There's a touch of melody here and there that hints at

GORILLA BISCUITS or even old Bay Area stuff like FUEL, as well as a punk tinge that sets them apart from most youth crew type acts, but don't let that confuse the issue—this is definitely full-on hardcore. I bet this band is rad live. Great record. (AM)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

DEADLINE - "TV Dreams" EP
DEADLINE features two members of GUNDOG with their back-up singer, Liz, from the last GUNDOG LP, on lead vocals, embarking on a new melodic Oi! adventure! Two of the members of the UK hardcore band KNUCKLEDUST also play in DEADLINE. This music is quite polished with Liz providing super- smooth singing and the band harmonizing in perfect choruses while a top-notch guitar crescendo powers the whole endeavor. The "TV Dream" title cut is melodic Oi! with lots of guitar strength lurking right below the surface. "No Way Out" gives the guitar player an additional chance to show off his skills. "Two Many Pints" might be the most uplifting of all these refined Oi! Tunes—this would be good music to drink a pint to! DEADLINE supplies a sizable quantity of pleasant Oi! music for you skinhead boys and girls. (BR)
(New Blood, PO Box 52, Gravesend, DA119Zl, ENGLAND. email: hl298@hotmail.com)

DEAD WHORES - "The Things That My Lesbians Shove Up Their Asses/Chronology"
The DEAD WHORES twist the melody of "These Are Some of My Favorite Things" into "The Things That My Lesbians Shove Up Their Asses" with some muffled chords and beats. "Chronology" has the same muffled music under a narrative of murders and massacres' dates and facts. Sort of novel, but it's too much like a bad, drunken jam session idea that should've been lost. I guess it could be the next big thing, but I still won't like it. (HM)
(marcuss187@Hellokitty.com)

A DEATH BETWEEN SEASONS - "Killing All Wisemen..." EP
Fuck yeah! These guys take a nod from the crazed heaviness of early HIS HERO IS GONE, create their own fucking twisted mess of musical mayhem. These are dark slamming songs that have one of the coolest vocal styles I have heard in some time. They have the wildly contrasting growling and screeching vocalists. The difference is how they combine the two. You have to hear it to believe it, but I guarantee you it is fucking sick! Wow! (RC)
(Satan's Pimp, PO Box 13141, Reno, NV 89507)

DENAK - "El Cambio Esta En Uno Mismo" EP
Spanish thrashcore in the blurr tradition—most songs under are a minute, pace generally above 1000 mph, and have some breaks and catches to get your attention. Since the pace is kept so high, the breaks really do make a difference in terms of making this quite listenable. It's weird to think a 34 second song could be catchy, but it's relatively true. They pull covers of NAPALM DEATH and RIPCORD as well, so you can get some sense of their leanings. Lyrics are in Spanish, so I can't help there. (TM)
($4.00 ppd: F. Palm, Blidvadersg. 52, 418 30 Gothenburg, SWEDEN)

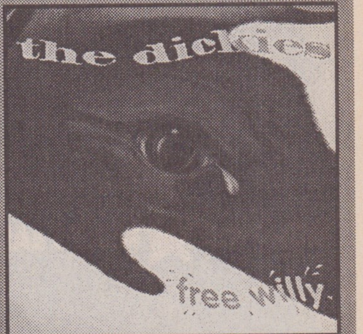
DICKIES - "Free Willy/Howdy Doody in the Woodshed 2" EP
The DICKIES put their old formulas to good use with this single. This isn't totally awesome, but they capture that old magic of yore on both these upbeat tunes. This is just a teaser until their new LP blesses our turntables. This single is encouraging, but I hope there's bigger hits on the LP. (HM)
(Fat, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119, thedickies.com)

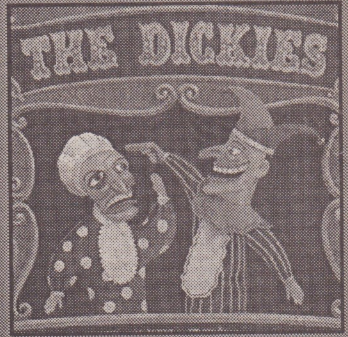
DICKIES - "All This and Puppet Stew" CD
Fuckin' right on! The DICKIES. Still pop punk weirdos, still catchy, and still a little off beat. This is staying on my playlist for a while. "He's Courting Courtney" makes me wanna move. Jesus Christ I love this band. So what if they are on Fat Wreck now? This is good. (BM)
(Fat, PO Box 193690 San Francisco, CA 94119-3690)

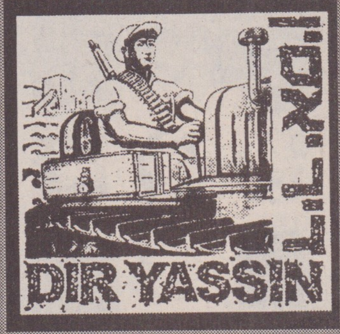
DIR YASSIN - "Ink Stains Across the Border" EP
Whoa! Israel's own DIR YASSIN have put out a great record of twelve ripping thrash songs that are overflowing with passion and anger. Even though the music is excellent, it pretty much takes a back seat to the lyrics and current living conditions of the band. Their lyrics touch on the "Jewish State" (Zionism), the Palestinians, Israel's mandatory draft and other topics of oppression and genocide. Knowing what is going on in Israel these days (or at least what I see through western media) I found these songs to be totally moving! Essential! (RC)
(Dir Yassin, PO Box 647, Nes-Tziona, 74101, ISRAEL)

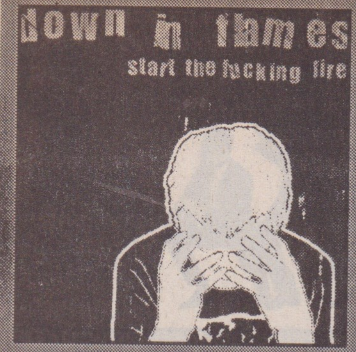
DISCORDANCE AXIS /324/CORRUPTED - split CD
DISCORDANCE AXIS start things off with their infamous full throttle math-grind.......Dave Witte's drumming drives this band. CORRUPTED kick down two songs that are so fucking heavy. While I have never been a huge fanatic of slow-doom-sludge, CORRUPTED surprises me every time. Their recording fucking rules on it too, a fully natural drum/guitar sound, that displays how heavy this band actually is. The kings, hands down. As with the other super-weights on the CD, 324 are known as being champs at what they do, and their three songs don't disappoint. While their earlier releases had a heavy TERRORIZER influence, these three songs take a more original approach, much like their new CD. Both styles are awesome. (MW)
(HG Fact, 105 Nakano Shinbashi-M, 2-7-15, Yayoi-cho, Nakano, Tokyo, 164-0013, JAPAN)

DISKONTO - "There is No Tomorrow" LP
Another twenty four from these long standing political hardcore Swedes—still cranking at 100%, years later. Their politics are still totally uncompromising—even when they approach situations within punk, they're naming names and taking stands. The music is typical to their previous output—fast, repetitive, and abrupt. Certainly not a slag coming from me—I'm best off listening to this much in several sittings—the sheer quantity can overwhelm. Charismatic, quick and energetic, it seems that they're not looking to branch out, mellow out or expand their musical horizons. Good by me—they're obviously ace at this style, no reason to change! (TM)
(Flowerviolence, Augartenstrasse 15, 68165 Mannheim, GERMANY)









DOWN IN FLAMES - "Start the Fucking Fire" EP

Ten songs on one goddamned 45. How hardcore is that? This is a perfect blast from the past; ass-kicking hardcore with coherent, thoughtful vocals and choruses you can scream along to. More JERRY'S KIDS than SPAZZ. I won't ruin the lyrics for you, but they're great. Colored vinyl, too! It sounds like it was recorded in one take, and I mean that in the best of ways. I'm sure they get sick of being compared to their neighbors, but this sounds a lot like the best elements of 97A and DEAD NATION. Totally great, and it has a sample from the most evil movie of all time, The Exorcist! Order this before it's $50 on eBay. (RD)

(Gloom, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212)

DRAGO – "This Time Next Year" – CD

DRAGO take a hardcore style in the vein a band like TEN YARD FIGHT and mix it with some solid punk sensibilities. On top of it all are some strong vocals belting out lyrics that touch on subjects like friendships, relationships and selling out. A solid band from Buffalo, NY. (RC)

(Alone, PO Box 3019, Oswego, NY 13126, alonerecords@hotmail.com)

EARTH CITIZENS - "Complications" LP

EARTH CITIZENS were an anarcho-punk band that existed in Switzerland in the early '90s. This record is a sort of mish mash of various tracks from their various releases from the time they existed. They had a slight street punk/Oi! feel to them at times and at others a total raw fast '80s Polish hardcore sound. Excellent anti-system lyrics back up by (as they put it) "...total diy resistance music..." and actual action. While it's not the best thing I've ever heard, I would rather see a thousand of these records floating around than a lot of the tripe that calls itself punk. (MT)

(Strongly Opposed, Flurweg 29, 2504 Biel, SWITZERLAND)

EASTFIELD – "Opening the Lid on Todd's Peace Box" EP

Hurrah! More EASTFIELD! Super wacky pop-punk perfection from the south of England. This is actually a tribute of sorts to an old unheard-of band that one of them used to be a member of called TODD'S PEACE BOX (I just wanted them to see that name in big letters in *MRR*) whose name is a (rather bizarre) reference to a terrible Australian soap opera that mesmerized every housewife, student, and unemployed layabout in late 80's Britain. So TPB's (as I'm sure the local scenesters never referred to them as) songs have been resurrected in 2001 by EASTFIELD the best thing to come out of England since me. This EP is cool though not as cool as that CD what came out last year which you should all rush out and buy. This time it's MARILLION front man Fish and not PHIL COLLINS (*I* wanted to see that written in big letters in *MRR*) who gets the EASTFIELD treatment - "Oh Fish you are a fat fool you are not my kettle of fish" ...now *that's* poetry. They still sound a lot like the REZILLOS .

(AD)

(Beat Bedsit, PO Box 2927, Brighton, Sussex, BN1 3SX, UK e-mail:be@bedsit.fsnet.co.uk)

EASTSIDE BOYS - "Der Letzte im Lokal" EP

Alright... now I really wish I would have joined my best friend in taking German in High School. If this was sung in English, I can only imagine the following these guys would have in larger Skinhead/Streetpunk communities. Melodic but thick Oi! Punk Rock 'n' Roll—TERMINUS CITY, REDUCERS SF, and OXYMORON-style, with some mean, almost Olga-esque guitar moments; all stuffed in the lining of a Harrington, and covered in Ben Shermans, Beer, and Braces. (EM)

(Bandworm Records, Schellheimerplatz 8, D-39108 Magdeburg,GERMANY)

8 ROOF - "Yeah If You Can't Win" CD

This isn't bad... I can't quite put my finger on what they sound like just yet. It's just good Japanese punk rock with lots of backing vocals. It's poppy but not too slick, it's rocking but not to coarse... Put it this way: it's not too far from Mutant Pop but also not too far from what the rest of Japan is doing either. (BM)

(Snuffy Smile, 4-1-16-201 Daita Setgaya-Ku Tokyo, JAPAN)

EMPLOYER, EMPLOYEE - "SIC [SIC]" CD

I was pretty amped on getting this to review, as their EP totally ruined me. Figures this would be more of the same—absolutely scorching grindcore—I've been looking for the Thesaurus here to get some good words (didn't find it). I don't know if I have adjectives for stuff like this—I used to call it "gasoline" vocals, but people couldn't figure that out. Picture how you'd sound after drinking some gasoline. There, you got it now. Awkward pace, guttural second vocalist, searing guitar work, unpredictable in any number of directions. Awesome stuff—this is definitely worth working to get. It's so great when a band will work outside of convention—this is more interesting than 99% of the grindcore I've heard recently—and it's almost entirely because they'll take chances. Looks ace too! (TM)

(Robodog, 12001 Aintree Ln, Reston, VA 20191)

ENCROACH - "Life in the Quicksand" CD

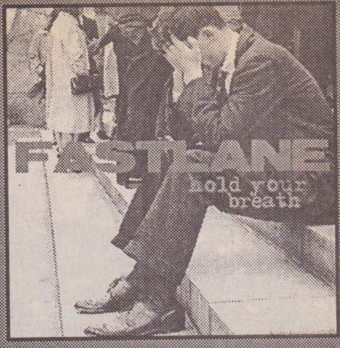
More and more, when you say "hardcore," this is what folks think of. "Old School" (as in 1990) hardcore with chugga breakdowns, but less metal than the current crop of metallic hardcore. I thought this was alright, then came the ballads. I like the feel of this record, but it's way way better when it's fast. The BOLD cover was a nice touch. (WN)

(Medical, PO Box 4981, Irvine, CA 92616)

EX MODELS - "Other Mathematics" CD

This sounds like a cross between the TALKING HEADS, DEVO, and the CARS. The lyrics don't seem like there was much thought put into them; they're like short random tangents that aren't that interesting to me—it seems like they're trying too hard to be cool. It totally reminds me of DAVID BYRNE, maybe it's the voice. (JT)

(Ace Fu, PO Box 3388, Hoboken, NJ 07030)



FASTLANE - "Hold Your Breath" CD

FASTLANE plays melody driven Fat-Wreck sounding stuff, but with a little innovation and edge that most bands of this genre are missing. At times they remind me a lot of FUNERAL ORATION, but are not quite as good. Sometimes they pull something unexpected (which is really good and keeps me listening), but more often than not, FASTLANE's songs are a bit too predictable for my tastes. Don't get me wrong, this is good and all, I just wish bands like FASTLANE would quit covering old ground. I just know bands like this can be more innovative. I just know it. (SP)
(Aggravated, PO Box 10699, Glendale, CA 91209)

FEDERATION X/FLESHIES - split EP

The FEDERATION X song is this pounding, noisy, arhythmic, hetchy-sketchy track that does nothing for me. Really, it is unpleasant to listen to. I'm hoping for more from the FLESHIES. It starts off much better. With a track titled "I just took the most punk rock shit of my life," how can you go wrong? Faster-paced and not for the faint of heart, this is some serious shit: screaming, piercing guitar solos. Good, if not great. (KK)
(Molasses Manifesto, 505 32nd St, #107, PMB 190, Bellingham, WA 98225)

FLEAS AND LICE/BOYCOT - split EP

The two songs from FLEAS AND LICE are what you'd expect from these crusties. The first one's good with a great slow start up with climbing intensity. BOYCOT is fuckin' mad. Super-fast precise guitar with both screeching and guttural vocals. Their song about a dog seeking revenge after an abusive owner comes at an interesting time with the media frenzy over the "mauling" of an SF woman. Good split for crusties. (SR)
(Resuscitate, PO Box 324, 7900 AH Hoogeveen, NETHERLANDS)

FLESHIES/PHANTOM LIMBS - split EP

I've been told not to miss the FLESHIES' live show. Of course I have, but I've been busy, man. The FLESHIES have a take and it is Rawk City without the awful posing. Both songs have lots of power and screaming and Vitamin X with minimum wankage. Now the PHANTOM LIMBS side of this slicks up their live show slightly, but you don't really lose anything—my desire to see that singer freak out again is simply restoked. I never got to see NERVOUS GENDER so these guys'll do nicely. Oh, yeah, buy this. (RW)
(S.P.A.M., PO Box 21588, El Sobrante, CA, 94820-1588, johngeek@hotmail.com)

FORECLOSURE/SET ASIDE - split EP

SET ASIDE bust out with some really fast straightedge hardcore. The music was strong and charging, though the vocalist has a shrill scream that reminded me of the singer from BROTHER'S KEEPER. FORECLOSURE take things in a totally opposite direction that alternates between mid-paced choppy emo and blazing fast hardcore. They actually pull it off with style. A strong DIY release from... (RC)
(Foreclosure, Th. A Kempisweg 25, 3532 CA Utrecht, NETHERLANDS, foreclosure@bigfoot.com)

FORWARD - "We Need the Truth" CD

Straight ahead Japcore with some serious rock 'n' roll feel featuring the singer from DEATH SIDE. Funny thing about that is the vocals seem to be the weakest part of this CD, they just don't seem to fit in with music very well. Nice cover layout on the CD I must say. (JF)
(HGfact, 105 Nakano Shinbashi-M, 2-7-15 Yayoi-cho, Nakano, Tokyo, JAPAN)

FUCKFACE - "Stripped" CD

This was an easy review—picked this up a while ago because I was a huge FUCKFACE fan. Paired with their psychic soulmates HICKEY, FUCKFACE were half of the greatest Mission District snotty, dangerous, smart hardcore bands of the mid to late nineties. Always unapologetic, always entertaining, and always willing to be the butt of their own jokes, these guys kept my faith in hardcore alive at times. This was the LP that didn't get out—it's as good as their multiple singles, even though the singles still rule my world. There's something about wearing my FUCKFACE shirt even today that brings a smile to my face. This is great—they and HICKEY have both continued to be a top listen for me. (TM)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln, Cotati, CA 94931)

GAUZE - "Equalizing Distort" LP

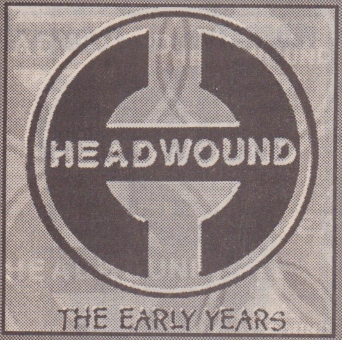
If you're not familiar with the raging thrash of Japan's legendary GAUZE, you should be. This LP combines the reissue of their 1986 12" with their tracks from the *Thrash Till Death* and *Farewell to Arms* compilations (from around the same time), and puts all 19 tracks on one heavy piece of vinyl. If you're a fan, this is essential. If you're not, this is a great introduction to a seminal, classic Japanese thrash band. (SP)
(no address)

GBH/BILLYCLUB – "Punkrockambulance" split CD

Olde England's GBH and Texas' BILLYCLUB team up on this split CD to commemorate their joint tour. Neat idea, both bands write a song about the tour called "Punkrockambulance" plus two tracks by the other band (BILLYCLUB do "Necrophilia" and "Drug Party in 526".) I haven't listened to GBH in years. They never really broke up though I lost interest well before *A Fridge...* and *Midnight Madness...* One of thee bands from back then, there was a time when (believe it or not) GBH were just about the fastest thing on eight legs. They were really big back then, I remember they were on British television's *The Word.* It's weird to be hearing them now. They sound alright—it's just a shadow of their former self, still you gotta hand it to them, they've been doing this for twenty years now. BILLYCLUB are tough and tight as fuck. Seriously mean, like POISON IDEA mean, I wouldn't like to have been one of those skinheads in Detroit. I'd love to see these guys live, I just know they kick ass. There's lots of photos and a schedule from the tour, it looks like it was a lot of fun. (AD)
(Hello, no address)

GENERATORS – "Tyranny" CD

Another good TKO release from a US band with a Brit sound. A more musical US BOMBS with leanings toward the ANGELIC UPSTARTS and ANTI PASTI. I'm surprised Hellcat didn't jump all oyer this since they are from LA. The best wanna be Brit release since the DROPKICK MURPHYS. Highly recommended! (RL)
(TKO, 4104 24th St., #103, San Francisco, CA 94114, tkorecords.com)



GIGANTOR – "Back to the Rockets!!!" CD

Back with their fifth LP (I've didn't know they had a fourth "The 100! Club"?), these German pop punk dare I say superstars keep bringing it. European legends with their blistering catchy brand of pop punk, this is actually better than the full length I heard. A band to look into if you haven't yet and a band to keep following if you have. One of Europe's best! (RL)
(Rotten, PO Box 2157, Montclair, CA 91763, gigantor.de)

GMORK. - "Rock You Like a Hurricane" LP

This German band refers to themselves as "extreme ear slaughter core" and I think that is quite possibly the best description anyone could ever come up for them. Blast beat mayhem, driving gallops and harsh as fuck vox. The bastard child of ENT or *Scum* era NAPALM DEATH perhaps. (MT)
(Na Und?!, c/o F Surmann, Scheffelstr. 27, D44147, Dortmund, GERMANY)

GOOD CLEAN FUN/THROWDOWN - split EP

This just leaves me wondering "why?" GOOD CLEAN FUN rerecord "Sweet Tooth," it's still funny, but it sounds the same to me. Then they offer a cover of CRUCIAL YOUTH's "X-Mas Time for the Skins," which is, not surprisingly, not as good as the original. That's almost 5 minutes I could have spent reading. THROWDOWN offer one windmill spinning original, and then a cover of "Jingle Bell Rock." Their song is top notch METAL hardcore, as you would expect, but as for the Christmas song: bad idea. (WN)
(Prime Directive, PO Box 571, Balboa, CA, 92661)

GUERNICA Y LUNO - "Ódpowiedzialnosc II" 10"

Mid-tempo political punk from Poland with male and female vocals. Their lyrics about many popular topics, such as patriarchy and environmental issues, are extremely well written, which makes for a good change of pace. They really stray a lot from the norm on a couple tracks. One song is this interesting tribal drum and horn duet and another is a straight up hip hop track. Interesting cross over they're doing here. I like it. (SR)
(Nikt Nic Nie Wie, PO Box 53, 34-400 Nowy Targ, POLAND)

HAMMERHEAD - "Kulttypen" CD

So it seems that this is the same band who pulled off the *Stay Where the Pepper Grows* LP a number of years ago. It's kinda hard to tell—some names are similar, but there's a lack of information on the CD booklet, and all of what is provided is in German. Regardless, this is decent hardcore—some singalongs, some catchy breaks, a good variety of pace and structure. Nothing that hasn't been explored before, but it's functional—a decent listen. Seems weird that it'd be the same band—the graphics are certainly worlds apart! (TM)
(Wiesmann, Althdfstr. 44a, 45468 Muhlheim, Ruhr, GERMANY)

HEAD ON - "Isolation" EP

Let me give you the name as it appears on the cover—XHEAD ONX—and you get the picture. Tight, well-played straight edge hardcore, reminiscent of, well, lots of bands. MAJORITY OF ONE maybe? I guess they identify themselves with the posi-youth revival (how many revivals is that now? I stopped counting). Still, as they say in their song 'Second Wind': "*It's been said before in the almanac of hardcore, there's too much apathy on the dancefloor!*" I couldn't agree more. (AM)
(Lifeline, PO Box 692, Midlothian, IL 60445)

HEADWOUND - "The Early Years" CD

Here you have a collection of HEADWOUND's early material mixed with some unreleased songs. It spans between 1990 and 1994. The levels on this seem like they shoulda been pushed up a little. Other than that here you got some beer soaked rudimentary punk rock goin' on. (DL)
(Squigtone Records, PO Box 38, Newton, NJ 07860)

HELDBACK - "Kill 'Em All Let God Sort 'Em Out" EP

Weird!? When I first saw this records graphics I thought for sure it was going to sound like fast thrashy punk. Instead I was treated to some rockin' youth crew hardcore. The strange thing about it all, is that occasionally they go into these melodic parts that range from pop to oi. Uh, that mix is really not my thing, but it may be yours. (RC)
(Seven, c/o Flycht, Torggatan Ic, 64151 Katrineholm, SWEDEN, destrec.cjb.net)

HELLIONS - CD

In the tradition of mid/late-'80s hardcore comes the HELLIONS with full hard-on energy 'n' guts. Catchy and fully enjoyable hooks you can sink your teeth into mixed with healthy doses of velocity and animosity. (DL)
(Hello Records, hellorecords.com)

HOLLY B. – "Great Stuff" EP

"Great Stuff" eh? I'*ll* be the judge of that... The cover has a guy cutting lines on the back of his guitar, what do you expect from Europe. Unfortunately there's no songs about drugs (memo to scene: we need more songs about drugs) but this sure is a weird one. Not weird weird, just hard to pin down, the first song reminds me of CRIMPSHRINE but then again most things remind me of CRIMPSHRINE so that's no help. Em, it's up-beat, not exactly poppy but it is melodic, it's not oi at all but it does have a street-like quality, I'm going to go with CRIMPSHRINE meets the NEWTOWN NEUROTICS at surf party. It's just good, okay? (AD)
(Bandworm, Schellheimerplatz 8, 39108 Magdeburg, GERMANY)

THE HOLY FALLOUT - "Heart Attack/At the Sound Of Man"

I was talking to someone the other day who was telling me that the next wave of important rock is going to

be the political synth band. It doesn't paint a pleasant picture for me since I love the guitar above all other instruments. Then I hear something like this and hope that this is what he was talking about. The organ is kind of the driving force in this band, but there are two guitars evening out the sound and taking over when necessary. A pounding rhythmic sound with some screaming vocals. I can't make out the political stance (if there is one), but that's just fine with me. (CK)
(Track Star, PO Box 60, Forked River, NJ 08731, info@trackstarrecords.com)

HOOKERS - "Equinox Beyond Tomorrow Volume One" CD
The HOOKERS are back in black blazing a trail of rock 'n' roll hellfire and thunder with metal r'n'r guitar mayhem. Serious bang your head material here. Makes me wanna go out at midnight and sacrifice small animals. Dawn your most vicious looking spikes and bask in the glory that is the HOOKERS. (DL)
(Devil Doll Records, PO Box 30727, Long Beach, CA 90853)

ICE - "The Incomplete Discography" 2xEP
There are two 7"s here. The second one is made up of four of the group's older songs. It is really boring. I mean, just pretty unimaginative mid-tempo pop punk with singing/speaking vocals. They aren't taking too many risks here. The record isn't particularly aggravating like some other mediocre pop punk records I have encountered, but it just doesn't keep me interested. The second 7" is much better and kind of catchy, but still lacking something. There is a definite MISFITS influence and DEAD KENNNEDYS influence, as well as a detectable glam-metal influence. These guys got extra points for having a sense of humor until I heard the song about mullets. How original! (WT)
(Slow gun, slowgunrecords.com)

INSANE 'N THE BRAIN - "New Fashion" EP
Interesting cover—folds out into a cross, with the lyrics on the inside and a weird fingerpaint artwork thing on the reverse. The weird fingerpaint thing ended up being sorta appropriate, as I didn't understand the record either. Meandering Japanese hardcore which does the job at times, and gets lost in a improv funk at others. Weird. Perhaps it's cultural. Too oddball to be too impressive. (TM)
(Answer, Hase Bldg No. 2, B1 5-49, Osu 3, Naka-Ku, Nagoya-City, Aichi 460, JAPAN)

THE INSUBORDINATES - "Four Years Later" CD
With songs like "Hey Fuck You," "Pig Patrol," and "Trendy Wankers," I think we all know what this sounds like. No frills punk rock, with mohawks and everything, solos where they belong, and something to make you want to pump your fist in the air in almost every song. This is pretty damn good (although I could have done without the breakdowns). Punk fucking rock, Oi! Oi! Oi! (WN)
(Squigtone, PO Box 38, Newton, NJ 07860)

I QUIT - "That's It" EP
I QUIT, from Sweden, blast out some mad capped frenzied thrash that is taking the punk scene by storm again. Obviously influenced by the likes of FAITH, VOID and ****** (insert your favorite early Washington DC punk band name here). Old School? New School? Who fucking cares as long as it fucking rips! Cut the shit and start the pit! (RC)
(Busted Head, Box 275, 901 06 Umea, SWEDEN, ds13.com)

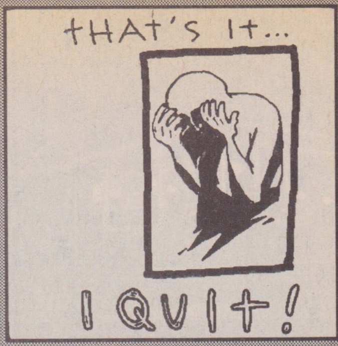
IOWASKA - "Vine of Souls" LP
IOWASKA can be summed up as an awesome combination of such peace punk masters as THE MOB, and POISON GIRLS with the heaviness of AMEBIX (hey there is an ex-member of said band). Hell, I can even hear elements of LIFE…BUT HOW TO LIVE IT? and even a sprinkle of SOUISXIE. Creepy and driving punk with heartfelt vocals screaming out against the carnage that mankind has unleashed on itself and the mother earth. Probably the best think AT has released (that isn't a reissue) in a long fucking time. (MT)
(Alternative Tentacles, P.O. Box 419092, SF, CA 94141-9092)

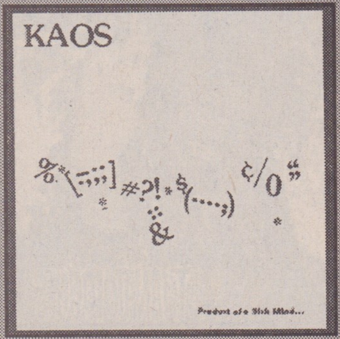
IRONIX – "Huma Frenzo" CD
From looking at the pictures of the band members on the CD I thought for sure that this was going to be a lot faster and more rowdy than it was. Instead, France's IRONIX have a great pogo punk style with a ton of melody that really makes for some solid tunes, while most of their songs are sung/screamed in French. They even throw in a DEFIANCE cover just to show you that those spikes and bullet belts aren't just for show. Solid! (RC)
(Dynamite RDS, c/o Yanic Bilien, 7 Rue Jules Massenet, 69330 Meyzieu FRANCE)

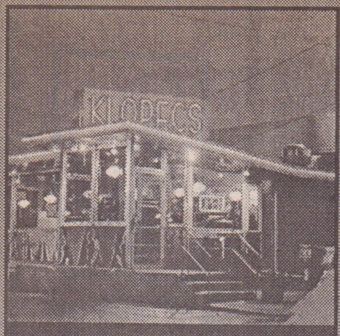
J-CHURCH/DISCOUNT - split LP
This is fucking insane. J-CHURCH is covering ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA now. What has this world come to? All right, I'm not embarrassed to say that this is really excellent. Who would of ever thought? The flip side, of Billy Bragg covers, has been previously released by DISCOUNT. This makes for an odd but precious little collection of covers. (SR)
(Rugger Bugger, no address)

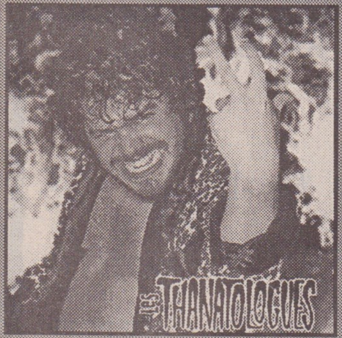
KAOS - "Product of a Sick Mind..." EP
Finally, your chance of scoring a premium *KBD* reissue—and you're well advised to buy. An offspring of the great CONTROLLERS, KAOS play tense. Classic LA punk in the SHOCK style, but with all the rawness and irony of early WEIRDOS. The classic track is, of course, the hyperkinetic "Top Secret," but the mid-speed "Iron Dream" is overlooked despite its disturbed guitar lead breaks and sharply ironic lyrics. Mandatory, of course. (SS)
(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank CA 91507)

KIDS ARE SICK - CD
Swedish rock that will rock your liver. Here you get 13-hard poundin' screamers from Stockholm's three-piece, KIDS ARE SICK. Sportin' some definite grunge on their sleeves, The KIDS ARE SICK are all junked out









on straight up NIRVANA-isms. Kurt Cobain-y vocals for sure. Sounds pretty decent though. (DL)
(Lowlife, PO Box 255, 114 79 Stockholm Sweden)

KID GORGEOUS – "Friday Night Knife Fight" – CD

KID GORGEOUS from Buffalo NY split heads with nine songs of fierce metalcore. This band is ex-BURIED ALIVE and it definitely shows in their musical style. Aggressive song structures with enough tempo changes to keep the listener involved. The production is strong and the vocals are powerful. If you find yourself practicing your kickboxing moves to bands like TURMOIL alone in your room, then this is going to be right up your alley. (RC)
(Uprising, PO Box 1096, New York, NY 10003, uprisingrecords.com)

KLOPECS - "Shelbina, MO" CD

An entire album about their small hometown. I can kinda of relate to small town blues and just wanting to get the fuck away and never look back. Musically, this is pretty much hit or miss, with most of it missing. A SOCIAL DISTORTION cover, songs about girls they want to nail, etc... It's mediocre but really reminds me of a small town band trying to do what the city kids are doing.... I'm just making excuses at this point to save this from getting a verbal beating... (BM)
(Crack, PO Box 29048 Eaton Place, Winipeg, Manitoba, R3C 4L1 CANADA)

KNOW IT ALL'S - "Gone But Not Forgotten" EP

This is bass driven, anthemic Punk Rock with (very OP IVY-like) British vocals. Plenty of emotion, ample energy, but really just not as much to tell today's Punk community as the bands they are influenced by. A little to slow for me... 3 out of the four songs worked on 45rpm though, minus the chipmunkedness. (EM)
(K.I.A., 26 Kingscroft Road Woodmansterne, Surrey SM7 3LU, UK)

LES SEXAREENOS- "Out To Sea" EP

These Montreal house-rockers are at it again and bringing it straight to ya. So, get naked and grab your sheets cuz LES SEXAREENOS are cranking the toga party up one more notch with these four new songs. The organs are blazing and the guitar chords are blues based and simple. What else do you need? Maybe a plastic cup for the keg? Think "Louie Louie" and "Surfin Bird"...think John Belushi in Animal House—it's funny and it's a party. It's an ex-SPACESHITS garage rock 'n' roll fiesta, sounding like the MUMMIES or maybe even DMZ with a sense of humor. This band is on everyone's current garage rockin top ten. No joke dog, it's off da hook. (AS)
(Sympathy For The Record Industry, no address, sympathyrecords.com)

LEFT ALONE - "My Mistake" CD

They might play fast and solid punk rock and they might play it loud. They might remind me of a heck of lot of Hellcat Records bands. And they might have a few ska songs. But after dissecting this as much as possible, it still hasn't really grabbed me. This is better than a lot of the crap I have gotten, but it's nothing amazing in my opinion. I give them an E for effort. Three chords + nothing else to do = LEFT ALONE. (WT)
(Smelvis, PO BOX 1779, Wilmington, CA 90744)

LES THANATALOGUES - CD

Judging by the cover artwork (which depicts the bearded front-man grimacing in front of a curtain of flame, looking all the world like a constipated Raymond Burr), I was expecting lots of spilled blood, stomped guts and heavy metal headbanging—not so. These Francophone malcontents play sloppy, low-rent horror rock 'n' roll in the SCREAMING LORD SUTCH vein (they even cover his "London Rocker," so the comparison isn't without basis). Tunes like "les Créatures," "William le Pourchassé," "Le Psychopathie" and "Devil's Car" are not only big fun but win by merit of their sloppy and feckless charm. Good, good, good. (JH)
(evendenis@videotron.ca)

LINE OF FIRE / EAST COAST PANIC - Split 7"

Boy does the Northeast corridor seem to be overflowing with bands nowadays. EAST COAST PANIC have been around for a while and do the basic rudimentary punk thing with alternating male/female vocals. LINE OF FIRE play straight ahead fast fundamental hardcore, with lyrics in league with such legendary Northeast bands like SLAPSHOT and BLOOD FOR BLOOD. If you aren't familiar with the last two bands, the last comment isn't a compliment. Still this record is worth getting for the EAST COAST PANIC songs, because that band is quite good.(JF)
(Solution, 192 South Rd, Somers, CT 06071)

LONELY KINGS - "What If?" CD

This record came out almost three years ago, so I really don't know what I'm doing reviewing it. LONELY KINGS are exactly this: sappy Warped-Tour rock a la later FACE TO FACE (especially the vocals, which seem like a carbon copy of Trevor Keith), but with a pinch of emotional, pop-sensiblities a la JAWBREAKER. Personally,I'd rather listen to the aforementioned influences rather than the aforementioned influenced. But, if you're the type of kid that loves to hang your hat on a band your friends haven't heard of that sounds exactly like so-and-so than this could be for you.(SP)
(Fearless, 13772 Goldenwater St. #545, Westminster, CA 92683)

LONG LIVE NOTHING/THE LAZARUS PLOT - split EP

This is a game of two very disparate halves. It's not very clear which side is which, but one side is reminiscent of early nineties quiet/loud emo, with a long, gentle, melodic lead in to a loud, hoarsely sung crescendo. Turn it over, and you get some sort of prog/grindcore hybrid, with mandolins, acoustic guitars, and blistering, bleeding gums thrash. I'm not quite sure what the fuck to make of this. Still, extra credit for trying something different. (AM)
(Disgruntled, 827 Somonauk St, Sycamore, IL 60178)

LONG LIVE NOTHING - "Genie Wizard" LP

LONG LIVE NOTHING have an interesting style. They seem to combine pretty average death-metal

with brutal time changes and an interesting screamo aesthetic. When I say "average death-metal," I mean the technical-guitar blast parts breaking into the slow, drudging riffs which LONG LIVE NOTHING uses quite frequently. The eerie, almost-whispered high end vocals also contribute to this, but were much more interesting (very creepy, indeed). The "brutal time changes" come at unexpected moments, when the drums and guitar break from their pattern, bang right up against each other and grab your attention. I only wish there were more of these parts, because this is really where LONG LIVE NOTHING shines. The "screamo aesthetic" is evident when you consider not only the liner notes, which are more art-pieces than lyrics (reminiscent of the VOLUME 11 LP), but also the guitar noodling that takes place at select points on the record. I think, in general, this is a record that can be better appreciated than enjoyed. I'd put this on my book list for sure, but not as "required reading". (SP)
(Youth Attack, PO Box 126321, San Diego, CA 92112-6321)

LOS KUNG-FU MONKEYS - "Rebuilding the World" CD
Cute, cleanly produced SoCal punk/pop/ska. You know, the nice guys that're a little wacky, but you wouldn't mind bringing home. Sounds a bit like UNION 13 at times. This 8-piece (?!?) gets props simply for coming straight outta the lily-white town of Whittier (former home to my grandparents), but I'm just not feeling it. Includes a throwaway cover of "Boys Don't Cry." (RD)
(8339 S. Alburtis Ave., Whittier, CA 90606)

LOUSY - "Bullet on the Rocks" EP
Four loud, beefy, and confident rockers on this EP. There's kind of an Oi! vibe running thru the vocals and lyrics but the production is too rock to qualify on that level. Schizo. The last song "Queen of Pain" is not a POLICE tribute, but might inspire at least one drunken kraut to get a tat of these guys. (RW)
(Bandworm Records, Weinbergstrasse 2A, 39106, Magdeburg, GERMANY, oi-punk.de)

LOVEJUNK – "Tribulations" CD
I didn't know these guys were still around. I first listened to these guys because of their PERFECT DAZE connection. Now a few years later we have their debut full length. Mix early MEGA CITY FOUR with early HÜSKER DÜ and PAUL WESTERBURG influence. This is a great release for fans of the Brit pop punk. The one minor drawback is that this doesn't let up so the 13 tracks become a buzzsaw blur. Not a bad problem to have these days. Great! (RL)
(Crackle, PO Box 7, Otley, LS21 1YB, England, crackle@freeuk.com)

MACHETAZO / BODIES LIE BROKEN - split EP
MACHETAZO are from Spain and have obviously spent quite a few years studying the finer elements of NAPALM DEATH and other cookie monster vocaled brutality. Solid. BODIES LIE BROKEN are from Minneapolis and why they probably took the same classes as MACHETZO, they just don't grab me as much. Some would call this sick and brutal, as for me... all I can say is bang your heads children and pass the milk, for the cookie monster cometh! (MT)
(Discos Al Pacino, Box 3051, Burnsville, MN 55337)

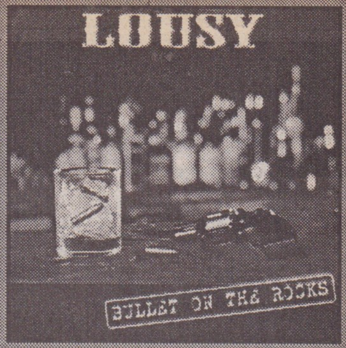
MENSTRUAL TRAMPS/PBR STREETGANG - split EP
Both bands on this split play pissed off sounding hardcore punk rock. The difference between the two seem to be that the MENSTRUAL TRAMPS have female vox, while PBR STREETGANG have male vocals. I wish I could say more, but the review copy comes with a special cover because the regular cover wasn't done yet. All I know is I bet both of these bands would be great after four or five pints. (JF)
(Shit Jack, 545 Broadway, Denver, CO 80203)

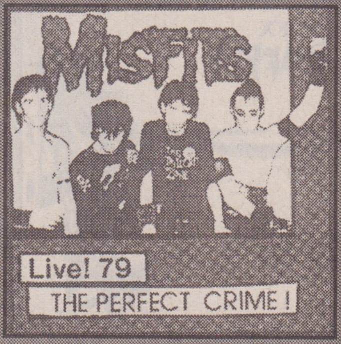
MEPHISTOPHELES DEATH CANISTER - "Righteous Execution" EP
Poorly recorded grindcore/death metal, which would be digestible if it was a demo, but it falls short on vinyl. This would have been released by Seraphic Decay back in the late '80s. (MW)
(Punks Before Profits, PO Box 57, Olean, NY 14760)

MERRICK – "An Album for Raymond" CD
With a title like this you know it's gonna get a good review here. A local band who have been on a couple of comps and splits put out their first full length. Produced by Kevin Army, this is good SAMIAM meets JIMMY EAT WORLD emo pop punk. A definite up and comer in this crowded genre. A strong debut. (RL)
(Deafinit, 920 Sandpoint Drive, Rodeo, CA 94572, soapdog.com/merrick)

MISFITS - "I Turned Into a Martian" LP
Hey, little nostalgia here. Remember once there was time when you couldn't leave the house without your foot stepping into a big pile of steamin' MISFITS boots? Well, here's a new one (though chances are it's a old one repackaged), haven't seen one of these in a while. Recorded at the Ritz in NYC, Dec. '81. Stage patter to remember here (pronounce in your heaviest Jersey accent): "We pound these fuckin' guitars like they were jackhammers." All the hits are here: "I Turned Into A Martian," "London Dungeon," "Horror Business," etc. etc. Board tape, so Glenn's vocals are pretty prominent and the guitars pretty much sound like crap. If you compare this with the infamous *Hitsville Passaic NJ* boot, the sound is much worse but the performance is more in your face. You'll know if you need this. (JY)
(Sonically Stealing, 49000 Rip-off Street, Burgess Hill, W. Sussex, UK)

MISFITS - "Live! '79 - The Perfect Crime" EP
I'm convinced that there are people out there that would make a bootleg out of a recording of Glenn Danzig and Bobby Steele engaged in a farting contest. My god, where does it fucking end? A marginal recording of three songs made even worse by the constant static in the background. No reason to own this unless you are one of those people that are responsible for the never-ending flood of MISFITS bootlegs—in which case I wish this upon you. (KK)
(no address)



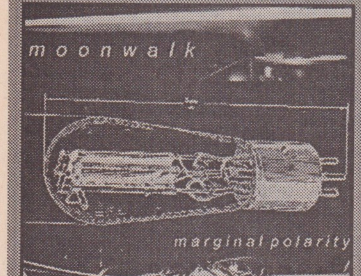


MISFITS - "Uber Dem Jenseits" LP

Yay.... the MISFITS. In high school when all of the other kids were just discovering punk rock and putting holes in their faces and dyeing their hair all sorts of funny colors, they all sported MISFITS shirts and buttons, and even my best friend forced me to listen to this band hours upon end. Naturally, I associate this band with those four years of torture. Don't get me wrong, the MISFITS are legendary, and rightfully so, but I just can't stand them for longer than six minute intervals. But for all of my old classmates, this LP's for you... assuming you are all still into punk rock at this point. All the hits are here in this bootlegged collection of two live sets a live sound check. Enjoy it. Rock out with your devil locks out, fiends. (BM)
(no address)

MISUNDERSTOOD - "All Bets Are Off" CD

MISUNDERSTOOD I bet have a lot of Fat Wreck Chords CD's in their individual collections. For MISUNDERSTOOD produce well played non offensive punk rock somewhere between LAGWAGON and the ATARIS with a touch of NOFX thrown in for good measure. MISUNDERSTOOD do it well, just aren't producing anything new. (JF)
(misunderstoodsucks.com)

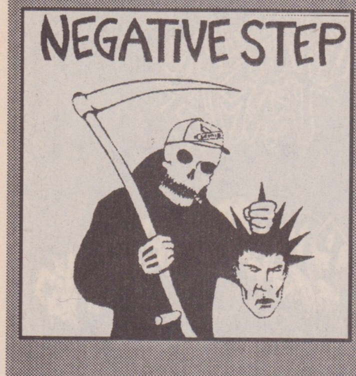


THE MONKS - "Black Time" LP

.....yet another MONKS re-ish....this time import boot vinyl....good sound quality but once again there's those bad computer repro photos that look like a bunch of square shapes.....the color photo on the front cover is so bad that each members' face looks like a fuzzy pink blob.....but hey, that's the way things are done these days.....why fuss over it.....*bullshit!*!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!.....computer art sucks!!!!! and if you think it's cool then you can suck on my dick too, you stoopidassmotherfuckinknownuthintrendhoppin'closetcasepiecesofshits!!!!!!!!!!!
....anyways, the album is great.....I love the MONKS and I'm glad they're finally getting their long over due seat in the punk hall of fame.....cuz I'll tell ya jack, they're worth it......anybody with a head on their shoulders knows....everybody else can drop dead.....MONKS *rule, okay!*!!!!!!! (SW)
(no address)

MOODS FOR MODERNS - "Loud and Clear" CD

Humhh??? Former sXe label now putting out bands who sound like OASIS? I don't get it. This isn't *too* bad but, definitely a band here with major label aspirations. Groovy Sixties-like pop that is very slick. They sorta look like the BEACHWOOD SPARKS as well. (JY)
(Doghouse, PO Box 8946, Toledo, OH 43623)

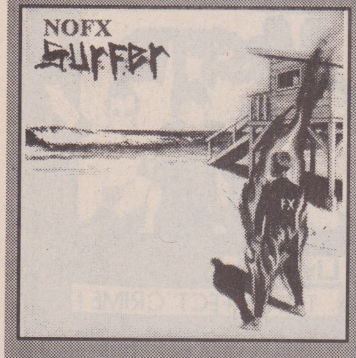


MOONDOGS - "That's What Friends Are For" LP

This seems to be a boot of an LP. Although being a MOONDOGS fan from their singles, I have never seen this LP. In fact this Irish band's earlier singles had way more punch than this. This 1981 release reminds me of the SKIDS or even XTC with mod overtones. Surprisingly just an OK release. (RL)
(no address)

MOONWALK - "Marginal Polarity" CD

A Japanese take on the girl-sung "fuzzpop" genre but naturally done with the unique Japanese slant. Imagine a pop-punkish take on STRAWBERRY SWTICHBLADE but with beefier guitars, a bigger production, chirpier vocals and undecipherable English lyrics. So in that respect, its maybe more MY BLOODY VALENTINE except for the kooky vocals. But once in a while, if you fall into a fuzzpop lull, there's songs here which are nothing but screaming and speed-metal riffing. Whaddayfuck?? Then its back to more poppy stuff. Also, song titles like "Asterisk Your Swamp" and "Rites for Your Marginal One" lead one to wonder where these guys/gals are coming from. A puzzling one indeed. But still decent tunes. (JY)
(Slow/StraightUp, Kowa bld 2F Minami-2 Nishi-1 Chuou-ku, Sapporo 060-0062 JAPAN, realife@netfarm.ne.jp)



MUFF POTTER - "Bordsteinkantengeschichten" CD

Looking for some angry, heartfelt music from Germany? Here you go. I don't know what's up with the name, but MUFF POTTER kick out the jams in the tradition of LEATHERFACE and FUEL. Sore-throated shout/sung ride over anthemic firecracker guitars. The insert graphics are well done; an underappriciated art form. The production is generally bright and very good, despite the vocals being mixed too high (occasionally giving the effect of a guy screaming in your ear, as a band plays in the next room). Overall, a good strong release. (BG)
(Teenage Rebel, Tiefe Strabe 2, 48431 Rheine, GERMANY)

NASUM/ASTERISK - split EP

NASUM continue their assault on your eardrums with some more sick fucking blast beat hardcore that never seems to let up. There are just enough time changes to keep you interested and both vocalist spit out a lot of anger. ASTERISK throw down some unique blazing fast grindcore that is full of totally crazy time changes and wild instrumental interludes. And they do it all without a bassist. It is all very unique. A release worth tracking down! (RC)
(Bustedheads, Box 275, 901 06 Umea, SWEDEN, ds13.com)

NAVEL – "1994-1999" CD

A collection from the Japanese version of SKIMMER meets J CHURCH. This sounds a lot better compiled rather than being spread out over comps and split EPs. A pretty essential release if you like the less produced pop punk of labels like Crackle and Snuffy Smile. Twenty-four tracks of pop punk fun. (RL)
(Snuffy Smile, 4-16-201 Daita Setagaya-ku, Tokyo 155-0033, JAPAN, navel@h4.dion.ne.jp)

NEGATIVE STEP / REDRUM - split EP

Both these bands have destroyed (REDRUM's EP is insanely good, while NEG STEP's demo is awesome)...and Jon teaming both of them up for a split is deadly. REDRUM play no-bullshit hardcore which reminds me of *Dealing With It*-era DRI. NEGATIVE STEP play some Boston style hardcore that has that awesome rough-

practice room recording style. Two bands no one should overlook. (MW)
(Satan's Pimp, PO Box 13141, Reno, NV 89507)

NERDS - "Just Because She Didn't Want to Fuck" LP
I don't blame her. Listen and repeat: stage blood doesn't make you the next DWARVES, stringy shoulder-length hair doesn't make you the next Ronnie James Dio, and hackneyed lyrical turns about hacking whores doesn't make you the next Kevin James Allin. They might aspire to link arms with the Confederacy of Scum, but if they're aiming to shock they'll have to iron out the sloppy grammar in sentences such as "you opened your little mouth and sucked well my hard cock" and "we are the lustful good-lookin' dudes." Hey nerds, I think I hear yer grandmas callin'. (JH)
(Stardumb, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC Rotterdam, NETHERLANDS, stardumbrecords.com)

NOFX - "Surfer" EP
I definitely have some love for NOFX, them being one of my first punk rock bands. I still love seeing them live and I still appreciate their "fuck a bean cheese burrito" sense of humor, though a lot of my friends have left it behind while they rush out to buy the new JULIANA THEORY EP. The cool thing about NOFX is that even though they are trying to make people laugh, they're not trying to be un-PC by being really insensitive like some bands i can think of. Although nothing I have heard since *Punk in Drublic* has completly reaffirmed my love for NOFX, this record is better than I expected. They can still write good songs and they still make me laugh sometimes. In conclusion, if you like NOFX, check this out. If you hate NOFX, check out the new MODEST MOUSE double LP, or whatever makes you idiots happy these days. (WT)
(Fat, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119)

ODD NUMBERS – "The Trials and Tribulations Of" CD
The latest full-length from one of the best mod bands around. Although this band still wants to be the JAM, for this release they want to be the "In the City" version. Straightforward and punky, it's good to see them take a step back and leave their "Bitterest Pill" for another day. If you like guitar driven mod, you can't go wrong with this band. (RL)
(Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707, coldfrontrecords.com)

OIL – "Definition Delta" LP
This looks like a techno 12", non-descript graphics and glossy packaging, but the music's tuneful non-trend hardcore. At times this gets the hairs on the forearm going, other times it gets too smart (almost experimental), but basically this is good fast urgent European punk. I get the feeling this could grow on me. (AD)
(Coalition, Hugo de Grootstraat 25, 2518 ED Den Haag, NETHERLANDS)

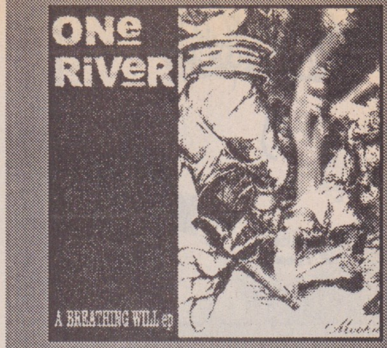
ONE PERFECT CRIME - "Angst for the Memories" CD
Fast melodic punk rock, nice and catchy the way melodic punk should be. Only four songs here, but maybe that's for the best; those of us with short attention spans like short records (or CDs...whatever you kids call them these days). My one complaint is listening to the singer whine about his "19 Long Years" on earth and how he still has no girlfriend, a shitty job, and doesn't know himself. Talk to me in 15 years, kid, if things were really that bad, you wouldn't be waiting your time complaining about how you don't have a girlfriend. Good songs from a band that will probably get better with age, unless they start listening to LAGWAGON). (WN)
(Poopskin, 220 Sechrist Flat Rd., Felton, PA 17322)

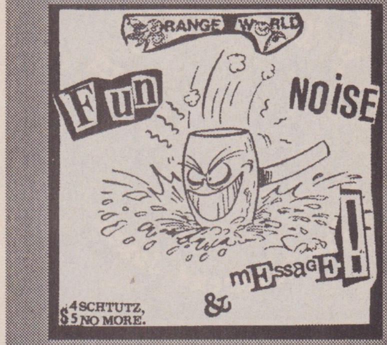
ONE RIVER - "A Breathing Will" EP
Whoa. I win on this one—totally ferocious Japanese hardcore—nothing short of awesome. Massive foldout poster sleeve, sticker, printed inner sleeve—top notch stuff on all fronts! Five songs, 45 rpm, and like all great records, over before you know it. Blazing speed, a vocalist who doesn't overwhelm the searing guitar—this is the real deal. The lyrics are in English which helps—my Japanese is nonexistent. In the end, it's still pretty rough—morality, calls to action, and calls for clarity in thinking. This is a definite keeper. (TM)
(One River, Yohei Awaji, 8-8 Ishiba, Otsu-shi, Shiga, 520-0805, JAPAN)

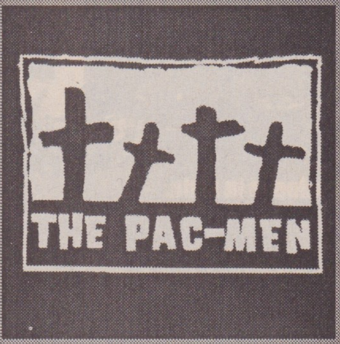
ORANGE WORLD – "Fun, Noise, and Message" EP
Lo-fi Swiss thrash from 1988 anyone? Give me some of that I hear you shout! I know you crazy moshers have been waiting over a decade for the long lost ORANGE WORLD debut EP to be released, and here it is! Okay - so you've never heard of them either, it's all right, I'll fill you in. Well, it's pretty bad I must say, not a lot of power nor melody with simplistic lyrics. Actually it's not *that* bad, there's some moments when it sounds good, I'm just not sure it's worth releasing stuff like this when the earth is facing such a huge refuse crisis. (AD)
(Strongly Opposed, Flurweg 29, 2504 Biel, SWITZERLAND)

THE PAC-MEN - "Action" CD
I know what you're thinking..."What the fuck kind of name is the PAC-MEN?!" I did the same thing, and so when I popped this puppy in, expecting more pop punk crap, I was totally floored and stoked to find the total SWIZ/FURY/DAG NASTY rage-a-thon! Solid as fuck, intelligent hardcore played by people who obviously know how it's done. Lyrics attacking "the scene" with as much venom as the ones taking on the rest of the world. "...I need to fuck shit up!" Amazing stuff! (MT)
(Red Tape, P.O. Box 4468, Danbury, CT 06813-4468)

PAINTBOX - "Singing, Shouting, Crying" LP
Fans of Japanese hardcore probably already have this, a reissue of their 1999 HG Fact LP, but now it is available for us westerners as well. Unmistakably Japanese, this will have bouncing all over your bedroom, getting tangled up in the headphone cord. The guitar work will drop your jaw and make you giggle, often at the same time. "Traditional" Japanese hardcore leans way more towards rock and roll these days, this record included, but the whole thing is so damn infectious, and it will still shred the shirt right off your back. Now that this is available this side of the Pacific...you have no excuse. (WN)
(Ugly Pop, 2 Bloor St.W, Suite 100, Box 477, Toronto, ON, M4W 3E2 CANADA)







PARAGRAF 119 - "Musik Til Ulempe" EP

Songs about rioting, fighting cops, pop culture and drunk punks who pose no threat to anyone but their bottle of beer. All this wrapped up in a splendid dual male female voxed mid-tempo'd ala a speedy FLEAS AND LICE or FILTH package, complete with a guide to what your rights are if you get stopped and searched by the cops. Totally sincere speedy and catchy anracho punk, and the perfect follow up to their amazing LP that came out last year—which still sees lots of time on my turntable. What are you waiting for get out the cash and mail it to…(MT)
($5 ppd Europe/$6 world, Kick n' Punch, P.O. Box 578, 2200 Copenhagen N., DENMARK)

THE PARALAX VIEW - "The Price of Freedom" CD

The logo is mega-metal, while the music takes a very death-metal route. The lyrics on the other hand fall into the "punk school" (whatever that means)...talking about the inhumaneness of modern work and technology. With this style of music, you need a good thick recording (not produced, but guitars and drums have to be in your face) and that's what lacks. I think if this had a different recording I would dig. Do you dig dual vocal, double-bass driven death metal, than check it out. (MW)
(Paralax View, 34333 Jared Court, New Baltimore, MI 48047)

PEER PRESSURE - "Excitement" EP

This is the late-70s PEER PRESSURE from the *Killed by Death* series and I've heard enough yawnable unreleased stuff at this point to turn the yellow eye as it were but fear not, this is the "shit." Three songs, "Excitement," "Cash In" and an unrecognizably gonzoid reading of "Eve of Destruction" make this as necessary as any pukka reissue. Distorted, isolated grubbery. Yesh. Now reissue the actual 4-song EP, pasty stranger... (RW)
(no address, but Underground Medicine PO Box 5075, Milford, CT 06460, undergroundmedicine.com)

PHOTON TORPEDOES - "Flesh Eating Bacteria" EP

A rockabilly band with a very trashy edge. They play fast, the sound is distorted, they singer sounds like LUX INTERIOR and they cover GG ALLIN. Now this is something I could swing to. (CK)
(Baby Doll, PO Box 1043, Allston, MA 02134, $3 ppd., ldblaauw@ix.netcom.com)

PIGFISH – "The Reverend James" CD

This is good, top-form SNUFF, MEGA CITY FOUR, and dare I say it, SENSELESS THINGS all the way. It's well played, reminiscent of the heyday of Brit pop-punk, very catchy. I know nothing of the band or label but this is pretty solid stuff. (AD)
(Iron Man, 78 Alcester Rd, Birmingham, B13 8BB, UK, pigfish@felix9320.freeserve.co.uk)

PINTSIZE - "Collapse in Style" CD

Hey, this is a pleasant surprise. It verges on radio-ready alterna-rock, but is redeemed by the passionate, aggressive delivery. These guys take their tea with a touch of TEXAS IS THE REASON and a healthy dollop of JAWBOX. They share the clear, big production of the later and the melodic longing of the former. The rhythm section is tight and knows how to add to, as well as frame the melodies. The guitar work is creative and just edgy enough to keep things from getting too melodramatic. The vocals are mostly sung and are suitably soulful. This is catchy and moody as hell. I probably won't even throw this disc away or trade it in at the record store, which is saying a lot. (BG)
(Building, 18 Spring St, New York, NY 10012)

POST REGIMENT - LP

POST REGIMENT is one band that gets almost the universal thumbs up around the *MRR* house. With a sound that would place them right at home with the second generation of peace punk bands, only faster, Poland's POST REGIMENT really hit home. This record is a re-release of their first CD onto vinyl. Musically this record is slightly more straight forward and melodic, yet lyrically it is more abstract. Unfortunately Arwen and Mike just informed me that this band broke up a few weeks ago. POST REGIMENT will be missed. (JF)
(Nikt Nic Nie Wie, PO Box 53, 34-400 Nowy Taro, POLAND)

PSYCHOTIC REACTION - "Red Alert" EP

Hey, it's 2001 and we are still getting songs about the Red Menace as defined through US/Soviet relations circa the Cold War. Talk about subject being dated. Actually, PSYCHOTIC REACTION is kind of dated in an endearing way, like if you crossed the GANG GREEN with the PROLETARIAT tracks on *This Is Boston Not LA* comp. It's just with GANG GREEN's lyrics and PROLETARIAT's music. (JF)
(PsychoBubblegum, 46 Spring St. Ste. A, Ansonia, CT 06041)

THE PUBLIC - "Another Day in Paradise" LP

The PUBLIC had an outstanding EP from last year, so I had high hopes for this LP. While they write longer than usual thrash songs, they mix it up with original breakdowns and quick time changes. My one sentence description is Slovakia's answer to G-ANX. If you see their records in a distro box, check it out. The drummer is fucking amazing.(MW)
(Human Meat for Sale c/o Dusan Ozanák, Zborov Nad Bystricou 455, 023 03, SLOVAKIA)

REAL ENEMY - "Too Little...Too Late" EP

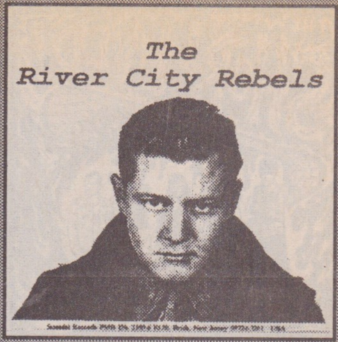
The final release from this now defunct unit, and they go out with a bang. The REAL ENEMY played straight ahead hardcore with intelligence and honesty that didn't carry any tough guy or big money aspirations. Lyrically REAL ENEMY weren't afraid to question the Christian elements, or to sing about there being more to life than being straight edge. It's a shame that this band broke up, because the more I listen to this the more I want more. (JF)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

RED FLAG 77 - "A Short Cut to a Better World" CD

Leather, bristles, studs and acne is right! This CD has 20 more blasts of the formidable (albeit a little generic) RED FLAG 77 for you and your friends to gob to. Great production, buzzsaw guitars, and songs that switch from

COCKSPARRER-like anthems to snarling hardcore. Includes "Lipstick" and "How Low?" from their split EP with SPECIAL DUTIES. (RD)
(Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035

REDSHIFT - "Shadowless Citizen" CD
Solid modern hardcore along the lines of DALTONIC, but not quite as melodic. This goes from straightforward hyperfast to mid tempo breakdowns and back again, with a short cruise down Emotional Avenue along the way. The breakdowns are not laden with testosterone, and the fast parts are coherent and well written, as opposed to speed for the sake of having a fast part. They are from Spain, and the vocals on their single song in Spanish sound awesome. I wish that foreign bands would sing more in their native tongue, it almost always sounds better...if you want whitey to understand it, give us English translations. In a genre full of "next big things," REDSHIFT stand apart, and hopefully not unnoticed. (WN)
(Soulforce, MLP, Apartado de Correos 18199, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

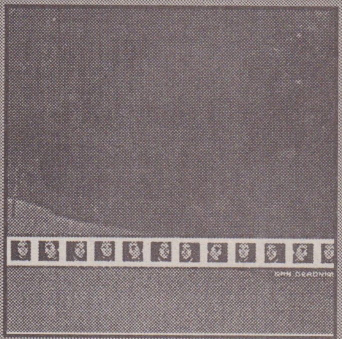


RIVER CITY REBELS/SKATENDERS - split EP
Wow! Two ska bands! Well actually they are basically the same band with a different name, but it's still impressive. While usually it is refreshing for me to hear a punk band that works ska into their sound, this is not that great. It is basically poppy punk rock with snotty vocals and some horns now and then. According to the insert, the REBELS are on Victory Records now, which baffles me just about as much as CATCH 22 being on Victory, but at least there they have someone to do their layout for them. I mean, there is a disgusting amount of pixelation going on here. There are a few good ska bands left, but you certainly aren't going to find any of them on this record. (WT)
(Scandal, PMB 156, 2140-6 Rt. 88, Brick, NJ 08724)

ROTTEN BOIS/TWINKIES - split EP
A split of Italian punk. The ROTTEN BOIS do an energetic GBH thing with rough vocals and up-tempo songs. The TWINKIES sound surprisingly like a Mutant Pop band with it's underproduction and it's pop punk wholesomeness. (RL)
(Durango 95, Muselli Carlo, via Stevani 5, 29100 Piacenza, ITALY, zedd.com)

RUHESTOHRUNK - "Rhythmus des Nordens" EP
This record is excellent German Oi! with fine guitar playing, saxophone accompaniment and good slow-to-fast breaks in music. The band has strong German language lead vocals with very crisp harmonies inserted at precisely the right moment. This is first rate pub-music to celebrate the end of a day's work or a successful outing on the football terraces. All the singing, guitar playing and horn parts are well implemented. This is a superior Oi! record provided courtesy of Bandworm Records. (BR)
(Bandworm Records, c/o Mark Lorenz, Weinbergstrasse 2 a, D-39106, Magdeburg, GERMANY)

RUTH'S HAT - "Surf's Down" EP
Maybe I'm getting jaded... maybe my ears are going bad, but this band simply doesn't get me the way they used to. They still have hooks and harmonies, it's still poppy and cute, but I'm just not digging it like I used to... maybe it's because I hate the beach. Mutant Poppers take note, this is right up your alley. (BM)
(Headdip, Rontgenstr. 14, 95615, Marutredwitz, GERMANY)

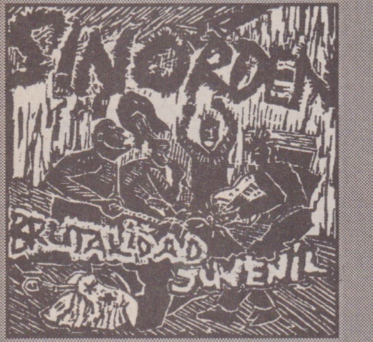


SAN GERONIMO - CD EP
Well, as the large sticker on the front proudly announces, this is a band featuring former members of JETS TO BRAZIL, LIFETIME, and DROWNINGMAN. Sounds pretty much like what you'd expect from such company. Big rock production, not a mistake or unrehearsed moment in sight, decent "mature" indie post punk rock. Hey, this isn't bad at all, I just wish such obviously talented individuals would take a few chances and do something to make your ears prick up. This is solid, and I'm sure will have no problem finding an audience. Good for fans of the style. (BG)
(Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

SCOTT BAIO ARMY - "Join the Army" EP
Combine a fucking super snotty sense of humor (and some of the funniest samples I've heard since BRONSON) and super fast, dirty punk thrash....you got SBA. Ten songs of simple, rough, yet straightforward thrash. Cool home screened cover as well. Good debut. (MW)
(Bad People, PO Box 480931, Denver, CO 80248-0931)

SCREAMING FATRAT - "Idiomatic Breakdown" CD
I just got here to *MRR* headquarters, after a bitch of a work day, more in the mood for a warm bath and George Jones CD than for a waiting pile of mediocre punk records. Lucky for me this was the first thing I put on. As I listen, the tiredness and cynicism of the 9 to 5 world drain away, to be replaced by renewed energy and inspiration. You can't really ask for more from a CD, can you? I had discovered these guys from reviewing a CD of theirs last year, and was very impressed with their energy, focus, and message. The cover was a great take-off of the CLASH's *Black Market Clash* album graphics. Well, this adds another chapter to the Japanese band's evolution. They still play a cool mix of HÜSKER DÜ, the CLASH (they cover the underrated "I'm Not Down" here), and pop punk, but their sound is even more refined and aggressive here. And you gotta applaud a band who still sing about unity, politics, and the importance of friendship, in this age when attitude, fashion, and romantic cliché dominate most punk bands' lyrical content. Possibly my favorite Japanese punk band of the moment. (BG)
(Snuffy Smile, 4 1 16 201 Daita, Setagaya Ku, Tokyo 155 0033, JAPAN)

SHARK ATTACK - "Blood in the Water" EP
5 songs of early Boston hardcore that left me breathless. These guys are all the rage on the east coast these days, and with good reason. Fans of NEGATIVE APPROACH take note: you need this. "Fuck you, you suck" lyrics, and simple riffs that do not even have time fuck around. Any time "we're in your fucking face" precedes a breakdown, I'm sold. Side note on the label: there's a Bridge Nine catalog included, and the photo on the front features a stage diver at some show. A show that, according to the gigantic banner above the band, is sponsored



by Yahoo Music, Sony Playstation, and Maxell. What the fuck is punk about that? The label obviously has no problem with it, as it graces the front of their catalog, but punks and hardcore kids should have a BIG problem with it, as it represents the commodification of the underground that most of us hold dear. The corporations have bought us out time and time again, but only because we continue to let them. (WN)
(Bridge Nine, PO Box 990052, Boston, MA 02199-0052)

SHIKARI - "Robot Wars" 10"
Well I should probably quote straight from the little advertisement that came with the record. It says, "Fake-Emo-Poseur-Core, URANUS/ORCHID Wannabees, Making Emo A Buzzword For The New Millennium (It Takes Real Men To Weep Like Babies)." Haha, very funny boys. With that said, once I figured out which speed I shouiu play the record at, a thick and meaty mess of grind and distortion came flying out of the speakers. Rolling drums and throat shredding vocals take charge on this one. And there is a nifty booklet with lyrics and thorough explanations of all the songs. I bet these guys fall down and roll around a lot when they play. (RC)
(Deadlock, PO Box 324 7900 AH, Hoogeveen, THE NETHERLANDS, Resuscitate_Records@hotmail.com)

SHOCK TREATMENT - "In/Out... The Cage" 10"
Quirky, metallic scientist rock from Italy, like NOMEANSNO (only not as dark and powerful) or VICTIM'S FAMILY (but less funky). There used to be tons of Wright Bros.-influenced bands in Europe, but the genre seemed to have died away. Maybe it's coming back. This is cool, if only because it doesn't sound like anything else I've heard in recent months. (AM)
(Rumble Fish, Via Gusti 93, 72015 Fasano, ITALY)

SHORT LIVED - "Long Live the Short Lived" CD
SHORT LIVED are a female fronted punk band that sounds similar to the GR'UPS. You know, female-male dual vocals with lots of sarcasm and spit singing about the scene and small injustices of the world. All while being accompanied by some basic three cord punk rock. Nothing earth shattering here folks, but SHORT LIVED do the whole thing solidly. I just have a feeling that every town has a band doing the same thing just as well. (JF)
(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134)

SIGHTINGS - "Or What" EP
Every time I think the "Blackjack" sound is a relic of the mid-'90s my lazy ass gets kicked by something cool, first REYNOLS and now these guys. Very fuzzy-fucked screaming avant bashing. The kind of thing that used to fascinate college radio programmers on the 2 a.m. to 6 a.m. shift until a deluge of crap ruined it...for awhile. I think it's safe for talent and insight to come out again or at least to start taping HARRY PUSSY for friends. (RW)
(Freedom From, PO Box 582391, Minneapolis, MN 55458, freedom-from.com)

SIN ORDEN - "Brutalidad Juvenil" EP
I'm about to waste a lot of space, because the words do not exist to tell you how amazing this record is. Young, Latino, and fucking ferocious!!! 8 songs of the most mind blowing hardcore I have heard in forever, with to the point lyrics (translated into English) about revolution (of course), cops, and youth culture. They took the stage at Gilman St. New Year's Eve, and no one knew what we were in for, then they fucking destroyed everyone in the room. If you love hardcore, or if you have ever loved hardcore, then you must have this record. It's simple, put $3 in an envelope (maybe more if you ain't from around here) and send it to Martin. I have even included his address for your convenience, see below. (WN)
(Lengua Armada, 1010 1/2 Riverine Ave., Santa Ana, CA 92701)

SKINT - "Thru the Bottom of a Glass" CD
With their second album, these Irish boys create an excellent mixture of punk and oi tunes. The great bass lines, hard-edged guitar, pounding drums, and tough guttural vocals makes for an awesome unique sound with a brass section on multiple tracks. Great fist in the air choruses: "All hell's breakin' loose/Oi! Oi! Oi!" This is fuckin' excellent for any oi or streetpunk fan. (SR)
(Leprock, Ballinclogher, Lixnaw, Co.Kerry, IRELAND, info@leprock.com)

SLANG - "Skilled Rhythm Kills" CD
Weird release, as this CD came without a cover of any kind. We were debating whether or not to review it—we're guessing that it was confusion of some kind. Hopefully the proper release does have artwork, as there's not much info on the CD. SLANG have been doing burly, metallic hardcore for some time now, and this continues their previous stylings. It has huge production, which I think essential to pull off releases like this. Shake-the-walls kind of production—makes a huge difference to the overall impact. It's fast, inventive Japanese hardcore with the slight metal leanings that so many bands adopt. Thirteen songs, about thirty minutes, minimal information. (TM)
(Straight Up, no address)

SLITS - "In the Beginning" LP
I love this band! Everyone should have their LP *Cut* and their *Peel Sessions* releases. This is a mix of various live tracks. A couple from the live boot from years ago. This is OK. It sort of has that Overground "putting out every available track without worrying about quality" feel. This was the first all-girl punk band back in the UK in 1977 and then they developed into an avant-reggae band. That's some cool shit! This is at the bottom of SLITS releases. You make the call. (RL)
(Get Back, Via Arentina, 25-50069 Sieci (Firenze), ITALY)

SPEEDBALL BABY - "Uptight" LP
Here you got sum white boy blues explosion going on with tight polyester shirts to match...pimps in training. Includes a bunch of crotch thrustin' didies and a few dramatic ballads. "Tappin My Neighbah! hits a new plain where MICK COLLINS hits some real sweet spots and god damn if he's not soundin' more OTISREDDING every day. Then prepare for some fucked up horn playin' and croonin. I'm telling you things get weird, but I can dig it. (DL)
(In The Red, no address)

SPIRIT84 - "Off We Went" CD

I should probably say that I had some misgivings with that name. Well, my bad! While they do tread (and cross at times!) the line of cheeseball straightedge, the music is much more developed has more personality than a generic "finger in the air" straightedge band. There's plenty of energy, but they do manage to weave in some external elements (like melody!) which really work to have this stand out from the masses of European straightedge bands. I was somewhat put off by the liner notes, as they tend to wander in and around the weepy side of emo that I'm just not a fan of, but whatever, it's a music review in the end. Rocking hardcore, good songwriting, delivered with an abundance of energy. Perhaps their lyrics will catch up to the songwriting! (TM)

(Good Life, PO Box 114, 8500 Kortrijk, BELGIUM)

STATICS - "Original 1980 Punk Rock Recordings" 7" EP

Not to be confused with the new band, this is more p-rock archeology circa 1980 out of Missaisauga, Ontario Canada. The three songs here are pretty classic sounding KBD-like, hooky, snotty buzzsaw punk. Especially the lead track, "Rebel Like Me," which to my ears is a minor classic with one of those killer RAMONES like choruses. The second tune enters into more TEENAGE HEAD type rootsy, pub rock territory. Finally, there's the story-of-the-band type song (naturally called "The Story") which closes off the record. All three tunes are real good, with the four-track recording sounding amazing clean. Though, the last song does have a certain BACHMAN TURNER OVERDRIVE vibe to it, but as the liner notes say, the influence of heavy metal on Canadian punks cannot be underestimated. A worthy unearthing. Also check out the band pic with the singer in ALICE COOPER makeup and dog collar standing in front of the long-haired hesher guitar player! (JY)

(Ugly Pop, 2 Bloor St. W. Suite 100, Box 477 Toronto ONT M4W 3E2, CANADA)

STILETTOS - "Damn Baby Pussy Yeah" 10"

Ten songs that veer from pretty good fast punk (best example: "Back to You") to so-so blues rock with a varying degrees of "punk edge" (plus some oddball tracks, such as the garage band copping "Ace of Spades" {MOTORHEAD's, not LINK WRAY's} of "Mary Anne" and the punk bar band take on "Long Tall Sally"). I'm all for tossing some blues (and klezmer, for that matter) into the mix, but why use phony artificial ROSY GALLAGHER or ZZ TOP flavoring instead of CHARLEY PATTON or BARBECUE BOB? (DD)

(dB's records, PO Box 2550, NL-3500 GN Utrecht, NETHERLANDS, dbsrecords@dbstudio.nl)

SUPERHELICOPTER LTD. - "Twisted Baby/Got You Baby"

Yes! SUPERHELICOPTER are currently my favorite band and we have TWO new 7"s from them. Yay! Although Ryan tells me that the addition of the Ltd. to their name means they are no more. Why? Please tell me it isn't so. The best, trashiest, dirtiest rock and roll I've heard in a long time and I'll never get to see them live. Alas. These two songs sound like they are recorded live with a great screeching guitar sound, complete with lots of feedback, and surprisingly melodic vocals. This is amazing. The other 7" is too. (CK)

(High School Refuse, Berlageweg 12, 9731 LN Groningen, THE NETHERLANDS, superhelicopter_ltd@web.de)

SUPERHELICOPTER LTD. - "Rejected #6" EP

OK, the first song is a mass of somewhat melodic feedback. It seems somebody forgot to turn up the bass levels; only treble here. I'm inclined to hate it, but I'm still listening. Song two isn't nearly as headachy, but still along the same lines. I believe their intent is to annoy, so you've got to give them some credit. The third cut is a cover of a song by MEAN RED SPIDERS (pre CHESTERFIELD KINGS/DISTORTED LEVELS). The original is better. I'm (relatively) unimpressed by this release from the now defunct German band. (KK)

(High School Reject, Berlageweg 12, 9731 LN Groningen, NETHERLANDS)

THE SURVIVIORS - "Where Did We Go Wrong?" CD

Heartfelt and seemingly sincere political hardcore punk in the vein of any number of Fat Wreck bands. I don't mean that in a bad way. I think they could be really good in a year or so– but this would have been much better (and I probably would have liked it more) if it was a demo tape. Keep it up kids. (MT)

(Squigtone, P.O. 38, Newton, NJ 07860)

SWELLBELLYS – "Self Destruct" EP

I'm sure this will piss them off (and I don't really want to do that, the singer has tattoos on his face and looks like a mad cunt) but this band sounds a lot like the EXPLOITED. From Scotland (home of the EXPLOITED funnily enough) these guys look like the boys who used to chase you home from school and make you wee your pants. Total *Crimewatch UK.* This is good fast angry stuff, tons of bile and aggro. Songs of hatred and revenge, pick this up and blast it on Monday mornings before work, then go into work and tell your boss to stick his fucking job up his arse, then set fire to the place, then... you get the point. Cool record—don't hit me. (AD)

(Intimidation, 7 Viewforth Square, Leven, Fife, Scotland KY8 4PO, UK swellbellys.co.uk)

TENSION WIRE - "Explicits" CD

It starts out pretty good—something light and catchy I'd like to listen to in the car on a sunny day, but by the third song its sounding like something they would play on your local crappy modern rock radio station. Melodic and on the slower side, some songs are a bit catchy but not enough to make up for the rest of the album. Not for me but not necessarily bad. (SR)

(Seymour, PO Box 56738, Chicago, IL 60656-0738)

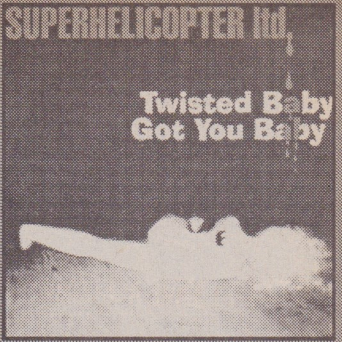
THEE MICHELLE GUN ELEPHANT - "Get Lucy" EP

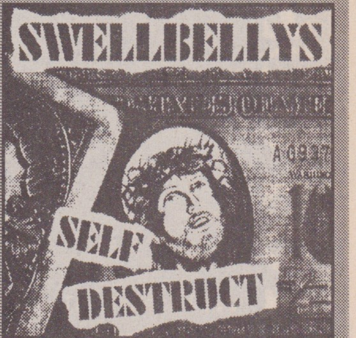
If you don't already know, thee MICHELLE GUN ELEPHANT define everything smart, stylish and pulse-pounding in millennial rock 'n' roll—this Nipponese quartet are right up on the same plane as early GUITAR WOLF, MAD 3, ACCEL 4 and GYOGUN RENDS. Three tracks on a handsome picture disc, no less. (JH)

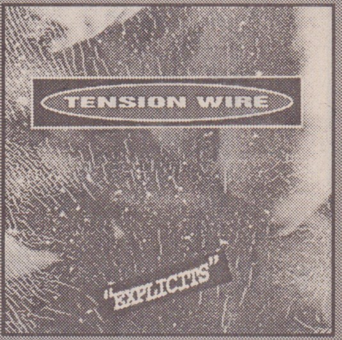
(Munster, munster-records.com)

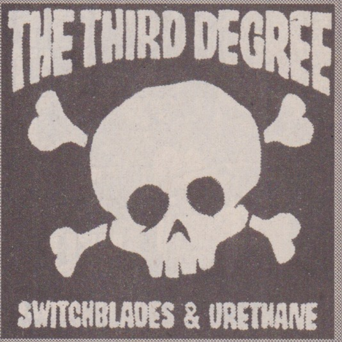
THIRD DEGREE -"Switchblades & Urethane"

Pissed off and mucho aggro, the THIRD DEGREE really lay it on you with heavy bass lines, power chords









and pure hate. The only thing missing here is a sense of humor. (DL)
(Slow Gun Records, no address)

THREE JAPANESE AND ONE CHINESE FRIENDEE - "How to Cook Sushi-Wok EP"
Mixing elements of hardcore and no wave pop, this four piece from Sweden plays songs exploiting/making fun of Hello Kitty, making sushi, Pokemon, (one of the songs is called "Pokemoney") and other mainstream Japanese exports. It is very tongue and cheek, taking the piss out of stuff in a funny, slightly aggressive way. (JT)
(Promenade Fanzine, c/o Fredrik Kullman, Osterlanggatan 65, 3tr, S-50337 Boras, SWEDEN)

TOTALT JÄVLA MÖRKER - "Industri, Betong och Salda Sjalar" EP
First song on side one kicks out some fierce Finnish punk in the traditional vein, to be followed up with songs that pick up the pace with some blast paces and more modern influences. Side two starts off with a song that is 1000 mph black metal style. I give them credit for being able to vary and still pull it all off. Lyrics about market economies, the war on drugs and other ills of society. Well done while being original. (MW)
(Communications Media, Box 825, 101 36 Stockholm, SWEDEN)

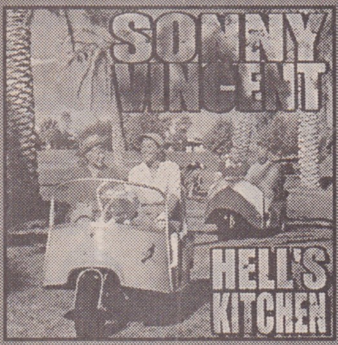
TOTUUS - "...lisaa lauluja" EP
Another brutal release from these Finnish stalwarts—they've been doing releases similar to this for years and years, and haven't lost the edge yet. Eight songs, generally ferocious in speed and temperament, delivered in a no bullshit, straight for the throat manner. At times they flirt with being almost too repetitive, but I'm a sucker for stuff like this, so it's good by me. There's a dose of self effacing humor in the lyrics—I think it's great when a band with such overt politics can see themselves accurately—refreshing. Another solid release from Fight. (TM)
(Fight, Kikivuorenkatu 17 D 36, 33710 Tampere, FINLAND)

TRAVOLTAS – "Teenbeat" CD
Back with their third LP, these Netherlands popsters crank out another gem. Often described as a cross between the RAMONES and The BEACH BOYS, this has a more BEACH BOYS feel. Great harmonies by people who can sing. Throw in some YUM YUMS type power pop and you have a great release by a great band. (RL)
(Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707, travoltas@xs4all.nl)

TUSK/HE WHO CORRUPTS - split EP
TUSK are metal as anything and full of hate. I'm at a loss finding something to compare them to; a less emo HINKLEY perhaps (as if anyone remembers them), or maybe if you took a band like THROWDOWN, got 'em all fucked up on crank, wouldn't let them bath for a month, took away all their compressors and effects racks, kicked them in the balls, then put them in the studio. It's really powerful, I wish I had more than 2 songs. HE WHO CORRUPTS are just as mean sounding, but their sound is less of all out assault. TUSK wins in a dark alley, but I would love to get my hands on a full length by either band. (WN)
(196 Fairfield, Elmhurst, IL 60126

URSULA MAJOR - "Common Confusions" CD
This is really not my thing. This sounds like really bad wannabe mainstream alternative rock—but with an edge! (note sarcasm). It is really over-produced and cheesy and horrible, trying to be tough, like way, way, watered down Courtney Love/Liz Phair/Alanis Morisette and every other late '90s tough angry girl singer who is acceptable to the mainstream as a valid artist only because she is not threatening at all. It really makes me want to puke. (JT)
(Miasma, 4609 N. 20th St, Arlington, VA 22207)

VANILLA POD - "Dead End Town" CDEP
Vanilla music is more like it. More of the same pop punk, served slick, slippery and sanitized. It's frustrating to hear music like this, especially when they actually show that they can rock out (track two) in hyper style. Still it's just a spark, not the fire they seem capable of. Sorry. (BG)
(Deck Cheese, 49 Muswell Hill, London N10 3PN, UK)



VARUKERS – "The Riot City Years 1983-'84" CD
The title pretty much tells the story here. Their first two LP's *Bloodsuckers* and *Another Religion, Another War* and two EP's collected on one practical disc. Somewhere in between DISCHARGE and GBH in political British punk sound, this is a great deal as far as US reissues go. (RL)
(Punkcore, PO Box 916, Middle Island, New York, 11953, punkcore.com)

VIOLENT HEADACHE/UNHOLY GRAVE - Split EP
The VIOLENT HEADACHE stuff isn't as strong as most of the other stuff that I've heard, but its cool-straight forward-crust thrash. They're from Spain. UNHOLY GRAVE from Japan can do no wrong by me....even when all their songs do sound the same. I just think they write damn good grindcore songs and have never opted to over-produce their stuff. This split might get lost in the record bins....but search it out if your a UNHOLY GRAVE fan. (MW)
(Wicked Witch, PO Box 3835, 1001 AP Amsterdam, THE NETHERLANDS)

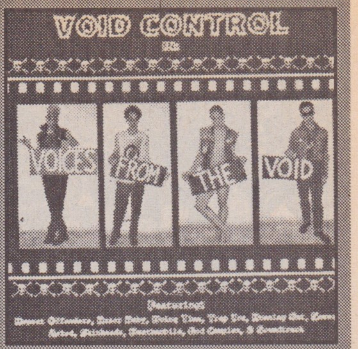
SONNY VINCENT - "Hell's Kitchen" CD
This disc has that dead sound that makes you think that everyone played their parts in different cities and then had their DATS squished together by Mr. Computer. I'm sure they were all together, whatever, but this has the modern sterile studio sound down pat. Mr. VINCENT has created some *excellent* rockin' punk records, check out the Incognito and Rave-Up label stuff for proof. But this is just average. (RW)
(Munster, PO Box 18107, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN, munster-records.com)

VOID CONTROL - "Voices from the Void" CD
Decent snotty sing-a-long punk that reminds me of the old Berkeley bands RICE and JACK ACID. The lyrics are standard anti-authority fare, but with a bit more work put into them. I could've done without the effects-laden guitars, though. (RD)
(Squigtone, PO Box 38, Newton, NJ 07860)

V.REVERSE - "Now>Then: Complete Recordings 1995-1997" CD

From the ashes of Chicago's mighty 8-BARK rose V.REVERSE. Doug Ward fronted this band (as well as Underdog Records) and continued in the same vein as his previous bands (I.D. UNDER, 8-BARK...and don't forget KISSSS). If you missed out on this band while they were around I highly recommend searching this one out. The music is reminiscent of U.O.A. and early MINUTEMEN, yet goes in an entirely original direction. This gets a big thumbs up in book. (AS)

(Johanns Face,1624 W. Columbia Ave. #1S, Chicago, IL 60626)



V-TOWN HAVE NOTS - "Self Untitled" CD

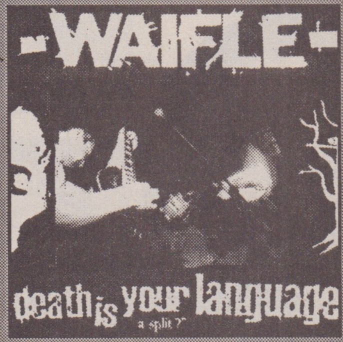
When I saw the list of stuff for me to review, I was excited to see the name HAVE NOTS, thinking it was the great Japanese combo. Unfortunately, I got the V-TOWN HAVE NOTS... fuck me. It's figures that these yahoos are from Vallejo.... maybe all of the refinery exhaust mutated them just enough to make this album seem like a good idea... maybe. This really sucks. Put your Fat Wreck collection and all of those Punk-O-Rama comps together and mix poorly so all of the shit floats to the top.... that's these guys. BAD RELIGION here, NOFX there, MAD CADDIES, total fucking bullshit!!!! I've had enough, I'm going home. (BM)

(geocities.com/vtown_havenots)

WAIFLE/DEATH IS YOUR LANGUAGE - split EP

WAIFLE opted to only contribute two cover songs for their side (one song I hadn't heard by YOU & I and "Get The Kid With The Sideburns" by REVERSAL OF MAN), which ordinarily would be an instant red card, but they do offer pretty acceptable explanations for their transgressions. DEATH IS YOUR LANGUAGE also augment their original hardcore material by murdering CREEDENCE's "Fortunate Son" as well as dabbling in drum'n'bass. Pretty quirky for a hardcore record, and worth checking out. (AM)

(Magic Bullet, PO Box 6337, Woodbridge, VA 22195)



WASTED - "Suppress and Restrain" LP

Fast, oi-tinged hardcore. It captures the same energy as the first RANCID LP, which to me is a good thing, but there's also an echo of STIFF LITTLE FINGERS among other old school heroes. Straightforward, sing along punk rock—sometimes nothing else will do. Fifteen songs of desperation, protest, and alienation sung from the heart. I didn't expect to be blown away by this but I was. (AM)

(Combat Rock Industry, PO Box 139, Helsinki, FINLAND)

WIMPY DICKS - "So What!!" CD

I think they call this punk rock and roll. These kids want to fuck some shit up. They're also not afraid to show their softer side and they're not afraid to do some rapping. But most of all these fuckers want to rock and roll and they want the listener to rock out. And I'm afraid I can't give them that satisfaction. This reminds me of RANCID sometimes, and it also reminds me of SUBINCISION sometimes. Could it be a punk rock PRIMUS? From what I can tell from the lyrics, there is a lot of stuff that these guys want to do, and there is a lot of stuff that they don't want to do. Fair enough. (WT)

(Bopp N' Skin, PO Box 14016, San Luis Obispo, CA 93406)

YELLOW HUT/WATERGATES - split EP

Punk rock? Maybe. Well even if they're not punk rock bands, both bands keep my life interesting. YELLOW HUT plays mellow and pretty driving rock music with nasally vocals that remind me of THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS. Overall this reminds me of later BEATLES stuff, and I think it is fucking cool. It's always nice when you can't draw an instant comparison to a band, which means they are doing something original. WATERGATES play a style that is heavily influenced by FUGAZI. But, as you might have guessed, they don't do it as well. I dig it, but not enough to care. (WT)

(Silver Rocket, Jivenska 1294, 140 00 Praha 4, CZECH REPUBLIC, noise.cz/srr)

ZIGOMATIC/PRIMITIV BUNKO - split EP

PRIMITV BUNKO blast through three songs plus a MOB 47 cover quicker than you can say "holy shit, this is a live recording from their Czech Republic Tour?" PB hail from France, and are awesome. ZIGOMATIC takes its influences from Anarchy-era CHUMBAWAMBA....sample drums, weird flutes, anthemic choruses beingshouted. (MW)

(Maloka, B.P. 536, 21014 Dijon Cedex, FRANCE)

V/A - "Apocalyptic Crust" CD

Yeah, I'd guess that's what you're getting when you involve bands of the caliber of MISERY and EXTINCTION OF MANKIND. Thirteen songs of top shelf crust—dripping logos, spiky logos, mellow intros—it's all here. Certainly wouldn't belittle either of these bands—they know crust, and it shows. Solid songwriting, effective delivery, and the consistent political bent that you'd expect. If you're down for this genre, these are certainly two of the most experienced, and perhaps two of the best. (TM)

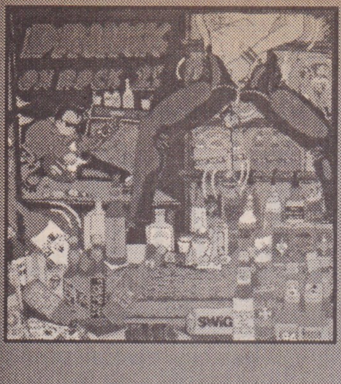
(Crimes Against Humanity c/o Nick Carroll, 6200 78th Ave N. Apt #112, Brooklyn Park, MN 55443)

V/A - "Chicago's on Fire Again" EP

Being from the Midwest, I've heard rumors of this tasty little platter filled to the brim with some of the finest hardcore punk for what seems forever. These bands all hold a special place in my little black terminally depressed heart, as they represent the first echoes of the current rise in quality hardcore. Such a who's who of the flyers which hang all over my wall—TREPAN NATION ("...fuck Christian hardcore!"), LOS CRUDOS, CHARLES BRONSON, MK-ULTRA, DANGERMOUSE, KUNG FU RICK... and while most of these bands are no longer with us, you really can't go wrong here kids. Fast, pissed, furious punk as prescribed to us in the beginning by the likes of POISON IDEA, F.U.'S, NEGATIVE APPROACH and their ilk.

(MT)

(Lengua Armada, 1010 1/2 Riverine Ave., Santa Ana, CA, 92701)



V/A - "Drunk on Rock 2" CD

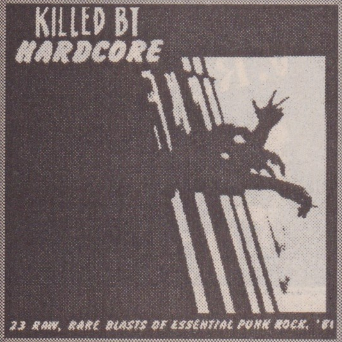
Okay, a 26-band CD compilation...wait, keep reading. This label seems intent on getting the spawn of the DOLLS/HEARTBREAKERS vein of punk certified. A new 'fluence on these bands in late-'70s power pop a la recent purveyors the BOBBY TEENS and the PINKZ. There are some really good tracks on this thing by the likes of CLONE DEFECTS, PIRANHAS, STILETTO BOYS, BELL RAYS and the MUD CITY MANGLERS. The HALFWAYS totally nail a RADIO BIRDMAN cover and would you believe DMITRI MONROE contributes a decent track? In general tho, the *other* bands suffer from sterile production and slick intentions. The Scene Generalissimo in me would like to lock about five of 'em in a studio with Mike Mariconda. (RW)

(I-94, PO Box 44763, Detroit, MI, 48244)

V/A - "Five Old Spanish Punkrock Twelve Inches (KBD #202)" LP

Here's a novel idea. Smoosh 5 12" EP's onto one LP. The efficiency is immense. Nearly 30 songs of mostly hardcore tuneage.TEREROS AFTER OLE are hardcore BAD BRAINS-fast but are capable of the slow grind too. LA BROMA DE SATAN is klunkier and more melodic with awesomely titled songs in Spanish that translate to titles as punk as "Pogo on a Nazi" and "He drowns you in the toilet". ESPASMODICOS sound like a junior varsity DK's, LARSEN adopt a tuneless TOYDOLLS stance, ULTIMO RESORTE blend meandering guitar solos with a struggling femme vox but peak on the amazing "Presos", a tight one minute burner. Not particularly memorable but worth it for the quantity. (HY)

(no address given)



V/A - "Greasers, Punks and Skins #2" CD

Although people don't want to converse about the topic, many people into one of these genres of music intermingle a little between all three (or at least enjoy a little of each). The title pretty much say it all: a bit of punk, hardcore, oi, rockabilly, and rock n' roll. Most tracks are pretty good and few are excellent: HUDSON FALCONS, the OI! SCOUTS, STAGGERS, SQUIGGY, PANTS DOWN SPANKIN' and more. An interesting mix of music. (SR)

(Squigtone, PO Box 38, Newton, NJ 07860, squiggy@nac.net)

V/A - "Inside Front: Number Thirteen Compilation" CD

This is pretty self-explanatory. This CD comes with the thirteenth issue of *Inside Front* magazine. As I'm not reviewing the zine, I only have this little red CD with scribbly writing on it as a guide. However, judging from the bands on here, the zine itself has to be fairly good too, as the songs on here are great and the CD as a whole flows pretty well. MILEMARKER is on here, along with bands like ABUSO SONORO, NEWBORN, POINT OF NO RETURN, and RUINATION. I'm thinking that since this is a pretty diverse set of bands, there must have been features on the aforementioned in the magazine, but as I don't actually have the magazine... What this really boils down to is you should read the review of *Inside Front* in the "Zine Reviews" section, but just know that the music on the CD warrens a purchase. (SP)

(no address, see review of *Inside Front* zine)

V/A - "Killed by Hardcore" LP

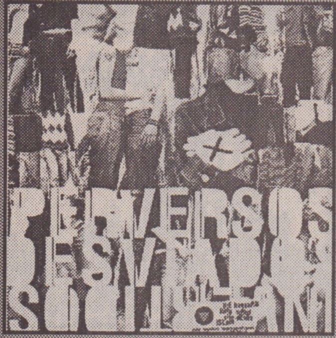
Awesome boot featuring exactly what the title promises: 23 raw, rare, blasts of Essential Punk Rock, '80-'85. The bands I'm familiar with are worth this alone, URBAN WASTE, NOTA, CAPITAL SCUM, TERVEET KADET, but it's the bands I'd never heard of that make this truly a gem: NOG WATT, the FIX, and the STATE just to name a few. Handy notes to educate the listener on the origin of the more obscure bands are a nice touch. I hope we'll see as many *Killed by Hardcore* reissues as *Killed By Death* this shit is awesome and it sucks that most of it is lost forever. (WN)

(no address)

V/A – "Means To An End" CD

Punk as fuck Japanese comp featuring the CREED, DISCLOSE, SANDIEST, BOLLOCKS, and the DICK SPIKIE among mohawked others. The main theme seems to be up-beat street-type punk which is well played for the most part. It gets heavier with the DISCHARGE-like DISCLOSE, more catchy oi with FRANTIC STUFFS who sound like the REDUCERS, and more mod with (the awesome) JAM-esque SANDIEST. The HAT TRICKERS sound like RANCID, THUG HOSTAGE sound to me like the 4 SKINS, and the BOLLOCKS sound like ONE WAY SYSTEM. There's a pattern developing here, though I'm not sure what it is... (AD)

(Straight Up, no address)



V/A - "Oi! United Nation" CD

Whoa...this is blowing me away. This is a fuckin' excellent two disk Japanese oi compilation. The energy and charge on all 36 songs is unbelievable. Some bands include OI! VULCANS, the BRACES, RAISE A FLAG, YOUTH ANTHEM, and WAR MACHINE. The incredible anthems just keep coming and coming. Just awesome. (SR)

(Straight Up, no address)

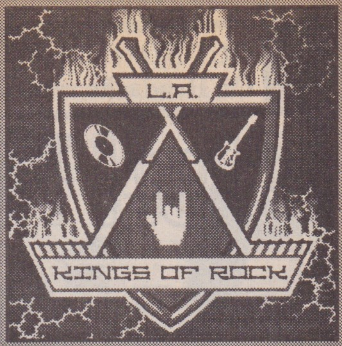
V/A - "Perversos Desviados Invertidos" EP

Queer as fuck with no apologies whatsoever comp featuring two bands from Argentina (ISLAM and SHE DEVILS) and two from the U.S. (LIMP WRIST and THE HAGGARD). Also included is an amazing booklet filled with writings (in Spanish) about being queer, punk and confronting homophobia. Don't forget about the list of queer bands, zines and support groups at the end of the booklet. The music ranges from the thrash of LIMP WRIST, to the catchy pop punk of SHE DEVILS, to the quirky hardcore of the HAGGARD and ISLAM. More comps like this need to happen, because they provide an awesome networking tool for kids that feel alienated in what can be a heterosexist scene. Awesome. (MT)

(Sebo, CC 1131, Suc28 (1428), BS AS, ARGENTINA, sebodiscos@hotmail.com)

V/A - "Pie & Ears" CD

Twenty competent bands (I'm trying to be positive here) from the '80s, '90s and aughts, mostly arty/quirky, very indie-ish but very little that rocks. THE KIDS WANT TO ROCK! (Actually, most of them seem to want to wait in line for a few hours to get herded into the rave, but that's besides the point). SPEAKER CRANKER's "Vincebus Erectus" almost comes close, for a while (sort of an instrumental Rawk take on "Planet Claire" and "Astronomy Domine" {note: the vaunted M*RR* library has exactly as many LPs by the B-52S as by the PINK FLOYDS, i.e. one}) but not for 6+ minutes no sir, SATAN'S SATELLITES surf number rolls without rocking, NEW SALEM WITCH HUNTER's "Last Patrol" is a well-written folk/pop/psyche (good hook), but we're not talking about songwriting craft, we're talking about ROCK, which is finally provided by the DISSIDENTS' retarded recording of "Presidential Threat" (sounds like the TREND, no kidding! Watch out for these guys! Oh, it was recorded in '82.). Oh, and the the REVOLVERS rock somewhat through the surface noise of their cut (surface noise on a CD? What a country!).(DD)
(Smog Veil Records, no address, franklisa@aol.com)



V/A - "L.A. Kings of Rock" - EP

Here you get a sampling of L.A. finest, LEAVING TRAINS, TEXAS TERRI, the BELLRAYS, B-MOVIE RATS. This is one of those freebies with purchase of Carbon 14 Magazine. Decent songs, good bands, terrible art work. Take what you can get. (DL)
(Carbon 14 Magazine)

V/A - "Prevent this Tragedy: Skate-core Compilation Vol. 1" EP

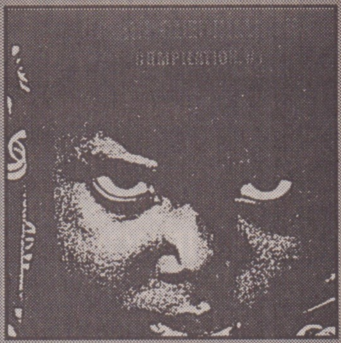
Yes, I do get irritated when I visit my local skateshop and all that is ever on the stereo is hip-hop. Though I do like some hip-hop, skating and punk rock are two things that have gone hand in hand since "way back in the day". These days, the connection is hardly as tight as it used to be, with only a handful of today's skating prodigies having a noticeable connection to punk rock. This compilation proves that the connection still exists and is still strong. Each band contributes a song about the glory of skating, plus there's a real cool booklet with all sorts of skating flicks (all "old school" decks, fuck yea!), and nostalgia. Bands include the SWARM, SUICIDE NOTE, REINFORCE, H-STREET, IN REACH, and DIEHARD YOUTH, all on one little 7". It should be noted that this is V*olume 1* of a four part series, so stay tuned! (MW)
(Element, 23144 Cleveland, Dearborn, MI 48124)

V/A - "Sick Kicks for Shock Rockers" EP

Kids these days! With their Klondikes (a.k.a. "Liberty Spikes"), their thrashing, and their hard-core influenced monotone vocal delivery. Six young sounding (and generally looking) bands LIBER-ATS, 40 OZ. RESCUE, the ASSAILANTS. DETERRENCE, PSYCHOTIC REACTION, CLIT 45) doing one song apiece, nothing earthshaking, but it's hard to dislike this kind of street level (or garage, or rec center) level document.(DD)
(Violent Reaction, 16703 Westgate Ave., Cerritos, CA 90703)

V/A - "Sturm und Drang" LP

A dutch thrash/HC compilation LP that is named after/inspired by revolutionary youth movements . BETER-CORE start it off with their super fast brand of what they call "Youth Crust." A pretty good description, for while they have elements of some youth crew style HC, they most definitely have a more punk/raw edge as well. SOBERESPONSE play straight forward HC with some hints of post-hc melody, with a mellow vocal style. POINT OF FEW picks up the pace with their now infamous brand of fast thrash...awesome. OFFICER KILLER end the comp with their brand of scre-emo style. They are best when they are going full throttle. All the bands have their own booklet. (MW)
(Wasted Youth Power, Smaragd 11, 1703 Gaheerhugowaard, THE NETHERLANDS)



V/A - "Tribute to Rejestracja" LP

I actually picked this up ages ago on CD for my personal collection, so it is good to see it finally make its way into the M*RR* archives. This is a tribute to REJESTRACJA who were a band from Poland back in the early '80s. At the time they had only managed to get two songs released and they were on the amazing *Jak Punk To Punk* compilation. So through various cassettes of rehearsals and gigs a current mixture of punks from Poland have pieced together a tribute record. I have always loved Polish hardcore from the '80s. There is nothing else comparable to bands like ABADDON, ARMIA, DEZERTER and of course REJESTRACJA. From the chord structures to the vocal styles it is all totally unique. Not to mention the intense political conditions that all these bands lived under. This compilation features a multitude of people helping out, including various vocalists from bands like 1125, HOMOMILTIA, and POST REGIMENT. Totally essential! (RC)
(Nikt Nic Niew Wie, PO Box 53, 34-400 Nowy Targ, POLAND, nnw.nowtarg.top.pl)

V/A - "Urban Guerilla Zine Compilation #1" CD

Comps suck, and free ones suck more, but this is the exception. Lots of bands I never thought I would see together (CATHETER and ZERO CONTENT on the same disc?) make for a fucking great comp. Bands from all over, CRUDE (Japan), HEAD HITS CONCRETE (Canada), DISCORDIA (Mexico), but mostly it's folks from the Bay Area like GRIMPLE, EXIT WOUND, LANA DAGALES, and the list goes on. 27 tracks in all, and only one or two stinkers. The liner notes come from the compiler as opposed to the bands; a nice touch. And it's only $3 for the CD and the zine it comes with, which is awesome too. (WN)
(PMB 419, 1442A Walnut St., Berkeley, CA 94709, Disintingration@wethepunx.com)

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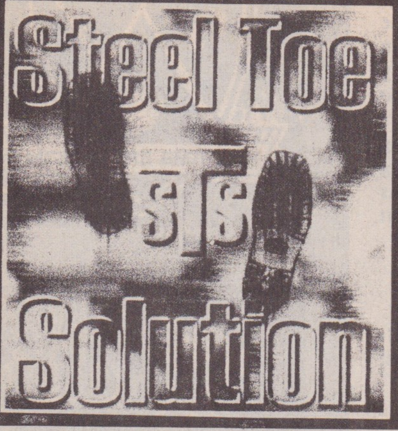

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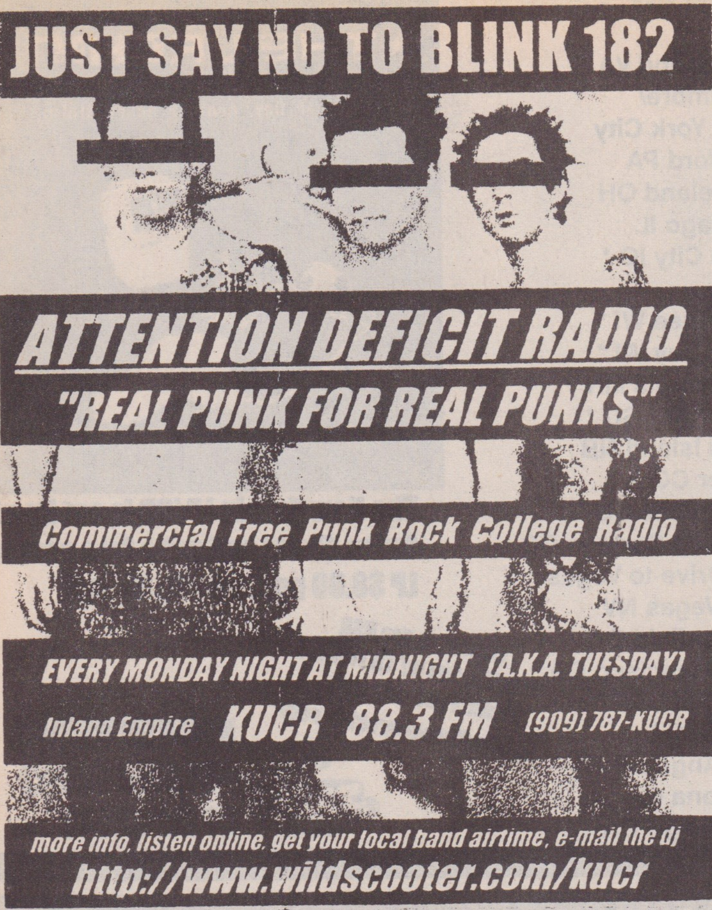

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As some of you may already know, I'm in the process of collecting interviews and information for a series of articles and subsequent book focused on the so-called anarcho punk scene of the late '70s and early '80s.
Were you there?
Were you in one of the bands?
Any help and/or information would be greatly appreciated. Here are a few of the bands I'm still trying to track down: Six Minute War / The Fallout, D&V, Null & Void (Andy Stratton), The Apostles (Andy Martin), Polemic Attack, The Sears, The Naked, Part 1, Assassins Of Hope, No Defences, Tears Of Destruction, Dominant Patri, Earth's Epitaph, A Touch Of Hysteria, Apf Brigade, Anarka And Poppy, Kultur Kampf, Look Mummy Clowns, Hagar The Womb/We Are Going To Eat You, Liberty, Exit Stance, The Waste, Fiend, Hysteria Ward, The Review...

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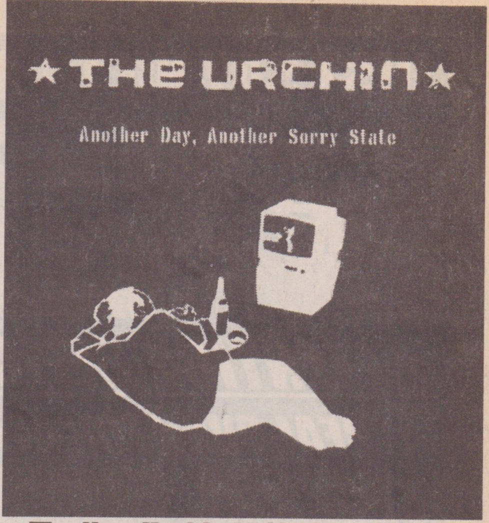

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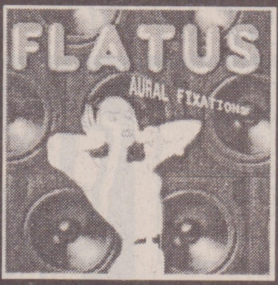

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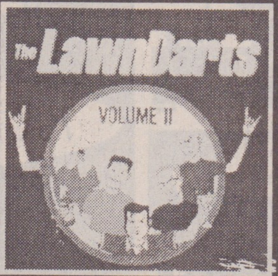

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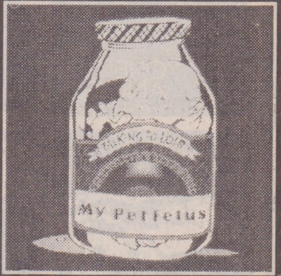

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ZINES

Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (KC) Karoline Collins, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (MK) Mark Kessler, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (NN) Nellie Nelson, (MN) Mimi Nguyen, (CR) Casey Ress, (DS) Denise Scilingo, (AW) Amy Watson, (MT) Mike Thorn.

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

AFASI #2 / $2
8 x 6 - copied - 80 pgs - Swedish
I simply could not figure out the correct title of this zine with it's dismal script. But inside the zine everything is pretty readable. There are interviews with Ebola, Code 13, Mrtva Docnost, Havoc and Edvard Persson. There are also some columns and record reviews plus an article on R. Crumb. And finally there are plenty of original comics and drawings throughout this zine. (HH)
Joel Abrahansson / Stationsu 4 / 430 16 Rolfstorp / Sweden
afasi63@hotmail.com

ANARCHY #50 / $4.95
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 84 pgs
What a great anarchist resource. The overtone is one of presenting information, not dictating, and there's a good diversity of info at that. Parts of it veer on the academic side of discourse, but the zine is generally accessible to the not formally educated. Some specifics on this issue: book and pamphlet reviews, articles and accounts of recent actions/demos, an interview with AK Press, a political history of Tango dancing, and an article on Man Ray. (NN)
C.A.L. Press / PO Box 1446 / Columbia, MO 65205-1446
jmcquinn@coin.org

ANOTHER REACTION #1 / $1
& 1 stamp or trades
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
I really wanted to like this, and had it been the first zine I ever laid eyes on, I might have. The writing is obviously heartfelt and covers some interesting (but very basic) viewpoints (fuck the system, respect each other, be yourself, seek your own path, turn off the television). Those are good things...unfortunately, the incredible amount of spelling errors and the somewhat cramped style of handwriting gave me a massive headache. My humble suggestion would be to use that dictionary and stick to the typewriter. (KC)
PO Box 1318 / Pasco, WA 99301

ARMCHAIR REVOLUTION #10 - $1 + stamp or trade
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 56 pgs
A standard personal zine — while the lay-out is clean, the writing doesn't stand out. There are two thin inter-

views with a punk rock juggler and Crispus Attucks, the latter of which consists of dull questions about straight-edge, animal rights, and "crews." There is a good personal-political piece about domestic abuse and way too many short and sparse reviews. The one overtly political outing is a denunciation of shoplifting which relies on the completely nonsensical argument that "stealing from corporations hurts the workers." Montgomery Wards did not declare bankruptcy because of rampant shoplifting and resentment toward multinational corporations is more than simply "jealousy" of the big bucks. Stealing a t-shirt from the GAP is not the same as "stealing the childhoods" of sweatshop workers, and multinational corporations operate in export-industrialization zones for tax cuts, non-existent labor protection, and other advantages that a few letters in protest will most likely not change. Not that I have an overarching solution, but this essay was yawn-worthy. (MN)
2847 7th Ave Apt. #3 / Rock Island, IL 61201

BARRICADA #4 / .50 +
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 16 pgs
This is an interesting issue of a "do not miss" publication. The result of the Barricada Collective, coming out of Boston and focusing (within this issue) on the actions of J20. While marching in the context of a presidential inauguration raises eyebrows in some anarchist camps, it sounds like a good time was had by the participants. Further news from around the world and specifically from the ELF also fill this issue. There is an interesting editorial from a collective member regarding whether current anarchist struggle should consider itself leftist. While coming to the conclusion that, like it or not, we are, the discussion has clearly just begun. Good quality anarchist publications are hard enough to find to make this one, something special. (AR)
POB 73 Boston, MA 02133

BARRICADA #6 / $3 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 20 pgs
Lots of news briefs and pieces mainly focusing on the whole direct action

front. As with many of these types of zines, it seems more of a call to arms of like minded comrades and at times a bit preoccupied with the violent confrontation aspect, but their politics are right on and I enjoyed the piece about Peru and the one about revolutionary anti-fascism.(It's okay to beat up fascists, they have given up their "rights", as opposed to the ACLU line that they must be allowed to speak) (GF)
PO Box 73 / Boston, MA 02133

BURN COLLECTOR #11 / $4 ppd.
6 x 7- offset -108 pgs
Al Burian's writing is always a pleasure to read. This issue is nicely bound into a small softcover book which makes it easier to store on the book shelf and come back to again in a few months. Good storytellers are those from whom you easily believe every word they write or say (or in this case easily believe that *Al* believes every word he writes at least temporarily). This zine is a chronological collection of vignettes from Al's life beginning with his years in college. The reactions induced by reading the stories range from hilarious to pathetic. Al's writing is sarcastic and observant, as well as, completely self-absorbed; somehow, I find those qualities romantic in a person in some destructive, artsy way, and part of me wants to say that I relate to such qualities on a personal level, but I think I'd be exaggerating too much. Anyway, this is well worth your $4 if you like to read. (AW)
PO Box 55462 / Atlanta, GA 30308

BYPASS #8 / $4
8 1/2 - offset - 32 pgs
Back after a five year absence, *Bypass* is a pretty great collection of zine reviews from England. This issue also has a self-defense article, (a good deal of which is lifted from the *Free to Fight* booklet), and an article on writing letters to prisoners. Hopefully this cool resource for zines will put another issue out sometime this decade. (CR)
PO Box 2927 / Brighton / Sussex / BNI 3SX / UK

CHICKENHED ZINE AND ROLL
#2 / $1 or stamps or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
I have to admit that I was immediately put off by the fact that the author refers to himself as 'the Josher' (followed by a trademark symbol)...I know that's probably supposed to be funny, but, um, yeah...I just can't stop imagining a frat boy. Anyway, what you will find here are stories about working, piss tests, drinking, driving, smoking bowls, New Orleans, Milwaukee / Waukesha, Richmond, pretension in punk, a creepy upstairs neighbor with weird fish tank inhabitants, growing up, more drinking, flipping people off and dealing with the pigs. There are also a few zine/music reviews tossed in at the end. The layout was kind of distracting in an almost afterthought way, but all in all this is a fairly solid and somewhat amusing read. (KC)
248 Defense Ave / Sandston, VA 23150

CHUMPIRE #139 / stamp
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 2 pgs
The idea of obsession fascinates me. Being a bit more social than some of my peers it is up to me to take a step back and gaze in wonder at their fascinating projects. Model ships in bottles, or densely written blurbs about the arcane records, shows and events of the neighborhood are two faces of the same focus. This is the point. (AR)
POB 680 Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680

CONTINUUM #2 / $1 or trade
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
If you like UFOs, you'll love *Continuum*. It finally brings UFOs and metal together like never before! Suspicious cattle mutilations, a Soviet close encounter and an Iranian UFO sighting are covered. There are also some short metal/hc interviews with Coronach, Iron Lung and Mouthbreather. (MD)
6038 W Pontiac Dr / Glendale, AZ 85308
mortlock666@aol.com

CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER #16 - #1 or trade
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
Giovanni is a talented storyteller, whether relating the convoluted history of a mixed tape found in a thrift store, his measured introduction to punk rock, or "goddamned Olympia hipsters." The newest feature, an examination of the "C.S. Archives," offers a hilarious "Top 11 Bands That Totally Suck But That Everyone But Me Seems To Be Stoked On" printed in a former issue and reconsidered here with the passage of time. (Bands include Doom, Blanks 77, No FX, and "everything LOOKOUT has put out recently," amended by, "No comment, no change.") His reviews of Los Angeles record stores and fanzines are packed with observations and non sequiturs, and even better, all his writing is accompanied by footnotes, each of which is a mini-saga in and of itself. You have to get this, especially for the "Sorry, bro, AVAIL sucks." (MN)
POB 1781 / Spokane, WA 99210

DIG IT! #21 / $3
11 x 8 - offset - 44 pgs - French
Hey, another rave review for one of my favorite zines from Europe. This issue has articles on the Las Vegas Shakedown and Paris Punk-O-Rama, plus there are interviews with the Gaza Strippers, Jon Von, Marky Ramone and the Buckweeds. There is also a good article on the Killed By Death series (third installment). And of course there are plenty of cool record reviews. (HH)
32 rue Pharaon / 31000 Toulouse / France
digitfanzine@chez.com

DUCKY #7 / $1
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
I have reviewed *Ducky* a few times in the past and it is pretty consistent in style and content. Written by two women who are attending college in New Jersey, most of the articles deal with silly stuff that happens amongst their peers, memorable quotes, reflections on feminism and sexism, show

reviews and zine reviews. I like this zine because it is pretty modest and straightforward. The authors are not spitting out dogma or dictating a party line. The writing really reflects the authors' evolution as people and I have witnessed their insights and commentary becoming more critical and self-aware which is interesting to me. (JL)
PO Box 1582 / Piscataway, NJ 08855

DUNK AND PISS #3 / one stamp
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 -copied - 32 pgs
Just like the zine you did when you were a teenager! The typical stories of fighting the law, in the form of mall security guards. The traveling life—to Canada with your Pops, and pissing in water bottles in the back of a fifth grade bus. It's only a stamp, why not get it? (CR)
11 Algier Dr / Rochester, NY 14624

FILM GOFER'S DIGEST #2 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 20 pgs
This zine is written by a DIY filmmaker about his experiences in the industry and making his own film. He just finished his first film called *Good Grief*, which took him many years to complete. It is interesting to hear about his experience as a DIY filmmaker versus reading about Ron Howard making some big budget crap in *Entertainment Weekly*. The zine reminded me of a print version of the film *American Movie*, only not as cheesy. Also included is a story of the editor working as an art director on a commercial with Mr. T for the lottery that is very amusing. Mr. T must be making his comeback because he is everywhere. Anyway a very enjoyable zine that made we want to see the editor's film. (DS)
P.O. Box 12324 / Portland, OR 97212

THE FLAGBURNER #8 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 16 pgs
I believe I gave a less than favorable review to the last issue of *Flagburner*. Though this issue is a bit less irksome then the last, a sense of cocky arrogance still prevails in his interviews. I guess it shouldn't deter you from enjoying interviews with Riot/Clone (did you know they don't eat meat?), articles on railing through Europe, and alternative energy sources. (CR)
Janne Nystrom / Eurante / 12 A9 / 00550 Helsinki / Finland

FRACTURE #16 / free in UK
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 80 pgs
Excellent as usual. I think *Fracture* is one of the best zines around, and a vital addition to the UK punk scene. (I mean, I guess it is, I don't live there...) Loads of columns and local happenings, as well as great interviews, Propagandhi, Ben Deily and Small Brown Bike. The *Fracture* people are mourning the death of one of their friends/contributors, Jas Toomer, so I extend sympathies or whatever useless gesture to say that these folks are great and I'm so glad they're around. Go to their website to get ordering info where you live. (GF)
PO Box 623 / Cardiff CF3 4ZA / Wales, UK
www.seanchai.dircon.co.uk

GO METRIC! #13 / $2
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 60 pgs
While it would be a stretch to call this punk, I loved the variety, humor and quirkiness of this zine. "Chicken Soup for the Punk Rock Soul" and the story in defense of Queen started us out on the right foot. There was a nice little Japan tour story, and for you comic geeks there were pieces on Plastic Man and the X-men (unfortunately written by Reverend Norb). The Sissies, the Figgs and Young Fresh Fellows all get reviewed, as well as Break Up Records and *Spank* Zine. Toss in some reviews and you have a nice well rounded zine. Enjoy. (MD)
2069L Village Court / Raleigh, NC 27607
gometric@yahoo.com

GOOD LITTLE GIRLS #1 / $?
7 x 8 1/2 - copied
This is the "hype" issue—most of the rants are about advertising, fashion, etc., but there's also some on gun control, pop music, and some funny personal stuff. I don't agree with the author's resignation to the inevitability of hype, or that it's OK to buy into it as long as you know that's what you're doing; but you should read it and decide for yourself—don't just believe my un-hype. Good artwork, and the page of big-haired girls totally sold me. (NN)
PO Box 10252 / Pittsburgh, PA 15232
goodlittlegirl@angelfire.com

GREEN ANARCHY #5 / $2 U.S./ $3 Canada / $4 UK / free to prisoners
11 x 17 - offset - 14 pgs
As usual tons of info on environmental struggles, and a slew of of other articles relating to anarchism and the struggle to make sense of this world from that point of view. Pretty excellent article on Human Genome Project and the discussion of the masculinization of militancy was also a good read and stand out in my mind. While I don't always agree with the content, I always find reading this challenging to me and my life and so I fully support their efforts. You should to. (MT)
P.O. Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440
greenanarchy@tao.ca

GREEN ZINE #10 / ?
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 52 pgs
Gotta be honest and say that I'm torn on this one. I love the artwork, layout and story titles...I mean how can you go wrong with a tale called "The Difference Between the South and South Florida" or "Lick my Pointy Boots"? The images invoked are immediate and intriguing...but (for me) the actual stories fell short of what my

brain had quickly imagined. This is not to say that the writing is bad, it just strikes me as being kind of vague and "if you weren't there, you wouldn't understand" at times...almost as if written for a very specific audience. You will find dumpster diving, road trips, potato soup, Schlitz, bloody scabs, flirting, feces, and cheese cubes on toothpicks intertwined in these pages. There are also short interviews with Bratmobile and J Church and a few record reviews. I don't know how to end this...I liked it, but I didn't...I guess you'll have to decide for yourselves. No price was listed, so I'm gonna guess that it's in the $2 range, but you might want to e-mail or send a postcard first. (KC)
1130 Greensboro Ln. #112 / Sarasota, FL 34234
cabotgal@aol.com

HOOLIGAN HOUSE #2 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
Welcome to the hope of punk rock. Where many small town, youth generated zines shamelessly mimic their influences to the degree that nausea ensues, *HH* uses its influences as source material. The themes of skinhead, unity, politics emerges as a context in which a few people have actually made shit-town USA a livable place. I congratulate them and recommend this as a refresher course in why punk rock is not dead. Not at all. (AR)
POB 180983, Utica, MI 48318-0983

IDIOSYNCRASY #3 / $1 or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
This one is a really great little zine with a primary focus on my favorite topic in zines, geography. Any time the main focus of the writing is on the location and it's relation to the writer, I'm pretty excited, especially if it's not a travel zine. The location for *Idiosyncrasy* is Boston, (or at least the greater Boston area) where Cherry has recently moved, (Ugh!, but to follow a boy!) , and is full of little stories about the idiosyncrasies, that make Boston a unique place. Really well written, interesting, and short. Fuckin' cool! (CR)
PO Box 931333 / Los Angeles, CA 90093

IMPACT PRESS #32 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 56 pgs
Newsprint zine with an activist slant. There's lots of columns on topics ranging from gun control to a self-proclaimed journalist's desire to be asked to write (for money) about a famous U.S. race car driver who recently died. Articles on FTAA, meat and dairy's impact on the environment, oil drilling in Alaska, the Falun Gong "cult" and the Chinese government's attempt to

crush it, direct action and revolution, the horrors and health hazards of U.S. animal factory farms, extinction of the Manatees, and educational inequality in the U.S. The jokey columns struck me as annoying because well, they weren't funny and seemed to be written simply because some dolt needed something to do to pass the time at his lame dot.com or telemarketing job. Luckily there's only a couple of those and they're only a page long with pictures. The serious articles were intelligently written and well researched and well worth reading, especially if some of these topics are new to you. (AW)
PMB 361 / 10151 University Blvd / Orlando, FL 32817

INSIDE FRONT #13 / $5 ppd US, more world
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 164 pgs
Not too long after I started to read *MRR*, *Cometbus* started publishing again and that issue was huge and wonderful to hear everyone tell it and I thought "I oughta send the two bucks" but I never did and have always regretted it. Here is your chance to learn from my mistakes! Five bucks is a lot of money for a zine, esp. if you don't have a CD player to enjoy the 14 track disc included with this issue (or aren't into the music), but here is how you get your money's worth...The introduction is meatier than many smaller zines we see here, with a great story of a renegade noise show in a convenience store at two am. The scene reports are broken into two sections - there are detailed, critical reports of many of the major protest actions you've already read a lot about, and these are better than most - and there is a long section on the editor's band's tour of Brazil and an informative overview of the political situation there written by a Brazilian punk. Note that this recap leaves out many other places and great stories in the scene reports. In the columns there is an article about the short-lived Kalakuta Republic inside Nigeria that reads like the living out of a punk dream. This stuff alone is worth five bucks to me and you still get a Butchies interview, writing on sex(uality) and demonstrations, other interesting columns, a ton of reviews (though fewer than previous issues)... This is the final issue of this publication. Send your money to... (JM)
PO Box 55462 / Atlanta, GA 30308

JADED IN CHICAGO #11 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 40 pgs
The last time I reviewed this zine a year or so ago, I gave them shit because they didn't really have a lot of Chicagoland focused info. However, I am glad to see they have vastly improved in coverage and quality. In addition to Chicago stuff, this issue has interviews with One Man Army, Less then Jake and Weakerthans and others. It is also free in Chicago. (DS)
4031 Forest Ave/ Western Springs, IL 60558

KISS OFF #6 / $1 or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 42 pgs
Ah, yes, this is some scrumpdillyicious emo writing and I am not ashamed to admit that I really, really like it! Great cut and paste layout, old typewriter font (and I'm talking the real deal here, not some computer version), stories involving love, beer, smoking, train tracks, car accidents, kissing, hot summer nights, walking in the rain, the greyhound, mescaline, coffee, heartbreak, a crazy punk fest in the woods...being both miserable and elated and everything in between. Chris has a great knack for telling stories and truly reeling the reader into the very fabric of the tales. Good fuck-

ing stuff here! Well worth your dollar and your time. (KC)
7 - 306 Frank St / Ottawa, ON K2P 0X8 / Canada

KORRIGAN #4 / 20 ff
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 56 pgs - French
This Swiss zine covers some indie rock and the cleaner side of hardcore. Number four features an interview with Juno, along with activist group Reclaim the Streets, and a piece called "Dear Switzerland, are we all xenophobes?"where writer Olivier critically examines his national attitudes. The layout is appealing in a bloodless sort of way, and the reviews, of records and zines, seem consistently thoughtful. (AC)
Chemin du Vounoz 10 / 1400 Yverdon / Suisse

LA FUERZA DE L@S DE ABAJO #9, #10 / $2
7 1/2 x 9 - copied - 12 pgs - Spanish
This short music/political zine gives you a glimpse of punk in Buenos Aires. It's a bit thin for the price, but I believe most of the cost is postage. #9 has interviews with La Contra and Dano Cerebral; #10, with The Tim Version, Blue Water Boy, and Hospital Food. Both issues have interesting. mostly political rants, a handful of columns, and record and zine reviews. I liked the selection of photos and the comic in #10. If you're at all interested in South American punk, I recommend this. (Note: the information given above is for each issue—the two issues are *not* combined.) (NN)
Luciano Leone / Terrada 2045 6' A / 1416 Buenos Aires / Argentina
lucianopunx@hotmail.com

MINDLESS COMMODITY #5 - $2 US
8 1/2 x 6 - copied - 40 pgs
Spider signs off the introduction with, "Drink cider and listen to G.I.S.M," and that pretty much sums up the spirit of this content-heavy crust zine. Recipes for vegan bread and a fruity cider (with taste testimonials from pals and assorted punks about this "ungovernable force," and by the way, I have to say I always appreciate a good Conflict reference), accounts of a local punk picnic and a Reclaim the Streets event, and band interviews with Cluster Bomb Unit and The Bigots. But that's *just* the beginning! There are some great, thoughtful essays about Australia's penal and colonial history, queer punk rockers, heroin, punk politics, and Che Guevera. We need more zines like these in the world — and in my review bin. (MN)
Spider / PO Box 279 / Enmore NSW 2042 / Australia

MYSTEREX #1 / $5 ppd air
8 1/2 x 12 - offset - 58 pgs
Big thick dense mag on the history of New Zealand punk. I don't know anything about it, but this sure looks like a real thorough job.Apparently this came out last year, and this is a second print run. Lots of long pieces on The Scavengers, Proud Scum, The Spelling Mistakes, No Tag, and lots more. Great for collectors or anyone wanting to explore this scene. (GF)
PO Box 7127 / Wellesley St, Aukland / New Zealand
crawl@ihug.co.nz

THE NEUS SUBJEX #33-35 / stamp
8 1/2 x 22 - copied - 2 pgs
The good news is that this is not handwritten. The bad news is that it dwells in the nether regions of 6 point type face. Ouch! This broadsheet tells the story of mostly grown up post-punk rock and roll music from the local scene. Lots of show and record reviews that are above average. Worth the money if you live in the area. (AR)
POB 18051 Fairfield, OH 45018

NUDE ZINE-MOBIL LISTENING POST #1 / $2 ppd.
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
This is a well-rounded zine from New Zealand with contributions coming from many different people, each writing with a pretty different focus. It starts with an excerpt into the history of skate core which supposedly originates with J.F.A. Also pieces about resistance and capitalism, reprints from Eugene, Oregon's Green Anarchy, helpful hints and instructions on gardening vegetables and composing, stuff about hip hop and graffiti. I liked Mandy's prose about art and passion and the struggle to avoid compartmentalization of our lives. Overall, an interesting read from seemingly very kind-hearted punks. (AW)
PO Box 54-072 / Bucklands Beach, Auckland, New Zealand

THE NORTHEASTERN ANARCHIST #1 / $15 for 4 issues US, $18 world
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 40 pgs
You could spend your time visiting thirty different websites to read all the information in here, or fold up this publication in your back pocket and read it in the park, on public transport, etc. It follows a familiar format of regional and international news on topics I've come to expect, along with reprints of long-dead anarchists' writing, though this (maga)zine is flush with material compared to similar publications I've perused. Also the photos are cleanly reproduced and used to good effect, something not common enough in zines. My only criticism is that I believe even a well put together $4 anarchist paper, with a glossy cover and no ads, will not sell enough copies to stay alive for long. (JM)
c/o Sabate Anarchist Collective (NEFAC) / PO Box 230685 / Boston, MA 02123

ON DISPLAY #3 / $3
11 x 17 - offset - 16 pgs
Awesome newsprint zine from Denmark which is loaded to the brim with reviews, well written and thought out columns, plus really solid and interesting interviews with Active Minds (yeah!) and Snapcase (hey i can't stand them either- but believe it or not the interview was really good and interesting). This puppy is going to find itself a spot in my magazine rack in my bathroom– and that's the highest honor I can bestow upon a zine! Good stuff! (MT)
Rosenkrantzgd 1 / 8000 Århus C / Denmark
ondisplay@get2net.dk

PANACHE 2/24/01 / free
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 48 pgs
I never knew there was more to Humbolt County than hippies and reefer madness, till I got *Panache*. Sounds like speed is an equally popular pastime, and, believe it or not, punk seems to be flourishing there

too. This is a substantial zine, with tons of local band interviews (Strawberry Black and The White Stripes were the ones I wanted to see after reading this), and rants on various themes. Some really fucking funny stuff, and other well thought-out, interesting articles and interviews. The one drawback was the rant of a "misunderstood" Republican—absolutely nothing in there that I hadn't already heard a billion times before—but I'm figuring the editor wanted a breadth of contributions. Otherwise, a thoroughly enjoyable read. (NN)
PO Box 300 / Eureka, CA 95502
panachemagazine@hotmail.com

PARAFERNALIA DEL SUBSUELO #13 / free or trade
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 6 pgs - Spanish
Another jam-packed little issue. Two interviews with people in the counter cultural movement in Queretaro: one with a dj for an independent radio station, and the second with the director of a cultural center. There's also an interview with the band Rash, a staggering amount of columns, and my personal favorite: the top 10 lists. Spirited, informative, and as fun a read as I've come to expect it to be. (NN)
Kitsch del Alma Distro / Apartado Postal 1879 / 64000 Monterrey, Mexico

PARAFERNALIA DEL SUBSUELO #14 / free or trade
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 6 pgs - Spanish
Damn, these guys crank out the issues fast. This one's got a lengthy interview with Madriza Salvaje, a Mexican punk band that's been around for eight years; a partial scene report on Monterrey (a more complete one is forthcoming); and hellz yeah, the columns and top 10s. (NN)
Kitsch del Alma Distro / Apartado Postal 1879 / 64000 Monterrey, Mexico

PREVARICATOR: DEFINITION THREE #4 / $1 ppd or trade
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 24 pgs
I love to see comics in zines and there are some decent short ones in here. I hate to see emailed interviews in desperate need of editing, not to mention content, and there are a few of those here as well. I do like to read about people dropping out of school, but still, unless you love comics and hate reading, send your dollar elsewhere. (JM)
829 Market St East / Gaithersburg, MD 20878

PROMENADE #11 / $3
8 x 6 - offset - 60 pgs - Swedish
This zine is almost exclusively interviews with bands most of them probably unfamiliar to an American audience. Those included are Atom And His Package, Tinnitus, Milemarker and Audionom. There is also an interview with the zine Black Cat. Not being too hip to the Swedish scene it was hard for me to review this zine except to say it seems pretty cool! (HH)
Fredrik Kullman / Osterianggatan 65, 3 tr / 503 37 Boras / Sweden

RAW PUNK BASTARDS #3/4 / ?
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 56 pgs
This thing is a monster. Thrashing mayhem throughout, with a fucking *ton* of interviews with *Ripping Thrash* (zine), Wolfpack, Sin Orden, *Rehash* (zine), Rajoitus (who come off like fucking jack asses), BBP Tapes in England, and probably a dozen more. Think *Rlyeh Rising* zine without the sci-fi, and you've got the idea. It's all cut and paste, the layout hurts my eyes to read, and it was awesome. Middle finger to the world and let's read about thrash! On a side note; I found it amusing that he referred to me specifically as a "college crusty." Dude, I so flunked out of college. (RC)
PO Box 197 / Steger, IL 60475

A READER'S GUIDE TO THE UNDERGROUND PRESS #15 / $4 U.S./$5 World
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 94 pgs
News section of articles about anything regarding free speech or zines-from the saga of Factsheet 5's search for a new publisher and profitability to the tale of the 12 year old being convicted of threatening to commit a crime against his teacher because he drew a pictures at school of him shooting his teacher. This news section is pretty extensive, actually, and overall, interesting and worth reading. A zine hall of fame, consisting of blurbs about zines and zinesters and of course lots of zine reviews which are thorough and easy to read, much like everything else in here. That's what I like best I think, the layout. I mean the headers are clear and pretty and there's lots of different clip art pictures of typewriters. A+. (AW)
PMB 2386 / 537 Jones St / SF, CA 94102

RENFELD #7 / $2
8 x 6 - copied - 52 pgs - German
Scheiss man, couldn't you have at least stapled the pages all facing up instead part of them facing down. Sorry, but that makes this zine hard to read and pretty fuckin lame. Nevertheless this zine does have a sense of humor although I'm sick of seeing Jack Nicholson's photo from the Shinning on covers. Anyway the only thing I could understand was the Target Of Demand interview, so I'll conclude by saying, nachste mal ich bin in Koln Sie konnen mir ein Bier kaufen, denn vielleicht ich soll Ihnen ein besser review schreiben. Bis spater! (HH)
Tim Kegler / Roonstr. 88 / 50674 Cologne / Germany
studentim@hotmail.com

SKITEATER #2 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 40 pgs
Committed to brutal Scandi-style hardcore, street punk, evil forms of metal, horror and nudity, Jason and company (also responsible for that zine *Raw Punk Bastards*) bring us another issue of their irreverent, yet committed zine. Good article on forgotten Midwestern bands. While I'm no enemy of porn and pictures of hot punk kids in bondage gear normally get my get up and go going, I have to ask– where are the naked boys? Too many of the photos here in feature photos of women who fit the typical beauty myth, and only feed into that crap. Where are the boys taking it up the ass? Sucking on strap ons? In bondage gear themselves? Think of it as a challenge kids. I'm still trying to figure out who at *MRR* slept their way to the top as is accused in one of the

columns, and also since when are we not part of the DIY underground? Overall it's a pretty good effort almost in the same league as such modern masterpieces as R'lyeh Rising and Rehash. (MT)
PO Box 197 / Steger, IL 60475

SPARROW #2 / trade or stamps
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
This brief zine contains a pretty wide range of personal-ish type stuff like stories about childhood friends, the evolution of bands, losing and recovering treasured things, and an article about the author's experiences working at a mental institution, that I found kind of exploitative in certain ways. In my opinion, a piece from the perspective of people in a mental institution needs to be critically examined by the writer first, to avoid being voyeuristic and objectifying people. The article is prefaced by some poetic, autobiographical reflections by the author, but I would have liked more of this. What I enjoyed most was instructional article that was pretty extensive, teaching someone how to construct a pedal-powered washing machine. Definitely worth the trade or stamps. (JL)
243 14th St / San Francisco, CA 94103

SPIRIT OF FREEDOM
April/May 2001 / 3 stamps, free to prisoners
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 24 pgs
"The newsletter of the North American Earth Liberation Prisoners Support Network" it says. This is one of the best publications I've seen come out of this particular Eugene PO box. The intro/mission statement calls prisoner support "an indispensable part of any real revolutionary struggle" and it is hard to disagree. Inside are court/legal updates, prisoner addresses, grand jury questions, examples of the state's reprisal tactics and addresses of prisoner support organizations (some outdated). A sad tale is the kid who bragged at school, got busted, talked to the cops, and implicated his friends - do not be this person. (JM)
NAELPSN / PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440

SUGAR NEEDLE #15 / $1 + 34¢ stamp
4 x11 - copied - 16 pgs
This zine will make you want to visit your nearest 7-11 to see what new and bizarre candy they have for sale. In this issue, *SN* reviews highbrow chocolate and candy from Iceland to Taiwan. I was half horrified and half intrigued by their reviews of fancy chocolate that had wasabi or curry on it. I was excited to see that I also had the Pokemon gummis that they reviewed from Japan. Very cool. (DS)
P.O. Box 300152 / Minneapolis, MN 55403

SUMMER'S OVER #5 / free (trades preferred)
8 1/2 x 11 – copied – 20 pgs
Oooh, what a pleasant treat. I was a little unnerved at first by his vaguely Rev. Norb-ish rambling, as it seemed contrived and repetitive, but once I got into it, I thoroughly enjoyed this zine. There's really not much to this besides a lot of anecdotes and rants— always a welcome change of pace from a barrage of interviews with similar-sounding bands with similar-sounding answers. There is a truly kick ass cartoon in here. Still, I could have done without the fake poetry and "inside joke dept." (not surprisingly). Check it out. (RD)
1603 7th Ave S / St Cloud, MN 56301

STAY GOLD, JESSE, STAY GOLD #6 - $1 or 2 stamp
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
Jesse produces another good issue, if not as action-packed as the last. More cartoon adventures follow the Anarchist Swimming League as they storm an expensive hotel's hot tub and Jesse goes to jail (after being berated by the arresting officer for being a vegetarian), with a few short stories about his bike trip across the U.S. and the nature of work. Thin, but nutritious. (MN)
POB 45613 / Kansas City, MO 64171

SUBSIDIZED MESS #5 / 1 stamp
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 4 pgs
He says six pages—maybe mine is a fuckup. Anyway, totally awesome... I know he complains about the past comparisons to *Radio Riot*, but c'mon—it's a one-pager (give or take a few) chocked with a good half hour of reading, lots of snotty rants and a history of a classic '80s HC band (Articles of Faith, this time around) comin' outta New Brunswick. Plus, he's straightedge. Wasn't *Radio Riot* straightedge? Anyway, it really doesn't matter. Order this if you like hardcore and miss zines before the days of glossy, graphic oriented "fanzines." Also, get in touch with this guy if you're into vintage Volkswagens! (RD)
70 Plum St Apt 2 / New Brunswick, NJ 08901

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #51 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
This zine features interviews with The Gossip, Jenny Toomey from The Coalition for the Future of Music, Rank and File, and Ian Mackaye, all done via email. Surprisingly, the interviews were the highlight for me because they weren't too long and those interviewed had some interesting things to say. The rest of the zine consists mainly of show reviews and accompanying band photos ranging from No Means No to Derek Trucks Band (some guy from the Allman Brothers). These reviews read more like boring journal entries which I thought to be a waste of my time, but maybe your time's not as valuable to you as mine is to me? That's coming out harsher than I intend though. It's really not bad. (AW)
PO Box 329 / Columbia, SC 65205-0329 USA

TRUST #87 / $4
11 x 8 - offset - 68 pgs - German
Another enjoyable issue of this long running punk zine from Germany. This edition has interviews with The Explosion, Tuxedomoon, Tanger, Sunny Day Real Estate (is that the worst name for a band, or what?) and

Q And Not U. Plus this zine is absolutely loaded with gig listings so if you are traveling to Germany, you would want this zine for that reason alone. And finally there are loads of record reviews and plenty of ads for buying the latest releases. (HH)
Postfach 11 07 62 / 28087 Bremen / Germany / trust-zine.de

TSUNAMI #3? / $?
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
Neither the number nor the price were listed anywhere in this zine hailing from Ireland, so if you want to order it, I would send at least enough to cover overseas postage. Having said that, *Tsunami* is pretty straightforward and simple in style and content. In addition to interviews with the bands Red Monkey and Estel, this issue features some poetic personal narratives, a brief description of the Zapatistas' struggle, and some comics that are pretty funny. (JL)
9 Oaklawns / Dublin Rd / Carlow, Republic of Ireland

UPRISING! #10 / $1 ppd or 3 stamps
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 32 pgs
Uprising is one of those free newsprint zines. It looks great and has interviews with The Fairlanes and The Eyeliners and also some local stuff/history. It has lots of ads and reviews from the big labels, but it is free and well done. (GF)
PO Box 2251 / Monroe, MI 48161

URBAN GUERRILLA #10 / $3 (w/ CD)
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 36 pgs
A really well done punk zine, as is to be expected from Jay, who's been at this for nearly ten years. A handful of columns (the editor's, about changing views on prejudice and "gentrification" in the Bay Area, was especially interesting), as well as the obligatory record reviews and a (long) interview with Dave Chavez of Verbal Abuse, Code of Honor, and Sick Pleasure fame, not to mention his prowess as a skater in the '80s. It is always fascinating for me to learn about people who have been into punk from its inception; the ones who were there, but then dropped out (or "grew up") I could give a fuck about, it's the ones who are *still* punk that I respect. Another great issue, and it comes with an international compilation CD. (RC)
PMB 419 / 1442A Walnut St / Berkeley, CA 94709

VENDETTA #14 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
Half finished thoughts. Punk rock dirty house contest. Pissing on Patch Adams videos. A bo(a)rd game about Real Life. Anti-Christian. Short reviews of records, movies, and books. Some recipes. (AR)
POB 41001 R PO Markham, Winnipeg, MB R3T 5T1 Canada

WHAT MY DOIN'? #1 - stamps
8 1/2 x 12 - copied - 28 pgs
Old-school cut-and-paste for the new millennium, this zine seems to be mostly reprints from other sources, including the informative sweatshop article (with arguments for a living wage) and a George Tabb column from a recent issue of *MRR*. There are a few contributor columns bemoaning the state of ska, raging against (a very generalized) society, and putting the politics back in punk rock. This last one forcefully makes the point that the punks have got to do their homework whether listening to band lyrics or reading the newspaper, which I'm all for. Sprinkled throughout are dialogue quotes from *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, which I immediately recognized because I am probably the biggest (and/or only) devotee at *MRR*. Not a lot of content, but a decent first issue and besides, you can't really go wrong for a few stamps. (MN)
Rebecca Howe / 46 Campbell St / Wollongong NSW 2500 / Australia
rlh07@vow.edu.au

more listings

CHALICE OF PLASMA #1 / $1
Depressing, poetic, a bit dull. A zine that we all could have made about our troubling teenage years.
8 Newhall St / Apt #2 / Dorchester, MA 02122

CUTTHROAT #1 / ?
Reprints of old *MRR* interviews with Hirax, Disorder, White Cross and more. Plus one new band, Krullur, who couldn't possibly be as dumb as they appear here (then again...). It's like *Rehash*, only *Rehash* is fucking awesome.
3346 E.T.C. Jester #B-22 / Houston, TX 77018

MUDDLE #17 / $3
College indie rock style slick mag with a lot of outdated advertisements. Hot Snakes, Man or Astroman?, Lynyrd's Innards and others are interviewed or reviewed. I don't care what Sean Sullivan says, Burning Man is *not* punk. Lots of reviews.
PO Box 189 / Northport, NY 11768

THE NEW SCHEME #2 / $2
Good-natured, funny and brimming with potential. Rants and interviews with Cave In, Waxwing and others.
PO Box 19873 / Boulder, CO 80308

UNITY SUCKS #6 / free
The latest issue of this two-page Dutch zine (actually, it's four, but two pages are ads) has an interview with the Dropkick Murphys and record reviews.
Postbus 426G / 5604 EG Eindhoven / Netherlands

VISION ON #19 / $1
Insane amount of text for a buck; there's an interview with Propagandhi and a great piece of trainhopping by Tim from Avail.
27 Springbank Croft / Holmfirth, West Yorkshire HD9 2LW / England

a lot of folx have been bugging us lately about having a photo section- here's a history lesson of sorts... enjoy but remember not to get stuck in the past...

ps. all these photos are from our archives and unfortunately we have no idea who took them- so please don't be pissed if you see one of your photos w/o a credit

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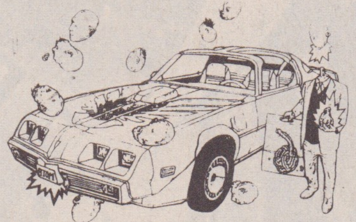

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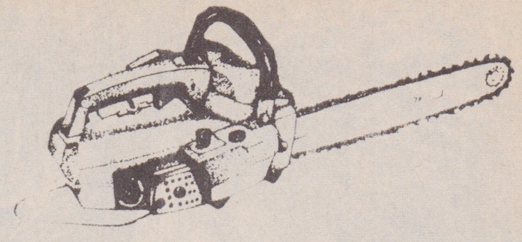

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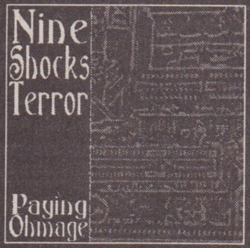

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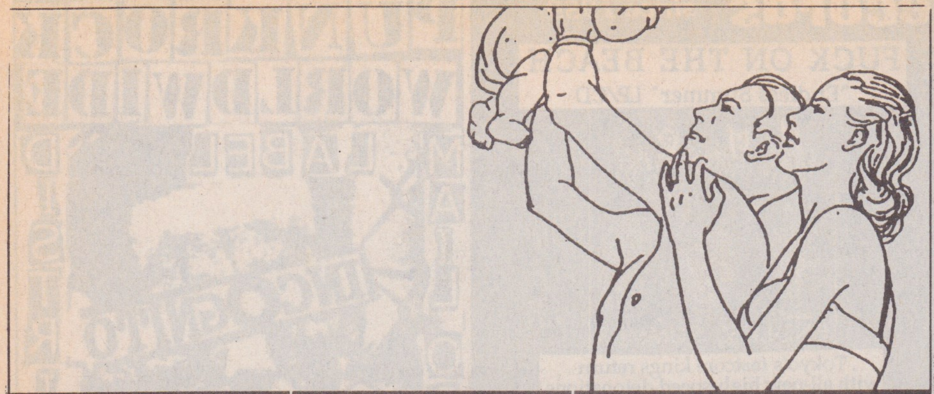

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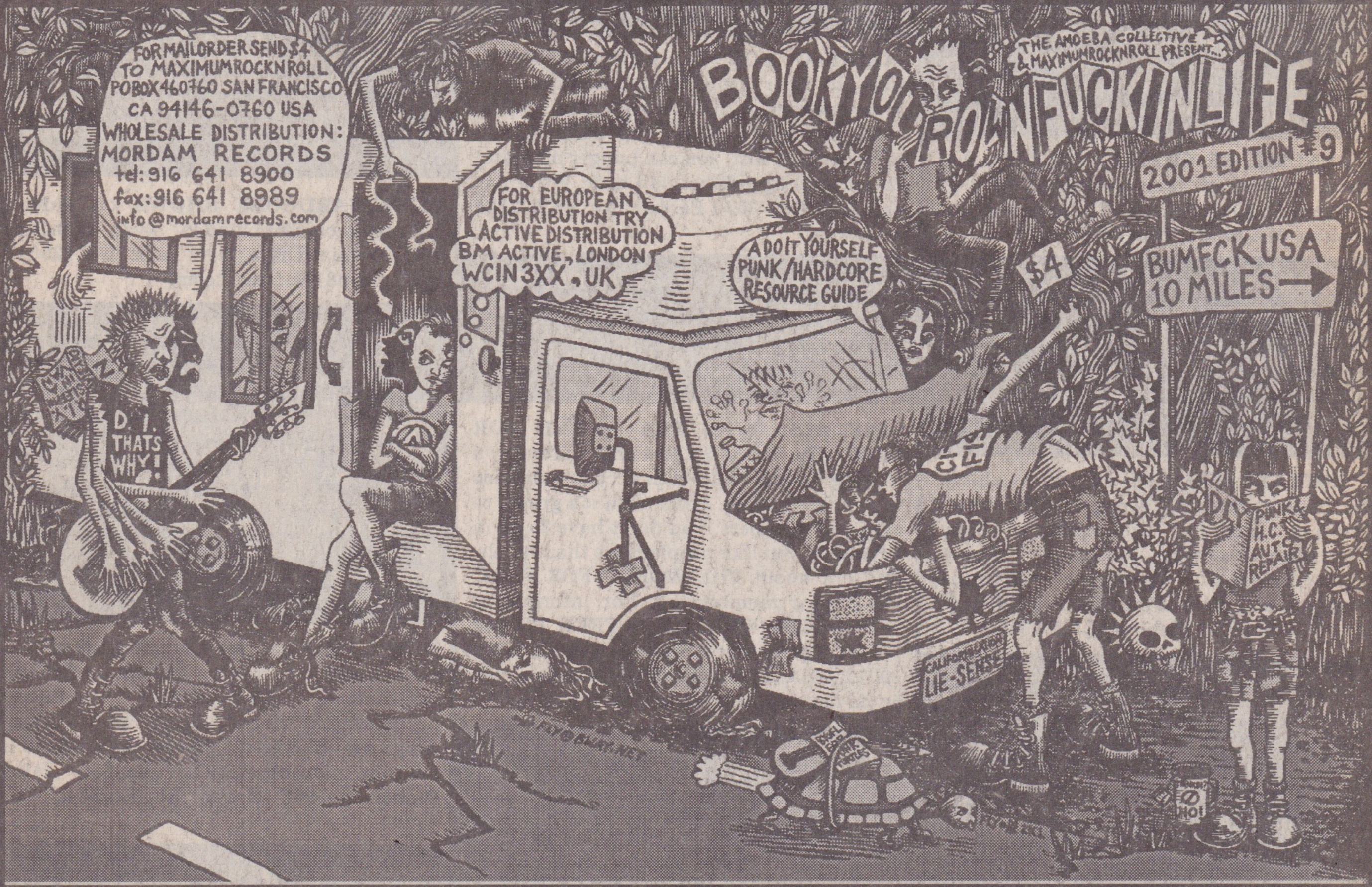
BOOK YOUR OWN FUCKIN' LIFE #9



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I mean! But you see the curious thing is that we don't really know Portuguese at all. Basically we are as good in Portuguese as Japanese are in English. And that is why we get our lyrics translated/checked by Javier of Armagedom. He is actually a very good friend of ours, all hail to the ultimate deathcore master!!!!

MRR: So you're (Otto) living in Japan for a year? Can you tell me why you're living there for a year and what are you doing while in Japan (like school,new bands.label ect)? How is this effecting Forca Macabra what is Forca Macabra doing this year

interview by timmy hefner

while your in Japan?

Well, I came here as an exchange student and when writing this (April 2001) still got a few more months to go! Of course, I was lucky to get this change and I am grateful for it, I have tried to use my time efficiently but sometimes it is hard because of the obvious problems with different culture, people, infrastructure and the language naturally! Sure I have seen many great bands and met some nice new friends but like I had pretty much my friends set here before I came. I had been here twice before with my band Selfish as well as keeping in close contact with these pals during the 90s. So most of the time I spend with these "old" friends of mine, that is Osaka crusties and Japcore folks. I do have 3 bands I am now playing in, drumming for two (Gyaranduu, Nationstate) and shouting for one (Earwig). It is fun all the way but playing here takes a lot of cash since the rehearsal rooms need to rented each time separately (at a studio!), plus even when out live you usually end up paying (!) for the pleasure to thrash some tunes on the stage. That is like one of the things I don't like since so far I had not spent too much into this hobby in Japan it seems like no option. Gigs also are outrageously expensive but luckily I get in for free usually just for being a foreigner and knowing a lot of people... Forca Macabra recorded a brand new album just before I left to Japan in fall 2000.We had also some other projects finished such as a split CD with Ulster from Brazil so that basically we are just mellowing out, waiting for those to be out. The guys have practiced without me with nthares on drums and they have some new stuff which is gonna be finalized when I get my ass back to Finland again. Then as I mentioned above Forca Macabra played a tour in Japan recently, that was organized by me and my friends here in Japan and perhaps that was one of the reasons it turned out really good (also financially!) since I knew precisely how it should be organized since I was at the same time a member of the band coming over, as well as booking the thing. The next challenge is the Selfish's third

Japan tour in August.
gonna be good, too!

MRR: Do you have any
crazy story's about the
scene? I've always heard
very violent there have
much of that? What's in
meeting all the bands yo
tening to for years?? T
get's to see since tho

categories, ha ha! Anywa
it happen but it is jus
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But rarely it is intent
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shit luck if you're in
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ally, Japanese dancing is
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